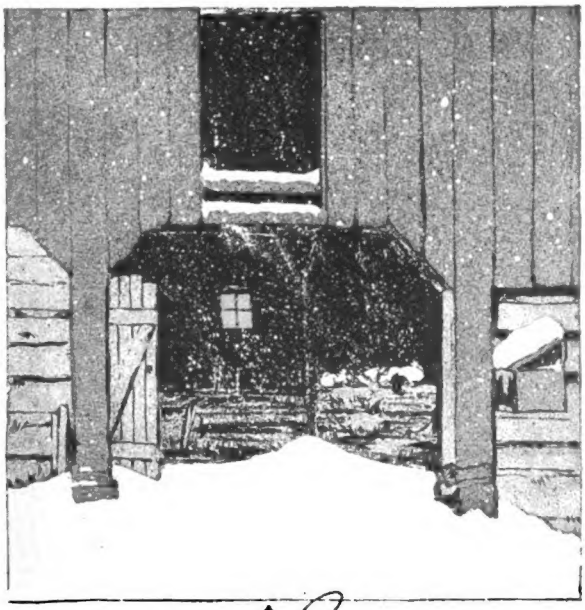

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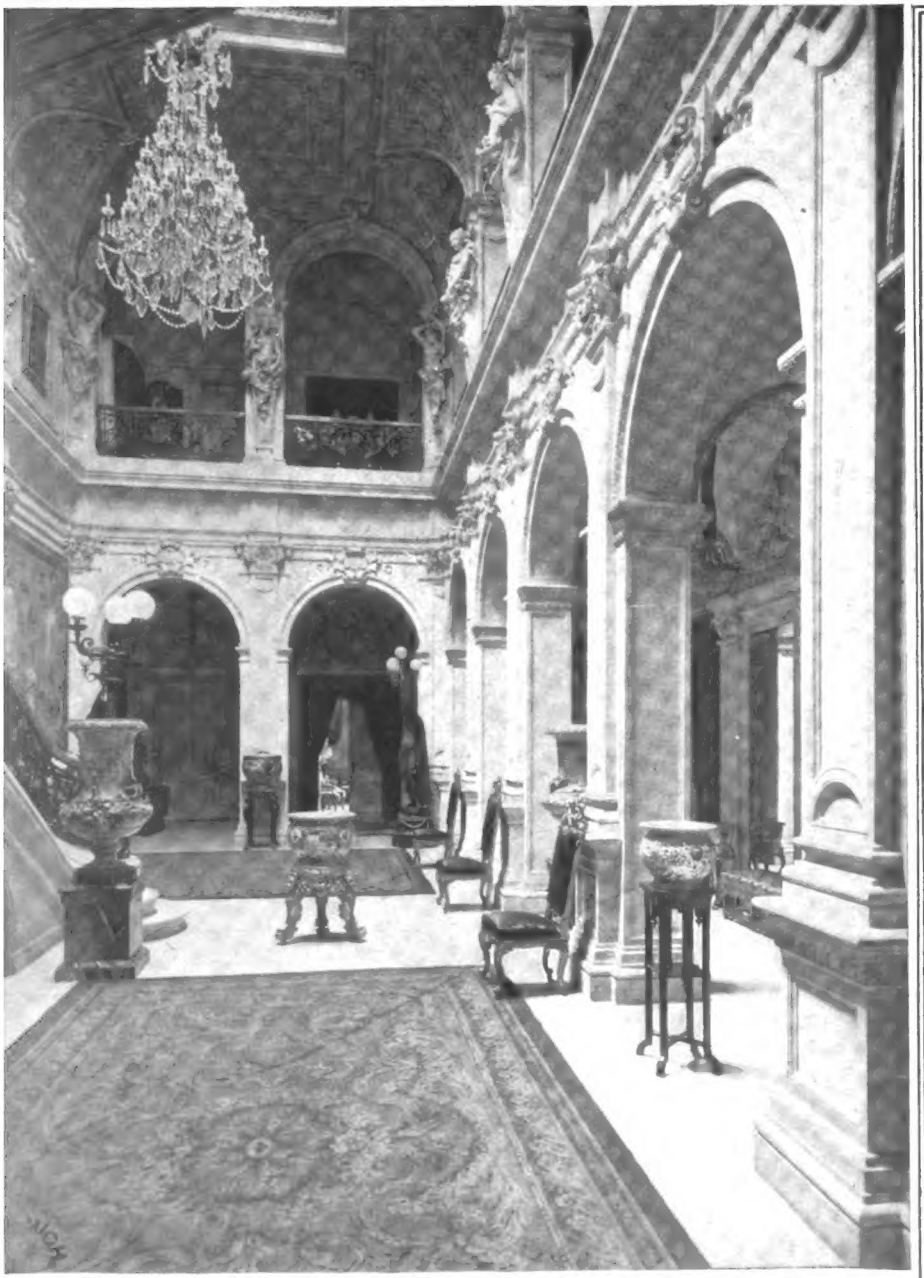

THE MARBLE-PILLARED HALLWAY IN A FAMOUS NEW YORK RESIDENCE.

"I purpose to write down the causes that gave us this plague of idleness. It was the curse of gold—the same poison that blighted the glory of Athens, that ruined the splendor of Rome, that brought upon Bourbon France the terror of the Revolution."

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The PASSING OF THE IDLE RICH

by Frederick Townsend Martin

Editor's Note. *An American citizen of the world—New York, London, Paris—the host of royalty, peerage, and aristocracy, Mr. Martin speaks from intimate personal knowledge of the rich. Qualified writers before this have considered the subject from the outside, finding ominous signs in the extravagance and idleness of the aristocracy of money. But here for the first time comes a serious-minded man from the inner circles of this aristocracy, and he, too, sees the threat. When, therefore, he warns his own class of what he sees impending, it makes us feel that in all circles sincere men are thinking hard, with a realization of our common problems, and a further realization that the ultimate good of the country depends, not on the lofty prosperity of the few, but on the rising welfare of the many. The accompanying photographs show to what extremes of magnificence wealth can go. They illustrate the wealth rather than the idleness, for in some instances they are from the homes of our hardest working millionaires.*

CHAPTER I—THE KINGDOM OF SOCIETY

I know society. I was born in it and have lived my life in it, here and in the capitals of Europe. I believe that I understand as well as any man what are the true traditions and the true conditions of American society; and, for comparison, I also know and understand the conditions and traditions of society in other lands. My honest opinion is that American society, for all its faults—and it has many—and for all the hideous abnormalities that in these later years have been grafted upon it, stands to-day a cleaner, saner, and more normal society than that of any other highly civilized nation in the world.

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In this nation, the very soul of which is the spirit of democracy, we have evolved a highly elaborate and extremely complex society. Like all such organizations, in all the lands under the sun, it is an oligarchy; one might almost say a tyranny. Its rulers for the most part inherit their power and rule by hereditary right. The foundations of this society and the foundations of the power of its rulers were laid in generations now dead and gone. Time has crystallized its rules into laws and formulated its conventions into tenets.

It is not my desire, in writing about society, to describe in detail its practices, to dwell upon its rules and regulations, to dilate upon its normal condition or its duties. Rather, I intend to deal with a phase of its existence that does not traditionally belong to it, and that is not normally a part of it. This phase or condition I choose to describe in the phrase "The Idle Rich."

If, in the writer's license of generality, I seem at times to deal too harshly with the world of which I am a part, let the reader put himself for a moment in my place. Let him imagine himself a member of a class judged and condemned according to a distorted popular conception based upon a semi-knowledge of the acts, habits, morals, and ethics of the very worst of the class; nay, even of men and women who, while aping to the best of their poor ability the fashions, the habits, and the customs of that class, ignore every one of its best traditions, forget every one of its laws, and break every one of its commandments.

It is hard for me to write with patience of the small class that has done so much to disgrace and discredit the spirit of American society. For I know that it is true that in the mind of an enormous number of our people, and of the people of other civilized countries, American society is brought to shame and ridicule by the extraordinary excesses that have been brought within its gates and grafted into its system by the idle rich.

Yet there are excuses. This is the most rapid age in history. In the progress of this nation we have ignored and turned our back upon that process which Tennyson so well described in the happy phrase, "slow broadening down from precedent to precedent." We laugh at precedent. We choose instead to tumble riotously down from step to step of progress, marking swift epochs with every bump.

Naturally I am a conservative, and I deplore the process by which we sweep away the precedents of the nations. I prefer orderly evolution to disorderly revolution, whether in business, in politics, or in the making of a social world; but I cannot change the things that I deplore. The fact, in the face of my protests, is as unblinking as the Sphinx in the roar of Napoleon's cannon. And that fact is that in the making of our social world, as in the making of everything else that goes to constitute America, we have ignored the traditions of our fathers.

Let me put this a little more fully. For this, after all, is the great cause that explains so much that needs explanation in the structure of our social world, in the rules that govern it, and in the habits, deplorable or otherwise, which have fastened themselves upon it. Let me speak first of banking, for by profession I am a banker. To-day the English banker and the French banker follow, in the pursuit of business, paths beaten to smooth running by the feet of their ancestors. To-day you will find in the banking world of England and of France the same rules of personal conduct and personal honor, the same principles of business nursing and business repression that you would have found a century ago.

How different it is in this country! Through our early history, if you care to study it in detail, you would have found us pacing step by step the progress of England; but more than half a century ago, when this nation rejected as unsuited to its ideals the notion of a central bank, our ways divided in the banking world. From that day to this there has hardly been a single important step—until very recently—that has not carried us farther from the traditions of our English cousins. In the matter of currency, we stumbled blindly through a maze of ignorance, piling error upon error, plunging desperately from the early madness of wildcat state currency into the preposterous and abnormal system which to-day threatens periodically the throttling of our commerce and the disruption of the business world.

In the twin worlds of railroads and manufacturing, too, we blazed out paths entirely our own. Even to this day, in the face of industrial marvels here and in Germany, England clings desperately to the conditions that made her what she is. I would

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not dare generalize and say that the industrial world of England does not know the idea of centralization and concentration, but I will say this, that if one seek at its best the individual factory, the separate plant, the trademark that cannot be bought, the personal name that never can be submerged, he may go look in England for them now and he will find them, just as he would have found them a century ago.

Here a new magic grew. It came not as a heaven-born inspiration to one man's mind, but as an evolution born of the land and the air and the water. I shall dwell upon it more in a later chapter. Here it is enough merely to indicate it. It was that the individual plant and the individual name must be submerged in the combine of plants and individuals. The personal name must vanish in the trust. The trust, in turn, must disappear into a greater trust, and yet a greater trust—and so on until, at last, a dozen mighty combinations were gathered together into one great trust of trusts, bringing under one hand the finding, the production, the marketing, and the transportation of the raw material, and the assembling, manufacture, selling, and transportation of the finished product.

So we struck out methods, manners, customs, and traditions all our own. We wrought it—this marvelous change—in half the lifetime of a man. In fact, in the industrial world one might almost say it was a process of twenty years—merely a moment of the nation's history. Well may one say it is a rapid age in which we live. Madly we rush at our great problems. We did not know—we do not know yet—what the result is to be. There is no precedent to guide us; the road to to-morrow bears no sign-posts. Not yet has our new system been tried by a panic disturbing the depths of the commercial and industrial seas. Only, we hope for the best, for optimism is the sign-manual of the true-born American.

I dwell upon these matters not because I care to pose, or dare to pose, as an author-

A BED THAT COST TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS.

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ity upon them, but because the principles and ideas upon which they rest underlie also the making of the Kingdom of Society of which I would write. For social evolution is, after all, but a part of the same evolution that has given us our own distinctive banking system—good as it is or bad as it may be—and our own industrial system—giant or weakling as it may prove to be.

And if our banking system and our great industrial system were born in a day and a night, what may one say of the plutocracy that in this later day has been grafted upon, and has grown to be a part of, the American social world? Here, indeed, the traditions of the world of history flashed past us, in our forward rush, as dead leaves fly backward from a speeding train. We saw them as they flew—yet we did not clearly see them. We knew they were, but we could not distinguish them one from the other; and, after all, little we cared for them, and little we care now.

Perhaps, as I write, my mind will carry me back to the days before these new phenomena developed; and I shall be moved to write of social America in the days of its true glory, before the glitter of tinsel and the tawdry finery of mere wealth overlaid it. For that is the background against which stand out in all their hideousness the empty follies of the idle rich and the vapid foolishness of the ultra-fashionable in America to-day.

Forty years ago, as a boy, I lived in a true American home. The atmosphere of that home was still under the vitalizing influence of the nation's great struggle for emancipation. Lincoln was a saint. The writings of Longfellow and Emerson, Hawthorne and Washington Irving, were constantly read. The traditions of European society had not struck their roots deep into the social soil of the United States. We were provincial, to be sure, but there was bliss in simplicity and innocence. Morally and intellectually, the life of the family and the life of the state were settled. We knew there was a God.

Photograph by Pach Brothers, New York.

HALL IN ONE OF THE NUMEROUS HOUSES BELONGING TO A FABULOUSLY RICH AMERICAN.

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A DINING-ROOM IN THE HOME OF A NEW YORK SOCIAL LEADER.

We were positive as to just what was right and what was wrong. The Bible, the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, the fact of the assured greatness of our country, the power of our religious, political, and social ideals to save the world—our faith in these was our Rock of Ages; and to these must be added the absolute belief in the theory that it was the sacred duty of every human being to serve his kind.

Just how far these fundamentals are now broken and scattered I shall not here attempt to say. But it is simply true that the Bible is no longer read, that religion has lost its hold, that the constitution and laws are trampled upon by the rich and powerful, and are no longer held sacred by the poor and weak. Instead of Hawthorne, we read Zola and Gorky; instead of Longfellow and Bryant, Ibsen and Shaw. Among how many perfectly respectable, ay, even religious people, is the name of Nietzsche not more familiar than that of Cardinal Newman! I do not know whither we are going, but I do know that we are going.

Come search the records of generations long dead for the seeds of our social system. You will find them planted deep, and long ago. They are the same seeds of class destruction that lay in darkness through the early centuries of Rome's history, to spring to life in the sunshine of the triumphs of the Republic, and reach their perfect flower in the era of plethoric wealth that marked the apogee of the Empire—and then to fall, as full-blown blossoms will. They are the same seeds that for half a thousand years lay buried in simple England, to come to tardy life in the after-glow of Elizabeth's triumphs, and reach their fulness in the social glory of the Mid-Victorian era.

Less than half a century ago the aristocracy of America worked with its hands, labored in its broad fields, ate its bread in the sweat of its brow. The cities were small and inconsequential, and the laws of hospitality far overbalanced the traditions

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of class. Here and there was wealth—but wealth was shackled to the wheels of Opportunity.

This was the America that Lincoln knew. In the region that he knew as a boy and a man, there were neither great plantations, great factories, nor combines. The bulk of the population lived on small farms, toiled with their own hands, and remained in possession of their own products. A few owned and operated small stores or factories for the making of necessities. These could not grow rich. Great riches must be derived from the labor of many. The rich of the Eastern states fifty years ago were the owners of banks, large importing houses, railroads, and factories. These industries, being small, gave rise to fortunes that now seem small. They were riches, but not great riches.

Think, then, of the transition that I myself have seen! Sometimes, as I sit alone in my library reading and thinking about these matters, and reflecting upon the years that make up my brief lifetime, a sort of terror of to-morrow seizes me. I do not need to guess at the facts of my own world. I *know* the facts that certain muck-raking satirists vaguely guess, or gather from the gossip of the stables and the kitchen. The miserable excesses of society are an open book. I cannot blind my eyes, nor deafen my ears, nor close my nostrils, and forget them. That decay has set in, I know; that it has struck deep, as yet I cannot bring myself to believe. And these articles are but my feeble effort to prevent its striking deeper, if I may.

CHAPTER II

THE MADNESS OF EXTRAVAGANCE

I REMEMBER very well indeed that bitter period of transition when first the ideals, or lack of ideals, of the newer America began to corrode the old society. I remember with what intense bitterness and chagrin the early excesses of the earliest of the idle rich were condemned by the leaders of society in that day. At first the social world fought hard for its traditions, and the leaders of American society of my father's day were never reconciled to the changes that came about in the body social. In Boston and Philadelphia, to this day, society maintains its battle against the invader. Now, as then, society frowns upon the idle man. Only recently one of the leaders of Boston society quoted in the course of a conversation with me that powerful sentence from one of Mr. Roosevelt's speeches:

"The wilfully idle man, like the wilfully barren woman, has no place in a sane, healthy, vigorous community."

That, after all, is as much a tradition of true society as it is of the plains and the fields. I do not yield to any man or any class in America in my detestation of idleness in man or woman. And I believe that the traditions of real American society support me in this attitude.

In spite of ourselves, we drifted into a period in which idleness became the fashion. We did not know just why the thing was true; but we were forced to recognize its truth. Now, looking back over the past quarter of a century, one may see quite clearly how it came about. And I purpose, in the course of these chapters, to write down, perhaps for the amusement of my own contemporaries, perhaps for the guidance of those who have not yet begun to think about these matters, the causes that gave us this plague of idleness.

First of all, however, I would merely set down in a phrase the immediate cause of it, and then proceed to sketch the phenomenon itself, that one may know the things which are right. It was the magic of gold; it was the poison of idle wealth. It came at first like a little spot upon the body of a man. Quickly it spread from limb to limb, and part to part, until, in the fulness of time, it was a leprosy, following the body of society almost from head to foot. It was the curse of gold, no more, no less—the same poison that blighted the glory of Athens, that ruined the splendor of Rome, that brought upon Bourbon France the terror of the Revolution.

Think, if you can, of the swift stages through which we pass. Picture the solid, conventional, Christian, and cleanly society of New York immediately after the Civil War. To think of it now, even as I learned it by hearsay, very likely, brings me a feeling of personal regret, as though I had lost a fine old friend. Picture, then, the beginning of a revolution, small, inconsequential—yet, to the most discerning, portentous of evil and pregnant with disaster. A few young men, sons of society, set up new idols in the ancient temples. They began to ape

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the habits and to imitate the morals of that world which, while possessing wealth in plenty, had never possessed the refinement or the ethical standards of true society.

It is a melancholy fact that the impetus toward extravagance, excess, idleness, debauchery, and shamelessness came to us from the underworld.

FREDERICK TOWNSEND MARTIN.

"I know society. I was born in it and have lived my life in it, here and in the capitals of Europe."

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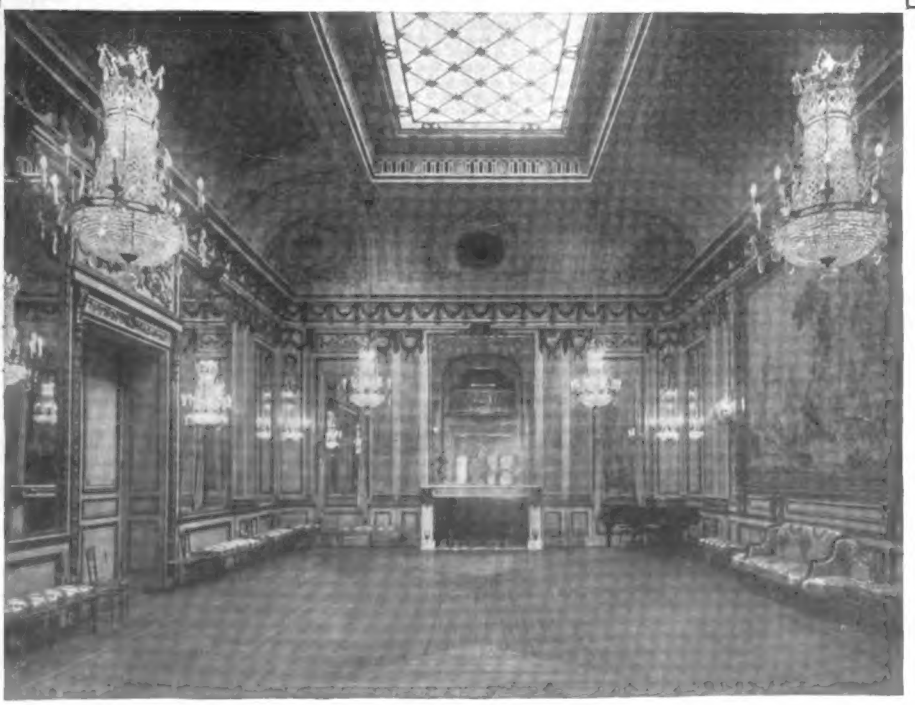
For always, in every country, just outside the gates, there lives a people peculiar to itself. They have wealth equal, perhaps, to that of any in the social world. They have education, it may be, of the finest. They have desires, just as all men have. They have instincts, it may be, little better or little worse than those of the best in the land. The gates are shut against them for reasons that, to those inside, seem quite sufficient. It may be vulgarity; it may be immorality; it may be mere *gaucherie* of manners; or it may be any one of a dozen other reasons that puts them beyond the pale. Whatever may be the reason, the fact remains that they are beyond the pale.

In this class of society, always, in all races, morals and manners tend to excesses. They are not restrained by the sane conventions and laws that regulate society; nor are they held in the leash of respectability or in the chains of religion or of honor, as are the sturdy men and women of the so-called middle class. Constantly they are in rebellion against these laws and these traditions. Ever, they are prone to substitute license for liberty, to plunge into immorality, to draw upon the stage in its worst moods for their passions and their pleasures, and to practice in their lives the vices of the decadent nations.

In this stage of our social life of which I write, the manners, the morals, and the practices of this social class crept into even that small section of society which calls itself "the Upper Class." The young men —and unhappily the young women—of the finest families in our great cities began to copy the vices and to imitate the manners of this other class, and to plunge into the same excesses that marked its manner of life.

There is a vast difference between the healthy, wholesome spending of money for amusements, pleasures, and recreations, and the feverish searching for some new sensation that can be had only at a tremendous cost. The simple expenditure of money,



THE TAPESTRIES, THE DECORATIONS OF THE WALLS, AND THE GLITTERING CHANDELIERS IN THIS PRIVATE BALLROOM COST HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS.

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GOLD SERVICE IS ONE OF THE DEVICES OF THE RICH FOR SPENDING THEIR MONEY. THE DINNER FOR WHICH THIS TABLE WAS LAID COST $250 A PLATE.

even in startling amounts, eventually fails to produce the thrill that it ought to have, and when the man or woman of fortune, with little to think of but the constant hunt for amusement and novelty, begins to suffer from continuous ennui, the result is frequently amazing and sometimes sickening.

A wearied, bored group of men arranged a dinner. They had been attending dinners until such functions had lost interest for them. Similarly, their friends were wearied by the conventional dinner of the time. Why not prepare a meal the like of which had never been before? Why not amuse society and astonish the part of the community that is outside of society? They did so. The dinner was served on horseback on the upper floor of a fashionable New York resort, the name of which is known from coast to coast. The guests were attired in riding clothes. The handsomely groomed horses pranced and clattered about the magnificent dining-room, each bearing, besides its rider, a miniature table. The hoofs of the animals were covered with soft rubber pads to save the waxed floor from destruction. At midnight a reporter for an active and sensational morning newspaper ran across the choice bit of news. He telephoned the information to his city editor, and the reply of that molder of opinion was brief and to the point:

"You're lying to me," said the editor.

The most sensational paper in town refused to believe its reporter, who attempted later on to reach the scene of the event, but was repulsed and driven away.

"How much did it cost?" the public inquired interestedly. The man who paid the bill knew. The public and its newspapers guessed, their estimates running from ten thousand to fifty thousand dollars.

The fond owner of a diminutive black and tan dog gave a banquet in honor of the animal. The dog was worth perhaps fifty dollars. The festivities were very gay. The man's friends came to his dinner in droves, the men in evening clothes and the women

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DRAWING-ROOM IN THE COUNTRY HOUSE OF AN AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE.

bedecked in shimmering silks and flashing jewels. In the midst of the dinner, the man formally decorated his dog with a diamond collar worth fifteen thousand dollars. It contained seven hundred small brilliants, varying in weight from one sixth of a carat to one carat. The guests shouted their approval, and the dinner was regarded as a huge success. Let us hope some went away wondering whither the drift was.

The leader of a wealthy clique in a Western city was struck with a unique idea. He was tired of spending money. There was nothing new for which to spend it. He gave a "poverty social." The thirty guests came to his palatial home in rags and tatters. Scraps of food were served on wooden plates. The diners sat about on broken soap boxes, buckets, and coal-hods. Newspapers, dust-cloths, and old skirts were used as napkins, and beer was served in a rusty tin can, instead of the conventional champagne. They played at being poor for one night, and not one of them but joined in ecstatic praise of their host and his unusual ability to provide a sensation.

A Southern millionaire purchased an imported motor car. It cost him twelve thousand dollars when it came off the ship. He looked at it in scorn and called in decorators. The car was refitted completely. It was equipped with two diminutive rooms, a living apartment and a sleeping room. Hot and cold water fixtures were put in, and space was found for a small bath-tub. A kitchen, with a full equipment of cooking utensils, was added, and when the various tradesmen and mechanics completed their work the car resembled a complete and luxuriously furnished home on wheels. The original cost of twelve thousand dollars had been brought up to thirty thousand, and the owner was temporarily contented.

Very young and very wealthy was the young man whose attentions to an embryonic actress amused a community a few years back. It was the young man's opinion that he was desperately in love with the

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lady, who in later years married a publisher of songs. The millionaire youngster showered the girl with gifts. He gave her rings, bracelets, necklaces, diamond-studded combs for her black tresses, until she glistened from head to foot. The very buttons of her gloves were diamonds, and her shoes were fastened with monster pearls. The question of taste never entered into the situation. It was simply the spending of money and the bedecking of a coarse, but crafty, stage girl. In three years, she succeeded in throwing away almost a million dollars for the deluded youngster, at the end of which time they parted.

At the conclusion of an elaborate affair in New York City, the guests leaned back in their chairs to listen to the singers. The cigarettes were passed around. Oddly enough, the banquet had not been marked until that moment, and as the host was famous for the unusualness of his dinners, many of the diners were disappointed. Their disappointment gave way to admiration. Each cigarette was rolled, not in white paper, but in a one-hundred-dollar bill, and the initials of the host were engraved in gold letters. This strange conceit was applauded until the voices of the singers struggled amid the uproar.

A party of engineers were studying the country in a Southern state with an eye to a future railroad. Accompanying them was a tired young man of wealth, who had little interest in what they were doing and who had gone with them in search of possible amusement. He found it. The party discovered an aged family of primitive negroes living in a wretched hovel on the edge of a swamp. The millionaire was struck by the utter desolation of the house and its occupants. It occurred to him that he might find it interesting to aid the darkies. He parted company with the engineers and, with a single friend, gave himself over to bettering the condition of the colored family. Carpenters appeared from New Orleans. Materials were dragged through the

A PRIVATE PICTURE GALLERY BELONGING TO AN AMERICAN WHOSE FORTUNE DATES BACK TO THE GOLDEN AGE OF OUR SOCIETY, IN WHICH GREAT WEALTH WAS VERY RARE.

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country behind mules. Decorations were shipped from New York. The tottering shack came down, and a splendid country bungalow was reared in its place. The interior was furnished with a lavish hand and with a total disregard for expense. White pillars supported the roof. Old-fashioned fireplaces were built into the walls and plate-glass windows were set into the doors. The floors were paved with concrete, and a handsome bathroom was fitted up for the amazed and awe-stricken family.

When he had finished the home, the young man turned his attention to its inmates. He bought them clothes—such clothes as they had never before dreamed of. He provided them with toilet articles and trifling luxuries, and before he went away he supplied the larder with enough food to last a year. That negro family is still the talk of the entire state in which it lives, and its members regard what has happened as a manifestation from on high. The young man in search of interesting occupation parted from twenty thousand of his innumerable dollars and probably thinks of the whole affair with satisfaction.

An Italian savant and student has visited America. He has set down his opinions, and some of them are interesting. He finds, for instance, that the wife of one of our foremost millionaires wears a necklace that cost more than six hundred thousand dollars. Immediately following the birth of a son to this woman—an event that was flashed by telegraph to the farthest corners of the earth—a retinue of servants was formed for the sole benefit of the infant. This corps of retainers consisted of four nurses and four high-priced physicians who examined the child four times a day and posted serious bulletins for the information of the clamant press and public. And the infant reposed, during his tenderer years, in a cradle that was valued at ten thousand dollars.

A gentleman of improvident habits and few dollars packed his meager belongings in a hand-bag and departed for the West. Subsequently, he achieved fortune and fame and came into possession of a gold mine, the ledges of which soon placed his name high in the ranks of America's millionaires. Overcome by gratitude, he gave a commemorative dinner party in the somber depths of the kindly mine. The space devoted to the festivities was forty feet wide and seventy feet long. One hundred guests assembled in the bowels of the mine and sat down to a sumptuous feast. The waiters were clad in imitation of miners. They hovered about attentively with oil lamps flaring from their foreheads. Picks and shovels decorated the uneven walls, and the various courses were lowered from the mouth of the mine in the faithful cage that had carried up to the grateful millionaire his many dollars. A band discoursed sweet music; and the bill was some fourteen thousand dollars.

A man of common name, but of uncommon wealth, decided to have a home in New York City. He purchased the palace of a friend who had died, and paid for it two million dollars, which was popularly supposed to be one half the original cost of the pile. On his garden, to make space for which he tore down a building that had cost a hundred thousand, the new owner spent five hundred thousand dollars. His bedstead is of carved ivory and ebony, inlaid with gold. The walls are richly carved and decorated with enamel and gold; they cost sixty-five thousand dollars. On the ceiling, the happy millionaire expended twenty thousand in carvings, enamels, and gold, and ten pairs of filmy curtains, costing two thousand a pair, wave in the morning breeze. The wardrobe in this famous bedroom represents an outlay of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and the dressing-table sixty-five thousand. The wash-stand cost thirty-eight thousand and the bed hangings fifty dollars a yard. The chimney-piece and overhanging mantel cost eight thousand more, and the four doors consumed another ten thousand.

A wealthy lover of music paid the highest price ever recorded for a piano. It was no ordinary piano. Its price was fifty thousand dollars. Another collector, whose name is known in the humblest homes, expended fifty thousand dollars for a silver trinket only four inches high.

In searching for an unusual manner in which to spend a large sum of money upon a single object, a manufacturer whose product is in half the homes of America, selected a beautiful pair of opera glasses. They were made of solid gold and the lenses were perfect. The cost was seventy-five thousand dollars, principally because of a lyre, encrusted with diamonds and sapphires, which surmounted the top. Without the embellishments, glasses of equal

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THE DINING-ROOM IN THE COUNTRY HOUSE OF A WEALTHY MEMBER OF NEW YORK SOCIETY.

worth may be purchased in any shop for twenty dollars.

One of the most prominent band-masters in America was summoned by telegraph to gather an orchestra of forty pieces. The command came from a woman of vast wealth in whose service the man of music had often labored. A child had been born to her. She desired to have the occasion fittingly celebrated, and the diligent leader hurried home from the midst of a vacation, selected an orchestra, rehearsed, and eventually serenaded the new-come bit of humanity.

In Boston a man of gold fell ill. From his waist down, he became nerveless and helpless. The time hung heavily on his hands as he lay in a hospital bed, and he determined to provide adequate amusement. His bed was removed to the largest room in the hospital. An entire musical comedy company was transported from New York City, and a popular production of the day was performed for the benefit of the invalid. It cost him three thousand, five hundred dollars, and it was probably worth it.

In Pittsburg, workmen went about their task mysteriously. They were constructing a great glass tank. For five days they labored, and finally the affair was completed. It was taken into the banquet room of a hotel and filled with water. A dinner was to be given by the officials of a corporation. As the hours wore on, the diners waxed enthusiastic and happy. The more important and dignified officials of the corporation left. They probably knew what was coming and desired to be absent in view of possible newspaper investigation. Then came the solution of the mystery. A human gold-fish swam about in the tank—a shapely girl, clad in golden spangles and scales. The dinner was very expensive. Those who attended the banquet afterward declined to discuss it with the reporters.

Another celebrated dinner that represented the effort of a wealthy man to vary the monotony of life and to provide a unique

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outlet for his money, was the feast that culminated in the appearance of the girl-in-the-pie. A monster pie was carried before the astounded diners upon the shoulders of four servants. The top crust was cut open. A slip of a girl bounded to her feet. A score of birds was released at the same moment.

In Los Angeles the son of a millionaire mine owner felt the time hanging heavily upon his hands. He wandered down to where the trains rumbled in and out of the station and an idea possessed him. He ordered a special train of five coaches and informed his friends. Those who cared to go accompanied the young squanderer. For fifty thousand dollars, the railway company, which cares little about human emotions or desires, offered to take the young man to New York. Train despatchers cleared the rails. Switches were nailed fast. The young man and his special train were shot across the continent like a flying star. He was buying a fresh experience at a price that in all probability suited him.

A Nebraska individual is the proud owner of a hat that is made of greenbacks. It is rather a costly hat, as twenty thousand dollars in bills were used in making it. It weighs twenty ounces, and it looks exactly like the white hats worn by gentlemen. The owner is wealthy; but he is not mobile, and more involved methods of spending his money have not occurred to him. The metropolis knows him not.

A young Croesus grew fond of a lady fair and sought to display a mark of his affection in some extraordinary manner. He commissioned eight of the foremost artists in America to paint a fan. The cost was several thousand dollars.

For five years, skilled artisans have been carving a tombstone. The man who ordered the tombstone is still living, but the tombstone is vast in bulk and the carvers have plenty of space to display their ingenuity. It is the order of the patron that work shall not cease until he is dead, and each year he sends the monument company a check for fifteen thousand dollars to cover running expenses. If the gentleman lives long enough, his tombstone will be a spectacle worth seeing when it is finally bundled into place over his casket.

But why enumerate here any more of these instances? Our papers are full of them; we all hear of them; there are many more extreme and extravagant than any of these, about which little is heard. As others occur to me, I shall cite them if they carry a point, but my purpose is bigger than gossip.

CHAPTER III

THE SUBJUGATION OF AMERICA

In the golden days of American society, as I have said, great fortunes were very rare indeed. The few that there were came mostly from merchandising and trade. The accumulations of John Jacob Astor, John Hancock, and Stephen Girard, in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, respectively, had not been dwarfed by the accumulations of a later era. They remained, up to about 1850, as the typical marvels of the American world of business.

The middle of the last century was the harvest-time of Opportunity in this land. Agriculture and trade remained the staple occupations of the race; yet there had grown up throughout the land a wonderful manufacturing industry. Away back in the days of the embargo, a man named Samuel Slater had come over from England and built, from memory, the first American cotton-mill. He little knew what seeds he sowed. That little mill set up in Rhode Island was the mother of American industry.

It had grown, this infant, until in every valley of the East there stood factories and mills, uncounted. Turning from the little iron mines of New Jersey, the pioneers of our greatest industry had begun to open up the hills of Pennsylvania and even Michigan. In that age, which has been called the Golden Age of Industry, fortune followed swiftly upon the heels of honest labor.

Always, it was free, democratic, independent, this march of the manufacturers. The owners generally worked in the factory and the mill. Half a dozen partners, prehaps, worked side by side with the men in their employ. Men stepped swiftly from the position of wage-workers to the independence of ownership. The doors of individual opportunity stood wide open. A hundred men manufactured cotton cloths in one small area of New England. No one of them would have listened to the call of combination. They worked out their own destinies, took their own profits, built up their own plants from very small to very large, each one an independent republic of

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its own. In the twenty years from 1840 to 1860 the independent American manufacturer became the true American type. In 1850, for the first time, the products of industry surpassed in value the products of agriculture. America came into its destiny.

I would, if I dared risk tiring the reader with extended comment upon subject matter that has been handled often much better than I can handle it, dwell upon this happy phase of the making of America. For it is germane to my subject. And then, again, it is gone from us forever—gone with the happy simplicity and innocence of the youth of our nation. In its stead there has come upon us an age of industrial terror, of fierce, abnormal struggle for expansion, and wealth beyond the dreams of the fathers.

Often, as the years have passed, I have heard older men talk with affection of the "good old days." I put it down to the failing memory of man, which forgets all that is ugly and repugnant, and remembers best the beautiful. When these men spoke of the past, they seemed to me to be ignoring the many advantages of the present. As time has fled, however, I have come to realize that they spoke truly. They were thinking of this Golden Age, this high midday of our industrial history.

They were thinking of the free American, son of the soil or the factory, as you will, yet free, independent, unafraid. They were thinking of a nation that did not tolerate tyranny, political or industrial, within its borders. They were thinking of that rich America where no man dwelt in poverty. They were thinking of the utter astonishment with which European travelers noted in our cities the absolute lack of beggars, of want, of hunger, and of cold. They were thinking of that happy day, now dead and gone, when evenly and justly the reward of labor fell upon the people, scattered far and wide, and sufficiently, like the dew that falls at night upon the fields.

Perhaps you think that society, as such, cares little about these things. You are eternally wrong. Society is a group of men and women and children. The best of the men and the best of the women think deeply, as the best of men and women think deeply everywhere. Because it is educated, and because it, too, is engaged in an eternal fight for life, society, perhaps, studies these matters more zealously and more accurately than the rest of the world that makes a nation.

The leaders of the social world in the middle of the last century saw as clearly as any one the tendencies of the time, recognized as fully as any one the bearing of the conditions of labor and capital upon the purely social problems. They knew that because wealth was evenly distributed as it flowed from the mine, the forest, and the field, society had nothing to fear. They knew, too, that when the division of wealth began to be uneven, danger to the social world began. The lesson of the French Revolution was better understood in those days than it is to-day in high society—because high society in those days had, at least, read Carlyle or Junius, while to-day it reads little more than the Sunday editions of the newspapers.

Very few, in that time, were the new recruits in the army of society. The old laws still lived. The ancient families of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia still held sway. The leader of the social world could afford to speak of her father and her grandfather and even, in some few cases, of her great grandfather, without treading on dangerous ground. The subtle barriers of caste, flimsy as they always are in a new country, had yet withstood all the puny assaults to which they had been exposed.

Happy, indeed, was society; and happy, too, were the people of the country. Yet the poison was even then at work within their veins. Already, here and there, rich men were selling out of industry, taking their mighty profits, and moving away from the industrial cities and towns into the great social and business centers. There is no social index to record the exodus; but one may note, here and there, in government reports of the time, strange facts that to-day are all too clear in their meaning.

The next instalment of **"The Passing of the Idle Rich"** will appear in the March number.

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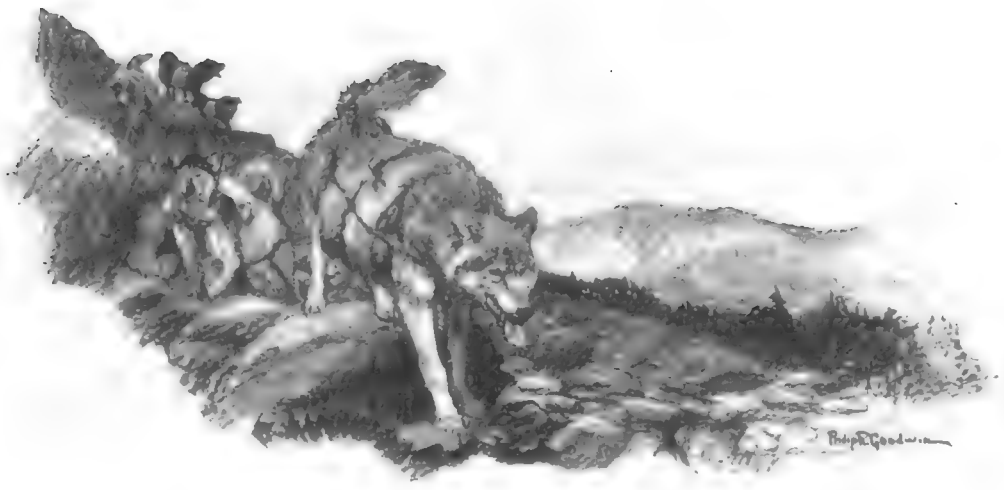

SEEGAR AND CIGAREET

BY JACK HINES

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PHILIP R. GOODWIN

BACK of Nome, beyond a stretch of bare tundra, there stands a little leaning slab. Its legend is barely decipherable even to-day, and I hear that they will be building there soon. Before it is too late, while there are still thousands of men in the bold Northland to bear it out, I want to chronicle the true story of the events which preceded the placing of that little slab—a story that is familiar to-day but is in danger of being forgotten to-morrow.

It is true, all true barring nothing—the adoption of "Seegar," the battle with "Dusty," the only dog in thousands of miles that could best him, their hatred thereafter, the love of "Cigareet" for the blind old hero, the bitter story of the blinding storm they breasted, guided by that marvelous thing which God has given such as they. It is something to lift a man out of himself, with its unexampled courage and sweet devotion.

This is the tale as Louie told it one day to a *chechako*—and who should tell it better than the man who owed so much to "Seegar" and "Cigareet"? He was a typical *chechako*, that listener, as tender as a bit of spring lamb. He had high-topped boots, a new wide-brimmed Stetson well cinched at the back of his head with a buckskin thong, and he wore gold-rimmed spectacles and kid gloves. The gaunt guide, with his noble face and gentle smile, stood idling in the street of the new mining town. At his feet lay lazily a huge, well-groomed old dog—the most famous dog in all Alaska and Un-Alaska—the "Seegar" of this narrative.

The *chechako* approached diffidently. He had begun to realize the limitations of his wisdom, and so few people will talk to most *chechakos* that most *chechakos* endeavor to hold converse with all they meet. This one was no exception.

"Good morning, Louie. The old dog likes to sun himself, doesn't he? My word, what awful tusks he shows when he lifts his lip that way! Isn't he a most ferocious beast, old chap?"

"Say, kid," Louie answered, grimly, "it's lucky he's plumb deef as well as blind. He'd

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up and eat a nice tender piece of meat like you if he'd ketch on you was talkin' so imperlite. Ole Seegar is some eristercrat, I don't mind sayin'. Ulso and farthermore, jest can your slurs, too, ef Cigareet, his mate is round. She's off foragin' fer him now. Gone to fetch him a breakfast. Yes sir, she's done that for years—ever sence he was put out in the eyes and ears. He thanks me for what I give 'im—when I got it—but he'd rather she'd tote his chow to him."

"Really! The most marvelous thing I evah heard. Something new in *my* observations. Almost incredible, you know."

"Maybe what you jest spouted is so, maybe not," came the laconic answer, "but ever sence a trip we three took together, that's what she's done. . . . Say, kid, I reckon I might jest as well do my share in edgecatin' you now as any other time. I'm a-goin' to onlimber and tell ye about these two—Seegar, and Cigareet, named to go with him—and when I git through you may have an idee what a hell of a country you've come to. Set down here on this step. Now:

"'Bout seven years ago a Kobuck slid inta town, and he's carryin' a roly-poly gray wolf cub in his arms. The little feller is chock-full of devilment and wild as the dickens. He snaps, he yaps, strikes at me, and snuggles up to the Kobuck when I try to take hold on him. I choctaw to the Injun and make to trade with him for the cub. I had jest jammed a cheroot in my visage a minnit before, and the Kobuck has his eye on same and says he'll give me the cub for the seegar. Done, by Billy! I owns him then and thar, and I calls him accordin' to what I give up for him, and, believe me now er never, I wouldn't be standin' here wastin' my time doin' my paterotic dooty talkin' to the likes of you if it wasn't fer him. I would be up in the snows of Deadman's Pass.

"Well, Seegar growed up into the finest critter in the malamute line this country ever see. He soon twigged that I was dippy over him, and he give it all back to me. We was sure some thick friends. Even as a pup he learned 'most anythin' without being learnt. A real 'timber gray' he was, only my care of him and reglar feedin' took the wildness out of his eyes and the wickedness out of his blood.

"Work with the team—well, say! Before he was ever put in Siwash harness he had the 'Gee' and 'Haw,' 'Come in gee' and 'Come haw' as good as me myself. I never seen the beat on it. And I've seen some dogs at that. Why, he could turn and 'come in' on a silver dollar, with the whole string behind him. Jest you ask around a bit, kid, and you'll learn that I had the spankiest team of malamutes in this country them days.

"Now, when Seegar begun to git big enough to push hisself to the front as the big leader, it gits the other dogs some sore. There was Woolly, for instance. He was the old leader, and I tried puttin' him back in the swing. This Woolly was all dog, too, let me tell ye. As soon as I done it he went sour, and ever' onct in a while he ups on Seegar and snaps at the new leader's hind quarters. But Seegar is that proud and noble he won't notice Woolly nohow. He jest knows that Woolly's a sorehead, and don't fix fer to punish him none et all.

"But Woolly, he can't see this bizness of losin' the head hitch without no fight, and he goes round with Whiner, his swing mate, plannin' fer the two of 'em ter grab Seegar and tear him up some. And, say, when two of these malamutes gets one down—well, it's Katie bar the door for the under dog. *He never gets up alive.*

"Their chance come one sundown when me and my Injun boy was onhookin' them after a good long run—a dern good long run, mind ye. I no sooner onsnaps the swing team than they both makes treacherous-like fer Seegar, who is still in harness, a-standin' with the string drawed out straight to make it easier to onhook the others. He allers stood thataway ontil I had all the pups onhooked, down to the wheelers. Well, this Whiner and Woolly fly at Seegar and grab him fair tergether, one on either side of his head and neck. Does he go down? Not much!

"You see, he was only one generation tame, and the timber gray jest riz within him. He shakes them malamutes off'n him like so much water, and swings on Woolly, knowin' he was at the bottom of it, and puts his tuskes into Woolly's ear. Say, kid, he sartinly did ribbin it in no time. Woolly quits quick, and Whiner he loses his appertite, too, purty complete and sudden. I puts the leather to both of them good and plenty, and they don't do no more jumpin' after that.

"That fetched a change to both of 'em, too. Woolly picks up sperits in a day or two, and Whiner makes friends with Seegar agin,

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"SEEGAR, THE WHIPPED DOG, BAD HURT AND BLEEDIN' SOMETHIN' AWFUL, HURLED HIMSELF ON THE RUSSIAN BRUTE."

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and then one day somethin' happens that makes Woolly the pal and slave of the new leader fer life. We was plowin' along on a good spring trail when we meets a Dawson mail team that was French-broke—and don't you think for a minnit that dogs from different sides of the line don't hate each other. As we slowed to pass, a big wheeler reaches out and grabs Woolly bad. He is shakin' him up somethin' terrible, and Woolly lets out a howl. Zip! Around comes Seegar and goes inta that Canuck dog like a machine whip-saw inta spruce root. He gits a fair head holt on him and jest natchelly crunches his skull, that's all.

"Well, say, was Woolly hipped on the leader after that! I should say yes! Why, I used to say to him 'Kiss Seegar, Woolly boy,' and sure enough, he'd sashay right up to Seegar and nose and lick all over him. Talk erbout sense—give me a good dog every time!

"One day I picks up a crackin' wheel dog from a Norton Sound trader. The new dog's name is Dusty. He is bigger than Seegar and all bone and sinew. Different blood, too, bein' crossed Russian wolfhound and Porcupine husky. That's an awful combination. . . . He's back here in the corral now, and if you listen torreckly he'll let out another one of them calls fer me to come home. Didn' I tell ye? Thar he goes now. Ain't no toy terrier about that music, is there, kid? It's the risin' and fallin' cry of the wild and is meant to go fur.

"That Dusty was the better dog in a fight, and he knowed it, and Seegar kinda had his suspicions. One midwinter night I was shook up by the howlin' of the whole team. They was yap—yap—yippin' ter beat four of a kind—jest like their wild grandfathers in pack. Under all the gen-'ral rumpus I heard low, suckin'-in sounds like two bulldogs in the death lock. I grabs the blacksnake and shoots out inta the corral, where they was all chained up separate—or should be—and the first thing I see was big red spots on the white snow that looked blackish in the moonlight. But I knowed they was blood. Dusty and Seegar had bust their chains and got at it at last. Each had a fast hold on the tother's shoulder. I lit inta them with the leather, but I couldn't bust 'em apart.

"Jest then the wolf-hound riz over the husky in Dusty, and he whirled Seegar and threw him. Down went the leader—licked—licked for the first time in all his born days—and the last time, too. I don't know howcome I done it, but I pried Dusty's jaws open with the butt of the whip and throwed him away. Bad chance I was takin', and, wild as he was with fight, he come right back at my throat. Then the funniest thing I ever seen happened, and it come so quick I barely know how it went off. Seegar, the whipped dog, bad hurt and bleedin' somethin' awful, hurled himself on the Russian brute and downed him before he could reach me—downed him like a flash. He would 'a' let the Russian kill him after he was licked and down, but *he wouldn't let him harm me.*

"He was so quick about it I had to move purty durn fast to keep him from finishin' Dusty, for Dusty was so took by surprise that he was gittin' bad a deal. And that was when little Cigareet took a hand.

"How she knowed what to do I don't know, but as they come rollin' over to'rds her she shot her snoot in under Seegar's jaw and heaved with her shoulders and they flew apart. My, my, but that was neat! Of course I grabbed Dusty, welted him one, and dragged him back to his stake; and when I turned around, Cigareet was dressin' up the holes in Seegar and he was standin' with his legs braced, gettin' weaker every minute. I took him in the house, and I tell ye, kid, I had a time savin' him—but I did. I say *I* did, but it was me and Cigareet. She raised merry hell when she was kept away from him, and she played nurse to a fine point sech as I never see before ner sence.

"He got all right again. And he was a wonder, too. Onct when we was workin' in a camp—the Alder Creek workin's belongin' to that feller Postelthwaite—my Injun boy Agrook was in the main camp holdin' down the adminerstrashun of the same, and me and Bob Gleason was 'way over in Virginny Creek, prospectin'. And every evenin' I'd take the team and start 'em for the Alder, pack-saddles on their backs empty—and by the same token their stummicks was empty too. Seegar allers led off in the race across country. I sees 'em go off by theirselves, yip-yappin', lettin' out that long, failin' cry that makes a lonely man up here think of things—sech dammed things as *you* don't know anythin' erbout, kid.

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"When they got to the Alder, Agrook would have a fine hot rice and bacon supper waitin' for them, and then next mornin' he'd start 'em back, their pack saddles loaded down with our beans and flour. Sixteen miles over the crust and tundra, the rocks and bresh! Ain't that doin' somethin' fer dog? Yep, you good old hairy scout, them was great ole days!

"Come next winter, when we'd got through on Virginny and the Alder, we was 'way up on the Shungnack, which same is a camp in the Kobuck, and I gits word that my old daddy that I'd left in Nome was sick and every day his off toe was gittin' a little closer t' the everlastin' buckit. You see, my daddy was the works up here then. He come and fetched me before discovery, and he was one of the discovery men, and no man had a right to say he knowed anythin' about this country ef he didn' know my old man and take off his hat to him. So you kin sermize that when he laid down on his bed, ailin', word was fetched to me quick.

"It's me to go it alone to Nome, not even takin' Agrook. Four hundred miles straightaway, and twelve days as the luckiest low limit. Ye don't understand what that means, kid. Ye don't know what it means to stand on the hind runners and choctaw to the dogs with the dry snow whirlin' round you like a cloud of little sparklin' fairies. Ye don't know what it means to see the beauties leap and tug, to see 'em pant and heave their shaggy backs on the rises, and rush hell bent fer elecshun down the dips, yip-yip-yahooin' till the music of it comes back from the frosty hills like some kind of dern bells er somethin' like that. Naw, sir, ye don't know nawthin' erbout it, kid, not a thing. Say, to sleep in mud and slush all day in the hot sun, with a skin under ye to keep ye from drownin', and have ter wake up before sundown er ye freeze fast—and then down goes ole Mister Sun like a red mince-pie set on the edge of the west to cool and kicked off sudden. Clip, click, snap, she freezes up like that all round ye, and there is hard crust to travel over. Up comes Sister Moon, and away ye go, whip crackin' and runners whistlin', dogs shakin' theirselves, and yip-yip-yee-oooooooo-in'—Oh, Gawd A'mighty, this town life's killin' me!

"Well, as I was a-sayin', I was off alone with Woolly, Whiner, Brownie, Chief, Juno, Seegar, and Cigareet. Good old Bob Gleason dropped down on his marrow bones when we was ready to pull, and hugged Seegar and kissed him somethin' solemn. Ah, lawsy, when next they met the only way the great dog knowed Bob was by the smell and the tech of him, and as fer the rest, all was left of them was Cigareet. Up and down all this country the boys know what I tell to be fac's. Maybe some day somebody may say it's a lie, but I hope I'm dead long before that.

"Up the Kewalick I goes to the head, and starts to make the portage to Fish River. That was the sixth day, and somehow we don't go any too well. They was somethin' in the air and, though the sun was shinin' clear and the wind was soft, the very way the dogs acks was 'nuff to keep me watchin'.

"Middle of the afternoon, though the sky was clear, somethin' jest reached up and snatched the sun inta blackness. In two minnits the whole sky was grayer than lead. I whoops it up for rock shelter, but we are in open, high land. Groanin', roarin', the wind comes up the valleys, and it's the kind of chillin' wind that jest sends your heart right down to sit on your hip bones. Green and purple lights begin to flash along the ridges. Cracklin' sparks jump off'n the tips of the dogs' ears. When I swung my hand inta the air, a ball of fire leaps off'n my knuckles. From the clouds long, ribbony tongues, jest like the Northern Lights, reach down and jest seem to lick the earth, playin', flutterin', and changin' like a rainbow.

"The first one bores down, clost by. She 'pears jest like some all-fired big cannon shootin' a crooked stream of hell fire straight into the top of the knob—a stream as wide as a little river. Talk erbout it! Now she comes that way all the time, right, left, in front, behind, and more'n once the dogs is jarred as they run. Nary yap from them now. Thicker and thicker gits the air, and I can't see the place that I was makin' for, knowin' what was comin'. Then the snow begins. Bits of ice—yes sir—not little balls of sleet er hail, but flakes of sharp ice that cut, and—say, by Billy, it was so thick I couldn' see the lead dog.

"On we goes into blacker, blacker blackness, and then we comes up agin a cliff. I knowed there was a shelter hole there, but, blast me, I can't find it, and we got to move on or stay there and take our finish ca'm.

"It must 'a' been midnight when we strikes

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bresh and, honest, I purt near died when I felt the bend of it. If I was comin' as I should 'a' be'n comin', I'd 'a' been movin' southwest—and *I was sleddin' due east instead.* I knew by the bresh.

"Lost in a Alaska blizzard—one man and seven of the best dogs that ever stretched a string. Man warn't much good, but them dogs had to be saved. I goes over to Seegar and puts my arms around him as he's bitin' the ice and snow out of his paws. I feels his moccasins. Cut, cut clean through, and his feet bleedin'. If his is bleedin', so is the others'. Pore boys and gals, pore childurn. Says I to him: 'We've jest natchelly played hell this time, ole scout—you and me. I'm through. I ain't fitten to say which is my right paw. Now I puts it up to you. See what you can put across fer our mootchal benyfit.'

"Up he gits on the jump and we're off agin. Where? Seegar knows.

"Jest barely I makes out the mornin' when it comes, and it is plumb two hours before there's daylight enough to see the team. The snow's comin' down jest the same as if it's bein' shoveled, and all to onct the worst thing happens that could 'a' happened. The strain gets too much for the smaller dogs, and Brownie's blood gits to poundin' too strong in his head and eyes and—Blam, he goes *crazy!* I reach fer my rifle, but before I could plug him as I have plugged many a dog before when he went off his nut in harness, he nails his team mate, Juno. They was the breast team, and before I could swing an arm the whole team is fightin' the damnedest fight I ever see.

"Poor little Cigareet. I did git her unsnapped, but she was bit bad through a leg, and I flung her on the sled. Then I got Seegar onhooked and dragged him out and to the back of the sled, and snaps him there for keeps. I seen they was all mad, clean mad, crazy as loons, and it was me er them; so I put the rifle to the job and made a clean one of it. When I was through, I set down and cried like a woman, and out through that blizzard goes the wolf call of Seegar—*the mournin' call of a beast that was human enough to know sorrer.*

SHE PLAYED NURSE TO A FINE POINT.

"Then I gets up and looks Cigareet over. Too bad hurt to swing a leg she is, and, huggin' her a minnit, I lays her to one side and slips another one into the rifle for her. And now what d'ye think! When I raises the gun, standin' square between her and me, lookin' me full in the eyes is —Seegar. He won't stand for it, no sir—he won't stand fer it. Can ye beat that, kid; can ye beat that?

"I argies with him. I tells him that him and me ain't got one chance in a million fer ourselves, and we can't leave her alive, and how can we take her? No good. He begins to git nasty, and jest because I thinks it makes no difference, anyhow, I lets him have his way and I bundles her up on the

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robes, hooks my lone dog to the sled, and gives him his head to do the work of seven. That's goin' some. To do the work of seven, damn his good ole hide—for his life, for my life, and for little crippled Cigareet.

"Say, kid, he started back, quarterin', kinder, and soon that heap of dead dogs—the most of my dandy team—was shut out by the storm and we was gone. Up we goes, up and up, and then we starts down a long dip. It looks so long to me that, seein' there ain't no strain on him, I jumps on the sled. I was plugged, clean plugged, and the last thing I knows Cigareet is lickin' my hand.

"I come to sharp by an' by and seen there was stars overhead. I raised up, sensin' that we was slippin' along on glare ice. For a minnit I couldn' believe it. 'Way up yander the blizzard was still ragin', but we was down out of it, and we was travelin' down the ice of the Fish River. Stick to it and we'd hit Council City fifty miles away.

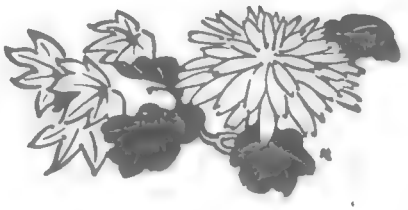
"On we goes and, come daylight, I seen ole Seegar was goin' queer. I yells a cheer up to him, and he never turns an ear. At last I hops off where it roughens up a bit and is hard goin', and I seen he was *feelin'* his way. Off the sled comes Cigareet on three legs and runs up to the ole feller, whinin' and cryin'. That seemed to fetch him inside somewhere. He sat down and dropped his head and jest let her nose him. He knowed it. He knowed it. *He was clean gone deef and blind.*

"I yanked off the robes, spread them on the ice, and the three of us rolled up together and slep'—say, talk erbout that sleepin'! When Cigareet noses me awake, the wind is gettin' up behind us. The moon is reddenin' the snow up on the crests, and for the first time I realizes the meanin' of our all bein' thar and bein' alive. Cigareet is nosin' pore ole Seegar's eyes that can't see her, and cryin' her love in his ears that won't never hear her no more, and I jest puts my arms round the two of 'em and gets down on my knees and tells the God up there on top of them stars what I think of Him for makin' two critters sech as that and fetchin' us out of that blizzard in Dead Man's Pass. I said several other things I wanted to say erbout then, and I want to tell you this: though I never was strong on the prayer game and deal a purty rough hand in anythin' like that, I'll jest bet every word of that prayer went straight up to God.

"Sometime, kid, some blab-mouthed old geezer is goin' to tell you that onct when he was in Council City he seen a man that oughter had better sense come in haulin' two dogs on a sled. One was crippled, and the other was clean broke down and was deef and blind. Jest tell that gabulous geezer that on this the seventeenth day of July of this year instanter, you was talkin' to that man and that his name was Louie Lane. Listen a minnit and I'll tell you somethin' a little more. Jest look at that cloud o' dust down yander. Notice it's a dog runnin' on three legs 'cause the fourth one don't work fast enough. See, kid, she's a pretty little bitch, and the man that's chasin' her is tryin' to get back the half o' ham she has stole. Ef she gits away with it—and mostly she does—she will come and lay it on the paws of this pore ole blind thing here at my heels. That's Cigareet."

Now, I have done the thing that I should do, and the forgetfulness of men is warded against as best it may be. This may come to the eyes of those who wish to pay tribute at some future day. Seek that little leaning slab out on the bare tundra behind Nome, out where they will be building soon, and find there the sign of the rest that came to them at last. The words written over them are:

Gone from the love and respect of men to
the reward of the God that made them
CIGAR AND CIGARETTE
True Malamutes



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"ALL RIGHT, DON. ALL RIGHT, OLD BOY! I'M HERE!"

JIM

by Ethel Train

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EMLEN McCONNELL

SON, with sinking heart, looked for the fiftieth time up and down the driveway. Jim was not there. He had not been there for a week.

The grass was a delicate green; little crocuses dotted it here and there; shrubs had begun to be painted a faint yellow. But the glory had gone out of the spring—Jim was not there.

Son did not care for horses in general, but Jim's horse he had seen with Jim's eyes. He knew every proud motion; every curve of neck and swing of tail; every graceful lift of foot and dainty planting of hoof. He marveled to see a horse of such bigness handle himself so easily. It took a big horse to carry Jim—big Jim. And Jim was not there.

Lost in thought, Son wandered about the Mall by himself. His friends, after repeated efforts at inducing sociability, had left him and gone off to their own pursuits. Mathilde, generally watchful, was deep in conversation with a young countryman of hers.

Very melancholy, and not so much as seeing his little furry friends who rushed

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hither and thither, passionately intent upon squirrel business, Son walked along slowly. Presently he came to a full stop.

Now Son was quite accustomed, being a city boy, to seeing men on benches, in the full sunlight of a Saturday morning. But in this particular man, whose back was turned toward him, he discerned something that made him vaguely uneasy. Quietly attentive, he observed all that he could see of the man, whose head was bowed and whose shoulders drooped. They were big shoulders, but they looked sloping.

Son left the main walk, and, with footsteps that were now sharply pattering, soon reached the side path where the man sat on his bench. His toes danced; and he skipped a little, uttering a tiny squeal, as he sometimes did when joy was too great to be entirely controlled.

Buttonless — splendorless — horseless — what matter! It was Jim. Curiously, he seemed to be asleep. How to wake him?

"Jim!" he cried.

No answer.

"Jim!" again—louder.

No reply.

Son stood puzzled. Then inspiration came to him. He possessed an accomplishment practiced faithfully to amuse Baby, who was sporty.

He gave a long, inquiring whinny.

And Jim heard. If his sleep had been that which melts into death, that sound would have brought him back. He did not open his eyes, but he stirred, and put out a hand gropingly.

"All right, Don," he called, his voice like a deep-toned organ. "All right, old boy! I'm here!"

Then his heavy eyelids lifted slowly.

Son, a little ashamed of his ruse, but with all the love of his bursting heart in his face, smiled up at him. Now Jim's face was red enough at any time, but at this moment a deeper flush was beginning at yesterday's collar and mounting slowly to the roots of his hair.

"Go away, Son," he muttered. "Please go away."

Then he saw Son's face quiver. With a groan, Jim buried his face in his hands.

"Please," he repeated huskily.

And Son went without another word or look.

"I can't imagine what is the matter with Son," said Mother.

Father paused, shaving-brush in hand, and came in from his dressing-room.

"He isn't ill?" he inquired sharply.

"Oh, no," reassured Mother. "Not ill, but listless. Why, to-night he was sitting after supper, *doing nothing*. Baby wanted him to sing to her and he said, 'No, darling, not to-night.' So *I* sang, but she didn't like it half so well."

Gladly as Father and Mother would have welcomed his confidence, Son did not bestow it upon them. He had long been used to thinking everything out alone. He was doing it now, in bed, and he felt that they could not help him. No one could help him, for he had hurt his dearest friend. His little body was full of electric wires; he clenched his hands and trembled all over.

"He thought it was Don," said Son, over and over. "And it was really *me*. He put out his hand—and Don wasn't there. And he was *so disappointed*——" Son buried his face in the pillows. He could not bear to think any more.

In the morning, with the sun filtering in through the shutters, last night's burden came back and placed itself on his shoulders. But daylight helped, and he resolutely put down the grief that unfitted him for action. Something must be done.

Every day that week he went to the park full of hope, and every day came home with his hope unfulfilled. On Sunday afternoon he took a walk with Father. With his little hand in Father's big one, and cheerful conversation going on all the time, he felt happier than he had for many a day. He liked to hear the swish of spring dresses; to see the sunlight on the houses; to watch the puffing motors and the children in their best clothes, all the little girls with bright flowers in their hats. He thought of Baby growing bigger, and wearing such a hat. He wondered what flowers would look prettiest with her curls.

Suddenly Father felt his hand clutched. He looked down, and could not believe his senses. Son's face was distorted with fury—his eyes blazed.

"It's not his!" he panted. "*It's not his!*"

"Not his what? What isn't whose?" said Father helplessly, following the direction of Son's wrathful gaze.

What he saw was a particularly showy police horse. His nostrils glowed red; his

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glossy neck curved proudly; his hoof pawed the asphalt, with impatience not fully controlled. Yet he knew his duty, and was doing it, as became him, though this rider sat him impersonally, encouraging neither by pressure of leg nor whispered word. The policeman's buttons gleamed in the sunlight; it was reflected, too, in the horse's highly polished bits.

Before Father could move, right into the midst of the Sunday crowd which, at a signal from the policeman, was crossing the Avenue—as if shot out of a catapult, darted Son—Son, who was afraid of horses—Son, who could not be induced to ride—Son, who never of his own volition went near a stable. And now he was standing a quarter of an inch away from this great beast, holding out two supplicating little hands. Before Father could follow and grab him, before the policeman had had time to realize what was going on, a veined neck was gently lowered, and, after one sniff, a cold muzzle was thrust into the warm, waiting palms. The alien policeman smiled.

"The horse knows him, sure," he said to Father, whose big arms were by this time encircling Son.

"Come on, old man," whispered Father. "Everybody's looking." Son had been quite unconscious of this, and cared not at all, but he understood that grown-up people disapproved of scenes, and so suffered himself to be led away and lost in the throng.

Father looked down on the figure at his side, and it occurred to him that Son was very little. He knew that the small heart was full of emotions which he did not understand, and very humbly his thoughts melted into a sort of prayer that he might never thrust rude fingers among those delicately tuned strings. He was listening for the outburst that he knew would come, for Son's chest was heaving.

"It was *Don*," said Son.

Father did not catch what he was saying. Son had a habit of forgetting the difference in size, and speaking without turning his head. Thus, many times, on their walks, conversation had halted between them, Son's words being carried away on the breeze. Father remembered this and felt that the loss had been his. So he bent his shoulders and said "What?" patiently.

"It was *Don*," repeated Son, lifting his eyes, full of misery. "Jim's Don—Jim's—Jim's—*Jim's!*"

"Who's Jim?" inquired Father.

"*Jim!*" exclaimed Son, smiling through his tears. He thought it very funny that Father did not know. Then he explained the whole situation as he understood it, painting in the blackest colors his own fraud and perfidy.

Father's education was progressing, though he lacked the imagination to fill in the meager outlines of Son's story—to realize the bitterness of self-reproach—the dark night hours of despair. But he knew that Son cared very much—and other things he suspected, which Son did not. Therefore his suggestion was practical.

"I'll see the Police Commissioner to-morrow," he said. "He's a friend of mine, and I'll find out all about it."

Son's heart leaped. He looked with envy upon this Father who to-morrow could, unescorted, go to that wonderful down-town where things happened at every moment; and where Police Commissioners stood ready to right the wrongs of cruelly treated Jims and bring them into their own again.

He was at the front door when Father came in the next evening; he had waited an unconscionable time, with hopeful face pressed against the pane. Father held out both hands, and with Son at arm's length looked down at him anxiously.

"I'm afraid we can't do anything," he said gravely. "Too bad, old man."

But Son had been sure that all would be well. He had had no doubts. So now he forgot all his dignity, and burst into a storm of tears worthy of Baby in her most unreasonable moments. Nor could Father quiet him. Mathilde arrived, and made matters worse with her chattering; and then came Mother, who led him upstairs, put everybody out, and undressed him herself, holding him in her arms until he sobbed himself to sleep, his hands clasped tight about her neck, so tight that they mingled dainty collar and soft hair in a regrettable tangle.

When the hands relaxed, and Mother ran down to her room, she found that even by hurrying she could not escape being twenty minutes late for their dinner engagement. Yet she did not murmur, though she was punctual, and hated hurrying above all things—which showed that Father was not the only one being educated.

"I couldn't tell him," said Father, with knit brows, when they were finally on

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their way. "And I couldn't lie to him, could I?"

"No, indeed," said Mother. "Not that. Never to *him*."

Father looked relieved.

"Reynolds couldn't do anything," he continued. "If it had been the first time—but it wasn't. There was a long record, and the fellow's behavior had been overlooked more than once. You see, he had three medals, and that helped him out. But there *must* be a limit. So he was dismounted. And since then he has not once reported for duty. Reynolds will have to dismiss him from the force."

When they arrived at their dinner, their hostess, who had a penchant for literary men, and who had not met Father before, was greatly disappointed in him. As for Mother, whom she had met once and had supposed charming, she found her dull. Decidedly, they were an overrated couple.

A day or two later, as Mother was preparing to rest after lunch, there came a knock at her door. There, her face one protest, stood Mathilde.

"'E no more want to go to de park," she began. "Every day 'e want to go to Fifteenint' Street."

"Let him," said Mother laconically, taking down her hair.

"*Oui, madame*," murmured Mathilde, disapprovingly. She did not know what had come over Mother, who had used to uphold her authority.

Mathilde was cross, but she went to Fifty-ninth Street. At least, she did not have to drag Son along—he walked with alacrity.

Mother pondered, brush in hand, for some moments. Then she put up her hair again deftly. After this she spent twenty minutes at the telephone, which stood on a little table near at hand. She scrawled a street number, ordered a taxicab, dressed hastily, and went in search of Son. He was not hard to find. There he was on Fifth Avenue at the familiar crossing, with Mathilde fussily feeling his ears and admonishing him to stamp his feet, for spring had broken her promise and there was a cold wind blowing that day.

Son, unheeding, had eyes for no one but Don. He did not see Mother until Mathilde poked him, and forgot to take off his cap as he had been taught. "*Quelles manières!*" lamented Mathilde, pulling it from his head, and putting it on again with ungentle affectionateness. He accepted reluctantly Mother's invitation to get in beside her, but when she unfolded her plan his joy knew no bounds. Care left his face, and he chattered all the way over to the tenement-house district, watching the swarms of children that had to be looked out for, the peanut venders, pushcart men, and peddlers. Then they stopped.

"You go up," said Mother. "I'll wait for you in the cab. It's on the sixth floor, *back*. Remember—one, two, three, four, five, six—and *back!*"

"One," counted Son.

"Two"—breathlessly. When he got to six he was speechless, so great had been his haste.

"Back," he told himself, and knocked at the door.

"Come in," said a womah's voice.

Son entered, and, being alone, remembered his manners. He took off his cap, and his eyes swept the room. Jim was not there. But at least Son was in communication with him. He could give a message.

"Is this Jim's house?" he asked politely.

"Yes," answered the woman, with curt surprise. "I suppose it is."

Neither tone nor face was prepossessing, but Son was not observant in such matters. To him the woman seemed very nice. She had on a white apron that crinkled when she moved, and the room smelt of soap.

"Oh, will you tell him," he said, getting his breath, "that I thought he'd *know* it was only me?—And I didn't want him to think it was Don, really— But I couldn't wake him up any other way."

The woman looked genuinely puzzled.

"I'm *so sorry*," Son continued, all his remorse coming back to him. "And I *wish* I could see him. Where is he?"

There was a short pause. Then—"I don't know," answered the woman grimly.

"But he *will* be in!" cried Son. "He's got to come in for his supper, hasn't he?"

Jim's wife looked about the room. She had made no preparation for supper. The stove was cold.

"He may," she said slowly. "And he may not."

"Oh, yes, he will!" Son reassured her. "Everybody has to have supper. He'll come!"

The woman made no rejoinder, and the conversation flagged.

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"MARY," HE SAID—AND HIS VOICE TREMBLED—"MARY—WHAT'S COME OVER YOU?"

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Then Son said, brightening: "Tell him I'm taking care of Don. I go down to the Plaza to see him every day. And sometimes I give him sugar."

The woman began to understand.

"Is Don his horse?" she asked.

"Why, don't *you* know?" said Son. "Jim loves Don the best thing in all the world. He said if he had a boy like me, he'd love *him* best. But he hasn't—so he loves Don. Isn't Jim splendid?"

Mrs. Jim had not been accustomed to regarding her husband in this light. She considered herself a much abused woman. But this child seemed waiting for an answer.

"Splendid!" she said.

"He likes everything that *I* do," Son chatted on. "Sunsets and flowers. Oh, he *loves* flowers. He always shows them to me when they are first coming out. And he puts them on Don's bridle. And he hasn't got Don any more."

So Jim loved flowers—and sunsets. Jim's wife was thinking.

"I can't stay any longer," said Son. "Mother's waiting. But please—give my love to Jim."

"I will," promised the woman, and opened the door for him.

When he had gone she remained for a long time quite motionless. Then she hurriedly put on her things and went out. In the street she made some purchases, and was coming back when her eye was caught by bright gleams of red, yellow, and purple mingled together in a mass bizarre but beautiful. The clouds of a gusty day had broken open, and on the narrow street gleamed the last rays of the westering sun.

"Sunsets—and flowers."

"Buya! Buya!" called out the Italian flower vender, seeing the woman pause before his cart. "*Ecco, bella! bella!*—Tenna centa!" His black eyes danced, and he held out enticingly a red geranium in a pot.

Jim's wife, guilty and ashamed, hurried home, carrying the plant for which she had paid a dime that could ill be spared.

The stove was burning brightly when the man came in, and the kettle was on.

"I couldn't make up my mind to go back," he said hoarsely. "I just came in to tell you. I'm goin' out again." Then in dismay his eye fell on a little dog that had been his companion for many hours. It had found him in the morning, and had followed him faithfully all that day. He had forgotten it, coming upstairs, and its muddy footprints were already visible on the clean floor. "Get out!" he commanded roughly. "You ain't wanted here."

The little dog quivered and slunk toward the door, heartbroken at discovering harshness where he had scented only friendliness.

Then Jim's wife made her supreme effort.

"He can stay," she said. "Here, doggie, doggie!"

Jim spent many minutes in begging his little friend's pardon and winning back his confidence. By the time he had accomplished this, and had coaxed the little beast on to his knee, supper was ready. Jim drank a good deal of fragrant coffee, which steadied his nerves and brought the light back to his eyes. The food was very good, and he ate heartily. When he had finished, he lighted his pipe, and sat smoking in silence. Presently he noticed the red geranium in the window. Jim always noticed things. He looked slowly from plant to wife, from wife to plant. Then he got up, put the dog gently down in his chair, hesitated, and went over to where she stood, wiping dishes.

"Mary," he said, and his voice trembled. It sounded like an organ again. "Mary—what's come over you?"

"It's the little boy," she answered simply. "He was here."

"Oh," said Jim. "*I* see.—Son."

The next afternoon, when Son arrived at his self-appointed post, some one who had been watching for him drew back quickly into the shadow of a building. It was Jim. Shaved, with his hair cut, and with the whites of his eyes so clear that they looked blue, he was pleasant to look upon, even in civilian's clothes. Presently he crept out part way from his hiding place and waited.

Son had been sternly keeping the usurper under observation, watching for any sign of inconsiderateness toward Don. Letting his gaze wander for a moment, he *saw;* and with a shout, terrific for one of his size, he made a rush for Jim. All the bystanders smiled, but Jim's eyes were like bottomless wells as he lifted Son in his arms.

"I didn't know," whispered Son, half sobbing, "that you'd think it was Don.—Oh, Jim! That man *stole* him. Why don't you take Don back when he isn't looking? Jim! *He isn't looking now!*"

Son was trembling with excitement. Jim followed the direction of his gaze. The

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policeman had, in fact, dismounted, and with his back to Don, who stood like a horse of bronze in the sunlight, was engaged in regulating a particularly congested bit of traffic.

The words were hardly out of Son's mouth before he was set down quickly, and Jim—the great, the splendid Jim—had shot into the street, flung himself into the saddle, and dashed madly down the Avenue.

DON WAS ABREAST OF THE INSANE HORSES; THE THREE WERE GOING NECK AND NECK.

"He's got him!" shrieked Son. "Mathilde! *Jim's got Don!*"

Mathilde stood quite still and white, both hands over her eyes. Then, very gently for her, she took Son home. She had seen what Son had been too absorbed to see; what Jim had seen with those eyes of his that were so clear to-day. And she dared not wait for the outcome. While Son had been in Jim's arms, down the Avenue, swaying fearfully, a runabout was coming, drawn by a pair of maddened trotters. The reins were in the hands of an old man, who, with set face, held them in the pitiful grasp of threescore years and ten.

Jim caught the gleam of white hair for one dreadful flash. Vehicles scattered to right and left, somehow clearing a path. But ahead—one block, two blocks—Jim didn't know—was a huge truck, headed downtown. The driver, unconscious of the confusion and shouting, kept on his way.

In mid-gallop Jim leaned over, and whispered in Don's ear. Don was gaining; he was abreast of the insane horses; the three were going neck and neck. Jim's bare hand was out, groping—now it had seized a rein in its iron grip, close to the foam-covered bit; the next instant he was jerked violently forward on to Don's neck, and fresh horror threatened . . . Ah! he had regained his seat, never relaxing his hold. —Oh, blessed weight of Jim! Big Jim! They were slowing up—they were standing still—and in the nick of time. Don was standing, too, waiting for orders.

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"All right, sir?" said Jim, holding his reins slack, and looking anxiously at the old man.

Then, because he was so embarrassed by the things the latter had begun to say to him, he muttered an excuse, saluted, forgetting his derby hat, and headed up-town.

"I'm sorry, Jack," he said heartily to his fellow-officer when he had reached Fifty-ninth Street, "but I didn't have time to give you the chance. Here's your horse."

"Not on your life, Jim!" said the other. "I guess I can *walk* until they find me another nag."

But Jim had already dismounted and, laying his hand for a moment on the shoulder of his fellow, he went away.

Poor Son! The excitement of that afternoon proved too much for him, and it was three long days before he went to the park. When the afternoon of his liberation came, he could hardly bear the joyful anticipation that was making his heart thump so. This time there was to be no disappointment. There they were, on the accustomed drive—Don and Jim.

The instant Jim caught sight of Son, he swung himself off.

"Want to ride?" he suggested.

"No, thank you," said Son. "It's so high up."

"So it is," agreed Jim. "Too high. Come, I'll show you where there are lots of violets comin' out."

"Oh, good!" cried Son, clapping his hands. "Violets are my favorite flowers. What are yours?"

"Mine are red geraniums," said Jim.

CREDO

By SARAH N. CLEGHORN

THE wish—the hope—the faith, that we
  Return on earth to live,
  In the round year's vicissitudes
Again to toil and thrive;

Ourselves to feel the wound, the scorn,
  Or else the friendly deed
That once we dealt to man or beast—
  Such is this homely creed.

—That when our angel bids us straight
  The teeth of peril brave,
Crying, "He that saves shall lose his life,
  And he that risks shall save,"

Then like as Pallas Perseus bore
  Above the cliffs and sea,
So tipped with wings our sandals are,
  So safely borne are we.

—That as we near the narrow gate,
  When falls the evening cool,
No child shall boast above the rest
  His merit card from school,

Nor in a chariot from the stars
  Shall see his Father come,
But hark! a voice that calls to tea,
  And look! the lamps of home.

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"NO ADMITTANCE"

words by
JULIAN STREET
music by
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

IT is a battered little door, tucked away, almost always, in a decayed side street or dingy court and sheltered by a flimsy wooden vestibule, as secretive and disreputable looking as the side entrance of a Raines-law hotel; and, like the Raines-law door, it usually sleeps idly through the day, but wakes to shadowy activity when night begins to fall. What you find at the stage door depends largely upon yourself, your business, and your point of view concerning the stage entrance of a theatre.

The guardian of the portal is a bulky misanthrope, combining the suspicious nature of a Russian frontier policeman with the bristling manner of the Jack-in-the-box that guarded the toy kingdom in the fairy tale. He sees in every stranger who appears at the stage door either a process server with a summons for the star, a Pittsburg Lochinvar who has come out of the West to carry off a fairy princess, or a mere case of "touch"—in any case an undesirable alien.

When, on a recent occasion, the Artist and myself undertook to beard the doorman in his den, I told the Artist (who has a most persuasive manner) that he might do the talking. But it turned out that the doorman did most of it. . . . "Well, what d' y' want?" . . . "Well, he's busy." . . . "Well, what d' y' want to see 'im about?" . . .Meanwhile I pretended to be reading the dressing-room list, the boarding-house list, the rehearsal call, and the "No Admittance" and "No Smoking" signs, which are posted just inside the door of every theatre.

When, at last, we were admitted, the Artist rushed to the stage, snatched a gilded and beribboned three-legged milking stool from a gilded and beribboned two-legged milkmaid, dropped down upon it, and, from the fulness of his heart, sketched the heading of this article.

In these days of high-school fraternities and juvenile men of the world, the youngest of us all knows something of the seamy side of the theatrical curtain. Our sons inform us that New Haven, once a famous seat of

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THE GIRL WHOM WE SAW WORKING AT EMBROIDERY.

learning, has latterly become a celebrated "dog town"; a place where "shows" are "tried out"—with all the implied educational advantages.

But for my part, I must confess that when I pass into the region which we call "behind the scenes" (referred to in the theatre as "back"), my attitude is not that of calm, cynical scrutiny. The bare brick walls, the iron stairways leading up to dressing-rooms, the shadowy black fly-gallery far above, the dusty, splintered boards beneath my feet, the canvas side-scenes covered with rude painting, or with the backs of books glued on in rows to make a library; above all, the inscrutable painted people waiting for their cues amid a litter of furniture, lighting apparatus, and "props," all combine to thrill me with the feeling that I have passed from the practical world into the warehouse of mystery and illusion.

Let the current of stage realism roar like a torrent over the footlights, not an ounce of it eddies into the backwaters of the wings. From the front the ordered drama may move with technical perfection toward its climax, but seen through a hole in the back drop, it becomes unconvincing and grotesque. That little peephole, so dear to the stage hands, is an opera-glass which sees the art of make-believe stalking upon the boards, a naked thing, brazen and absurd.

An actor whose age you cannot guess, through the wrinkles penciled on his face and the white wig that bulges over his hair, walks slowly off the stage. He is the father in the play. He comes and talks with you about the baseball scores. Near by, a plank and two sand-bags are dropped upon a quilt stretched out upon the boards. The sound is that of a dead, crumpling fall. A young actor, beyond the canvas wall, shrieks "Father!" and comes rushing off the scene. Then he strolls over and shakes hands with you, but, as he does so, turns his face stageward and bellows: "Get the doctor!" Then he joins calmly in the baseball talk.

Meanwhile there is agitated running on and off. A maid in cap and apron hurries up a flight of stairs which, once out of view of the audience, stops abruptly in mid-air. At the top of the flight she waits long enough to have ascended to a bedroom on a supposititious second floor. Then, taking up a pillow which the property man must put there every night, she rushes down again, seen briefly by the audience as she passes the hall door.

And what does it all mean?

It means that poor old "father," who has been talking baseball with you, had an apoplectic stroke and fell upon the stairs. The plank and sand-bags that they dropped were "father." And, of course, the maid ran up and got the pillow to ease "father's" final moments. "Father" is dead, and the first act is over. So, presently, when the

UP THE IRON STAIRS TO DRESSING-ROOMS AND OTHER DRESSES.

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topic of baseball is exhausted (which it quickly is with me) "father" says good-night and hastens to his dressing-room, envied by all the other members of the company. From the front his stroke is tragedy. From the back it is luck—a short part that lets "father" leave the theatre in time to see the latter half of all the other plays on Broadway. For it is a fact worth noting that few lovers of the theatre see so little of it as successful players.

. . . Were your nerves set on edge by the thud and cry of " Father!" in the last play Clyde Fitch wrote?

Take your actor friend to dinner, or—if you can get him to—let him take you. Talk with him of current affairs—if you can keep him from talking of himself. After dinner accompany him to the theatre in which he is comedian, hero, or villain. In his dressing-room he slips out of his street clothes, sits down before a mirror, and daubs his face with grease paint. Stroke by stroke, your friend disappears before your eyes, until, with the last touch, he is quite gone. He has become a painted picture.

"Make-up," said De Goncourt, "coarsens the skin, makes the muscles immovable, and does not permit the soul of the actor to pass through his plastered face." As your friend's soul leaves his face, it also leaves the conversation. You do not feel at home with this new, vague personality.

With actresses it is not quite the same. In conversing with an actress who is heavily made up, you (or should I say I?) become only slightly more absurd than when talking with a lady of the audience who wears a merely non-professional tint. The conversation takes the lady's hue. Paint is no thicker on the stage to-day than twenty years ago, but it is thicker in the parquet and the boxes. It is not the theatre, but the

THERE MUST BE A SORT OF HEROINE TO SING LOVE SONGS.

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"IT'S IMMENSE!" SHE APPROVED AS SHE LOOKED AT THE SKETCH.

theatre-goer (which is to say, broadly, American society) that grows artificial. The actor and the actress are the only human beings who are paid for being other than the Creator made them; the rest of us are doing it for nothing.

The disappearance of your actor friend behind his mask of make-up is not only seeming. The costume is his business suit and the hour his business hour. Descend with him to the stage. Watch him go on for his scene with the woman star. See the suave way they play together, falling at last into each other's arms.

When the scene is over, your friend appears before you with a dramatic gesture of despair:

"You see what I'm up against!"

You don't see.

"My boy! Do you mean to say that you've not noticed how she kills my lines? My laughs go for nothing! It's absurd to call her an artist. Why, she absolutely hogs everything!"

How often we see love scenes between an actor and an actress who are not on speaking terms, or, worse, are on unpleasant speaking terms. How often the sweet nothings which the audience hears are like poisoned candies. I have known a star to seize his leading woman's hand and, bending over to imprint a lover-like kiss upon it, whisper: "For Heaven's sake, why don't you clean your nails?"

If the actor does not see through his own foibles, he at least views those of his profession with a keenly ironic eye. No stories could be droller or more full of human character than an actor's stories about actors—that one, for instance, about the handsome leading man who opened a letter that contained a tailor's dun, glanced through it, crumpled it up, and sighed: "Poor little girl!"

The egotism of the theatre is by no means confined to the players. If it originated with them, it was contagious, for everybody in the playhouse has it now. The star is an egotist, the manager is an egotist, the leading woman and the leading man are egotists, the stage carpenter is an egotist, the property man is an egotist, the electrician is an egotist, the orchestra leader is particularly an egotist (which may account to some extent for the quality of theatre orchestras), the ushers are egotists, the box-office man, who tells you there are two left in the nineteenth row, is an egotist, and, to complete the list, the people who buy seats of him are egotists as well.

The "back stage" egotists are hungry for publicity.

"You're a writer, aren't you?" demands the electrician. "Here's a little piece I wrote myself. You might use it in your paper. It tells all about theatre lighting. And say, mention my name—Cassidy."

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Looking at the press sheet he has handed you, you discover that Mr. Cassidy has been indulging in the peculiar pastime of interviewing himself. His interview begins with the statement that "there is always something interesting about the theatre and theatrical affairs to the ordinary person." Being a very ordinary person, you read on and presently find out that the most interesting of all the interesting things "about the theatre and theatrical affairs" is Mr. Cassidy.

You escape from Mr. Cassidy and go to the star's dressing-room. He gives you a cigarette and has his dresser shut the door so that the fireman won't smell the smoke. Then he shows you a stack of letters on his dressing-table. It is the matinée idol's daily crop.

"Yes, you'll see a crowd of girls outside the stage door after the performance. . . . They follow me to my hotel. . . . You'd be surprised to see how ladylike some of them look. . . . There was one . . . a charming little thing, too. Her father was one of the biggest men in the Dubuque Board of Trade. . . . She was fairly mad about me. . . . Ah, well! . . . I gave her some good advice and sent her home."

His "entrance music" sounds. He rises from his chair, throws his cloak over one shoulder with a dramatic gesture, and stalks on to the stage. As you watch him go you are touched upon the arm. It is the stage-manager.

"Be around at the end of the second act," he says, "and I'll show you something."

At the end of the second act you are accordingly "around."

"Nobody's got an idea how much I've got to do with his success," the stage-manager declares, as you look out between the wings at the scene in the courtyard of the inn, which nears its thrilling climax. "Just wait a minute. You'll see."

A moment later the big fight scene is on. The star's invincible rapier vanquishes singly a host of villains, piercing their astral bodies. The curtain drops. There is a burst of applause, sounding, from the stage, like heavy rain upon a roof.

"He likes to make curtain speeches," says the stage-manager, ringing up the curtain for the encore, "but *I'm* really the one that gets the calls for him. For instance, that's what we call a 'quick curtain'; it teases the bunch out there."

Indeed, it seems to "tease" them, for the applause redoubles.

Again the quick curtain, this time revealing star and leading woman.

When this has been repeated several times, the applause diminishes. The wily stage-manager now leaves the curtain down for a long moment, but does not shut off the footlights nor illuminate the auditorium. The auditorium consequently remains seated and expectant.

"Watch this," he says, with a wink, as he seizes the edge of the curtain and shakes it gently. Instantly the hands begin to clap again. The people out in front have seen the movement of the drapery and jumped to the conclusion that the star is coming out to bow. And they are very, very right. He

THE ONLY HUMAN BEINGS PAID FOR BEING OTHER THAN THE CREATOR MADE THEM.

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appears, and with one hand on his heaving chest, and the other on the crimson curtain back of him, bows low, and exits quickly. This also is repeated several times—including curtain shaking.

"That's about all they'll stand," says the stage-manager at last. The star, it seems, is of the same opinion, for this time he does not withdraw so quickly but, after bowing, pauses. There is a deprecating smile upon his face, which seems to say: "Well, since you *insist*—" The house goes silent in an instant. There follows a moment in which the star seems to collect his thoughts. Then he makes his speech—the little speech that he has made a thousand or two times before; some flower of thought, as I recall it, about "thanking you one and all."

It is over in an instant. The stage-manager touches a button; the footlights are shut off, the house lights are turned on. Stage-hands are already setting the scene for the third act, incidentally menacing your life by shooting canvas rocks upon you at express train speed and dropping painted forests on your head.

"Of course, the whole play came out of my novel," says the author of whichever of the six best sellers the play was taken from. (He is one of the great brood of literary hopes raised by the author of "The Prisoner of Zenda.") "It's really my dramatization that gets the applause," thinks the dramatist. "Confidentially, it's all my acting," says the star. "It's my beauty," says the leading woman, glancing at her mirror. "It's my tricks," the stage-manager assures you. "It's our applause," the audience cajoles itself as it gets into its limousine. And as the horny-handed ushers make their final hunt beneath the seats for the nightly crop of jewelry, handkerchiefs, and gloves, they doubtless say among themselves, "We done it."

A certain friend of mine is forever charging me with uttering generalities. But what is one to do? To call players fascinating, emotional egotists, to declare them hard-working, underpaid, ambitious, is to generalize. To say that all men have two legs is to generalize—and, incidentally, to do injustice to the flourishing industry of amputation. There is something about the stage, and also about legs, that induces generalities. Both, for example, are sometimes called immoral. Dumas the younger called the playhouse an immoral house, and Mr. Anthony Comstock and Mr. Florence Ziegfeld seem to be united in their opinion as to the immorality of legs—though it is but fair to add that the belief leads them into widely different fields of action.

Every one should know, by this time, that there are very moral stages, and every one does know that there are ridiculously moral legs. I have some rather deep convictions about both. I believe that the ballet dancer may be, and usually is, a spectacle as moral as a decoration on a Christmas tree. An ogling show girl in long skirts, prancing up and down before the footlights to the accompaniment of cheap music, may, on the other hand, be funny, vulgar, or immoral, as you look at it. She is a horrible reality, like so much raw beef. But the ballet dancer, flying through the air, with her twinkling pink legs and pointed toes, her gauze skirts and her eternal smile is, from the front, the most unreal of all the theatre's unrealities. She is no more real than an elaborate doll that is put away each night in a box with sachets and pink tissue paper.

I shall never forget an evening on which we watched the Russian dancers, Mordkin and Pavlowa, from the wings of the Metropolitan Opera House. The last act of a spectacular German opera was in progress as we reached the mammoth stage. Through mysterious semi-darkness, full of moving figures, we worked our slow way to the wings. Green and blue footlights cast a dim, uncanny light upon the stage, set to represent a dank and rocky glen, in which raged a storm of supernatural fury. Thunder rolled—rolled literally, in the form of wooden balls that tumbled down a chute. The wind machine howled horribly. A thunderbolt slid down a wire and hissed out in a pail of water. Bats and will-o'-the-wisps flitted at the ends of wires, strange beasts crawled, gongs tolled, chains clanked, the orchestra gave forth melancholy waves of sound, and owls flapped their wings as a group of chorus women, just off the stage, gave voice to the wailing cry, "Whoo-ee! Whoo-ee!"

The storm was terrible, but brief. As its distant thunder died off among the painted hills, the full moon rose slowly, on its wire, in the peaceful sky of the back drop. Its soft electric light fell like a benediction on the canvas glen, and shimmered on a waterfall, behind which an industrious young man in a

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soiled sweater revolved an electric light cylinder. And as the peace of highly artificial night descended over all the world of calcium and canvas, the opera reached its end.

Like the flights of brilliant insects that appear after a tempest, the *ballerinas* now came flitting to the stage. From beyond the great curtain and somewhat muffled by it, rose the medley of sound that indicates a tuning orchestra. Violins shrilled brief, dissonant frivolities to their relatives, the bass viols and 'cellos, which replied in deprecating, serious tones. Flutes laughed in

THE RUSSIAN DANCERS, MORDKIN AND PAVLOWA.

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HE HAS BECOME A PAINTED PICTURE.

droll chromatic runs, kettledrums uttered rumbling chuckles, low-pitched wind-instruments brayed sardonically, even a harp rippled, as a sweet-voiced woman laughs behind her fan. I love to hear a great orchestra tune up. It always sounds to me as though the instruments were whispering the gossip of the hour and making bantering remarks to one another, before settling down to work. It is a sound full of promise, and it always fills me with a delightful sense of expectancy.

As the tuning ceased, the *ballerinas*, after rubbing their flat, stiff-soled slippers in resin boxes, ranged themselves in rows upon the stage, now set with a sweet woodland scene. Then all eyes turned toward the wings, where the two Russians appeared, moving with easy, sinuous grace. Even in walking they were beautiful to watch. I was struck at once by the fact that both were below the average in height, though from the front I had received quite an opposite impression.

Of course, the matter of stature in the theatre is purely relative. Size is one of the most important factors in the engaging of a company. The little star wants pygmy players to surround him. A tall leading woman, however beautiful and talented, would make him look ridiculous in a romantic scene. I think it is Mr. Paul Wilstach who, in his book on the late Richard Mansfield, tells of the built-up boots, the illusory attitudes, and the cunningly scaled down furniture which that actor utilized to make himself look larger. I do not know whether *ballerinas* always come in tiny packages or not, but those surrounding Mordkin and Pavlowa were all so small as to make the Russians look quite large by contrast.

Almost simultaneously with the arrival of the famous pair upon the stage, the overture struck up. The *ballerinas* assumed attitudes. Then, with a hissing sweep, the curtain rose. It was like the bursting of a dam. A torrent of music and of brilliant light rushed in, snatched the little *ballerinas*, and swirled them madly in its maelstrom. And at the very center of it all, like a pair of iridescent bubbles cast up by the flood, floated Mordkin and Pavlowa.

My doll fancy departed as I saw them dance. I could see their steel muscles gather for each bound, and hear the heavy thud of their toes upon the rough boards, after each soaring flight. Sometimes, as they flew by my hiding place, I even heard a quick-snatched breath.

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"MY FOLKS DON'T KNOW I'M ON THE STAGE. THEY THINK I'M A BURGLAR."

When it was over Pavlowa was tired. All elasticity seemed to have gone from her slender little body. She walked slowly to the stairway leading upward to her dressing-room. Despite her fatigue I half expected her to give a leap and float up to the top step; but she did not. She paused wearily at the bottom of the flight. Then Mordkin came, and, taking one of her hands, went up ahead, tugging, while Pavlowa trudged after, drooping and flat-footed in her finery—a picture both pathetic and grotesque.

Apropos of this, it is worth mentioning that in the New Theatre players are not forced to walk up-stairs. One very practical way to "elevate the stage," it seems to me, is to elevate the actor in an elevator.

Another way might be to elevate the taste of the audiences.

The audience can make the theatre what it wills, but the theatre cannot make the audience. If we have vulgar "shows," it is because we have vulgar people to attend them. If we have vulgar "comedians," it is because we have vulgar pleasure-seekers to applaud them. It is so easy to be vulgar! You needn't even try—just let yourself go. What is the thing they call a "typical Broadway show" but one group of vulgar people who get upon a stage and let themselves go before another group of vulgar people? A vulgar librettist (who, before the days of "musical shows," would probably have found a place in life as a writer of rhymes in praise of soups or breakfast foods) lets himself go, and naturally produces maudlin ditties, rhyming "love" with "turtle dove." A vulgar composer then makes up a set of tra-la-la tunes, reminiscent of last season's crop. A vulgar manager engages a vulgar company and, after rehearsals by a vulgar stage manager, the vulgar show is ready for a vulgar audience. Isn't it simple? Isn't it easier than to create and put upon the stage clean-cut musical comedies like "Mlle. Modiste," "The Arcadians," or "The Chocolate Soldier?"

And why trouble to be intelligent if people don't demand it of you? Why write a witty libretto, why compose good music, why engage legitimate comedians or good singers when people seem content without them? You know as well as I do what will make an American audience roar with laughter. It likes men in red whiskers to sing Irish songs. It likes men in plaid waistcoats stuffed with pillows, to splutter salivary German dialect, and edibles, into each other's faces. It likes fat women and fat men in little round hats, and it wants them to fall down while the drummer bangs his drum, and a stage-hand drops the crash box, in the wings. Then there must be a sort of hero and a sort of heroine to sing love songs, and there must be girls, girls, girls. Perhaps I should have mentioned the girls first.

From a strictly back-stage standpoint, the musical show is the most colorful and pic-

THE STAGE-DOORMAN IS A MISANTHROPE.

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MUSICAL SHOWS ARE THE MOST COLORFUL.

turesque. The orchestra is forever strumming out gay tunes, the people are forever running back and forth in costumes pretty or comic, rushing on singly or in groups to sing or dance, then off again and up the iron stairs, to dressing-rooms, and other dresses. The air vibrates with life, light, and color.

Despite the fact that celebrated actors of the legitimate stage—among them Jefferson and Mansfield—have risen from the chorus, a gap separates the people of the musical stage from those of the "legit." They are like different tribes of the same race, and they mingle to no great extent. The atmosphere, back stage, is not at all the same. The musical stage, while not invariably so, is generally more free and easy. Christian names—or perhaps I should say Christian stage names—are tossed freely back and forth:

"Say, Goldie, come over with my rouge pot."

"Aw, forget it, Beatrice. I ain't see' it."

If, instead of Goldie and Beatrice, they elaborately call each other "Miss Wentworth" and "Miss St. Clair," there is no indication of respect implied. On the contrary, it means a feud; and when the bad blood of those fine old families, the Wentworths and the St. Clairs of musical comedy, is roused, it is best to stand aside; for, even if nothing else is thrown, there is certain to be "langwidge."

For magnificence, only negro names can rival those of chorus girls. They take them whence they please. Neither society, finance, nor literature is safe from their pillaging researches. The chorus has its Vanderbilts, its Astors, its Belmonts, not to mention its Montagues and Capulets. I remember one girl with masses of red hair who was known as Zaza Belasco, and another, with, perhaps, a penchant for jewelry, who was called Diamond Donner. The names of the young women who figure in the program under the headings: "Typewriter Girls, Tennis Girls, Summer Girls" are only too often funnier than the libretto.

The styles in women for these shows change like the styles in clothing. Where

ONE WHO DIDN'T WANT HER MOTHER TO FIND OUT THAT SHE WAS ON THE STAGE.

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is the spear-carrying "Amazon" of yesteryear? Has she become extinct, or evolutionized by banting? Where is the tall, slender London "gayety girl"? London doesn't want her any more. It now requires slender young girls whom it designates as "flappers."

Girls for the Broadway musical show of to-day come in sizes like the three bees in the children's story. There is the "great big" show girl, the "medium-sized" chorus girl, and the "little bit of a wee, wee" dancer.

Owing partly to uniformities of form and costume, partly to the heavy masks of make-up, and partly, perhaps, to other and more subtle likenesses, these girls seem, at close range, to resolve themselves into three types which are duplicated over and over as by a mold. You feel that you could hold a conversation with one show girl and, when she went on to represent a lady at the races, continue it with any of the others without a seeming break.

About the chorus girls and the dancers you feel the same. They are simply scaled down from the show girls in size and, I fancy in "prosperity." The girl whom we saw working at embroidery behind the scenes at "The Arcadians" was a chorus girl. So was the one who read Rousseau. So was the one who had been in the chorus of the Metropolitan Opera and wanted to go into vaudeville so that she and her young actor husband might be more together. But none of these was really true to type. They didn't even look so, and I like to fancy that their destinies are not the same as those of girls out of the "mold."

HE VIEWS THE FOIBLES OF HIS PROFESSION WITH A KEENLY IRONIC EYE.

STROKE BY STROKE HE DISAPPEARS BEFORE YOUR EYES.

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But for the rest—Who are they, where do they come from, and why? The press agent has data of a not too satisfactory kind. Four of the eighty-eight girls in one representative company were graduates of women's colleges—so it was said. Sixteen had attended colleges, but had not graduated. Twenty-seven were high-school graduates, thirty-one had finished grammar school, and ten left school young to go to work. Eight were married, and all loved to "see their pictures in the paper," excepting one who didn't want her mother to find out that she was on the stage. Only seven of the eighty-eight were born in the city of New York; thirty-two were foreign-born, and the remaining forty-nine hailed from twenty-three states or territories. Their ages ranged from seventeen to twenty-nine, sixty per cent. of them being under twenty-three.

The remaining statistics were principally concerned with heights, weights, colorings, and measurements, and do not seem to bear upon this article, except that they show the point of view regarding chorus women. They are matched as horses are matched, and are valuable as horses are valuable: for reliability, endurance, good looks, and stylish action.

The statistics concerning education among the chorus girls surprised me. I am sure that I have never talked with one of them who went to college, though I have met several who gave every sign of having left school at a very, very early age; as, for example, the one who asked me at the time of the Cook-Peary controversy: "What's this North Pole that they're all the time talking about? Have they got a town up there?"

There is a kind of show girl—the "typical Broadway show girl," they call her—who has, along the "Great White Way," an odd sort of celebrity. She is seen about the restaurants every night with men who are conspicuous socially, financially, or drunkenly. Your Broadway mentor points her out to you as "the girl who got all the money out of young So-and-so," or "the girl who caused the What's-their-name's divorce." It seems from what he tells you that neither So-and-so nor What's-his-name had much to do with it. It was the woman; she tempted him and he did eat. It was, as the newspapers would say, an "actress"; a woman following what Birrell, in his "Obiter Dicta," calls "the only profession commanding fame and fortune the kind consideration of man has left open to her."

"For two centuries," says Birrell, "women have been free to follow this profession, onerous and exacting though it be, and by doing so have won the rapturous admiration of men, who are all ready to believe that where their pleasure is involved, no risks of life or honor are too great for a woman to run."

Unless it be the women of that smart society which they ape and envy, I suppose there is no class of women in the world so morbidly mundane, so super-sophisticated as these "successful" show girls, surrounded, as they are, by shams, false values, sordidness. They have their following, know why they have it, and how to make what seems to them the most of it.

There has been in New York recently a show called "Girlies." It was advertised by the manager responsible for it with the catch line: "None of them married; none of them twenty."

Can you not see a Turkish slave dealer with a caravan of women going to market with that exultant cry?

Girlies—none of them married, none of them twenty! None of them protected! None of them old in the ways of the world!

Poor girlies! Those are the pitiful qualifications with which you are turned loose to make a living in that plague-spot of the world, Broadway!

Singing and prancing through your evenings in the theatre, seeing the "prosperity" of some of your fellow "girlies" and knowing whence it comes, where do you go when, after the performance, you pass out through the dingy little door? Do you scurry home alone to your hall bedroom? Or do you go to meet "Prosperity"—Prosperity in evening dress—awaiting you, out there beneath the shadows of the street lamp?

Poor girlies!

But there was one of you who gave the lie to that insinuating catch-line. For she was married, and the whole world of Broadway found it out one morning when it read its papers. That "girlie" was the one whose husband waited for her in the dark outside the little door, chased her through the New York streets, and shot her.

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UNDER THE PROPHET IN UTAH

The National Menace of A Political Priestcraft

By Frank J. Cannon

FORMERLY UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM UTAH

In Collaboration with HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN SPECIALLY BY ARNOLD GENTHE

Editor's Note.—The story of the surrender of polygamy by the Mormon Church has been told—a surrender sealed by the anti-polygamy manifesto of 1890. In these chapters ex-Senator Cannon recites the second solemn pledge made by the Mormon leaders to the nation—the pledge of non-interference in politics as a precondition of obtaining statehood for Utah. He foreshadows the treasonable violation of this oft-repeated pledge by the Church; and he traces the beginnings of that partnership between the Mormon hierarchy and the "Interests" which has made the government of Utah to-day a financial, as well as a religious, absolutism.

CHAPTER V. ON THE ROAD TO FREEDOM

IN any discussion of the public affairs that make the subject-matter of this narrative, a line of discrimination must be drawn at the year 1890. In that year the Church began a progressive course of submission to the civil law, and the nation received each act of surrender with forgiveness. The previous defiances of the Mormon people ceased to give grounds for a complaint against them. The old harshnesses of the Federal Government were canceled by the new generosity of a placated nation. And neither party to the present strife in Utah should go back beyond the period of this composition, to dig up, from the past, its buried wrongs.

In relating, heretofore, some of the events of 1888 and 1889, I have tried neither to justify the Mormons nor to defend their prosecutors. I have wished merely to make clear the situation in Utah, and to introduce to you, in advance, some of the leaders of the distracted community, so that you might understand the conditions from which the Mormons escaped by giving their covenant to the nation and be able to judge of the obligations and responsibilities of the men who gave it.

I have described the promulgation and acceptance of "the manifesto" of 1890 with such circumstance and detail because of what has since occurred in Utah. Let me add that some two weeks later the General Conference of the Church indorsed the President's pronouncement as "authoritative and binding." And let me point out that it was the first and only law of the Mormon Church ever so sustained by triple sanctities—"revealed" as a command from God, accepted by the Prophets in solemn fraternity assembled, and ratified by the vote of the entire "congregation of Israel" before it was declared to be binding upon men.

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At first, because of the somewhat indefinite promise of the message itself, many of the non-Mormons of Utah remained suspicious and in doubt of it. But it was recognized by Judge Zane, in court—on the day following the close of the conference—as an official declaration, "honest and sincere." The newspapers throughout the whole country so received it. The Church authorities sent assurances to Washington that convinced the statesmen there of the completeness and finality of the submission. And the good faith of the covenant was at last admitted by the non-Mormons of Utah and indorsed by their trust.

ON THE ROAD TO CITIZENSHIP

I do not know of any change in human affairs—dependent on human will—more speedy, effective, and comprehensive than this recession. Within the space of a few days a revolution was completed that had been sought by the power of our nation and of the civilized world for a generation, with stripes and imprisonment, death, confiscation, and the ostracism of the country's public contempt. It had been obtained, I knew, chiefly by the sagacity of the First Councillor, using the pressure of circumstances to enforce the persuasions of diplomacy. I felt that a miracle of change had been brought to pass. He had placed us on the road to freedom; and I trusted his guidance to lead us to our goal.

That goal, to me personally, was the honor of American citizenship—an ambition that had been an obsession with me from my earliest youth. I had never heard a man on a railroad train talk of how he was going to vote in a national election without feeling a pang of shamed envy; for my lack of citizenship seemed a mark of inferiority. The patriotic reading of my boyhood had made the American republic, to me, the noblest administration of freemen in the history of government and the exercise of its franchise literally the highest dignity of human privilege. I should have been as proud—I *was* as proud when the day came—to vote for the President of the United States as he could have been to take his oath of office.

But it was evident that the Church's recession from polygamy would not be enough to free us, so long as its control of politics remained. Its other practices had flourished and been sheltered under its political power; and now that the Church had ceased to be a lawbreaker, our friends in Washington were properly expecting that it would cease to interfere with its members in the exercise of their citizenship. For this reason, when I was notified that I had been selected as a member of the advisory committee of the People's party (the Church party), I went at once to my father and told him that I would not take the place; that I intended to work, personally, and through my newspaper, for the political division of Utah on the lines of the national parties. He held that until Gentile solidarity was dissolved, it would be dangerous to divide the allegiance of the Mormons; but he did not stand against my protest; he contented himself—diplomatically—with sending me to consult with President Woodruff and Joseph F. Smith.

To them, I argued that the political emancipation of the Mormon people from ecclesiastical direction was as necessary as the recession from polygamy had been. We must be set free to perform our duty to the country solely as citizens of the country, before we could expect to be given the right to perform it at all. And, for my part, the only action I would consent to take as a member of the advisory committee of the People's party would be to vote for the dissolution of the party.

President Woodruff referred me to my father, and advised me to be guided by him. Joseph F. Smith urged that a division of the Mormon people on national party lines would enable the Liberal (the Gentile) party to march in between. I argued in reply that we must divide at some time, and the sooner the better, since every year was increasing the Gentile population. They would never split as long as we remained solid. And if we were ever to be permitted to nationalize ourselves, it would not be until we had dissolved the party organizations whose very names were a proof of the continued rule of the Church in politics.

When he had no more arguments to advance, he gave a reluctant assent to mine. I reported back to my father, and he approved of my plans. He asked me humorously with whom I expected to affiliate, since he knew of no one who was likely to go with me; but I could see that he was pleased with my independence and hoped I might succeed in doing something to break the

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deadlock-grapple of Mormon and Gentile that held Utah apart from the rest of the country in politics.

* * * * *

[Senator Cannon's account of the first political campaign of national parties in Utah is here omitted in order to bring his story within the bounds of magazine space. He describes the organization of the Republican party in the territory, his nomination as Republican candidate for territorial delegate to Congress, and his defeat, largely because of the circulation (ostensibly in his behalf) of a Church pamphlet called "Nuggets of Truth." These matters will be printed in full in book form.]

* * * * *

The campaign had proved that, if the Church leaders would only keep their hands off, there was ample strength in either party to make a presentation of national issues of sufficient appeal to divide the people on party lines. And it had shown that there was now no political mission in Utah for the Liberal (the Gentile) party—assuming that the retirement of the Mormon priests from politics was sincere and permanent.

Accordingly, the Liberal party formally met some months later, and formally dissolved; and, by that act, the last great obstacle to united progress was removed from our road to statehood; and the men who removed it acted with a generosity that makes one of the noblest records of self-sacrifice in the history of the state.

They could foresee that their dissolution as a separate force meant statehood for Utah—a sovereignty in itself that would leave the Gentiles in the minority and without any appeal to the nation. Under territorial conditions, although the non-Mormons were less than one third of the population, they had two thirds of the political power. They held all the Federal offices, including executive and judicial positions. They had the Governor, with an absolute veto over the acts of the Mormon legislature. They had the President and Congress, who could annul any statute of the territory; and they had with them almost the entire sentiment of the nation. It was in their power to have protracted the Mormon controversy, and to have withstood the appeal for statehood, to this day.

They yielded everything; they accepted, in return, only the good faith of the Mormons. Was it within the capacity of any human mind to foresee that in return for such generosity the Church would ever give over its tabernacles to teaching its people to hold in detestation the very names of these men who saved us? Was it to be suspected that the political power surrendered by them would ever be used as a persecution upon them?—that the liberty, given by them *to* us, would ever afterward be denied them *by* us? It was inconceivable. Neither in the magnanimity of their minds nor the gratitude of ours was there a suspicion of such a catastrophe.

Meanwhile, during 1891, President Woodruff's anti-polygamy manifesto had been ratified in local Church conferences in every "stake of Zion"; and a second General Conference had indorsed it in October of that year. President Woodruff, Councillor Joseph F. Smith, and Apostle Lorenzo Snow went before the Federal Master in Chancery—in a proceeding to regain possession of escheated Church property—and swore that the manifesto had prohibited plural marriages, that it required a cessation of all plural marriage living, and that it was being obeyed by the Mormon people. These facts were recited in a petition for amnesty forwarded to President Harrison in December, 1891, accompanied by signed statements from Chief Justice Zane, Governor Thomas, and other non-Mormons, who pledged themselves that the petitioners were sincere and that if amnesty were granted good faith would be kept.

AMNESTY TO POLYGAMISTS

"Our people are scattered," President Woodruff and his apostles declared in their petition. "Homes are made desolate. Many are still imprisoned; others are banished and in hiding. Our hearts bleed for these. In the past they followed our counsels, and while they are still afflicted our souls are in sackcloth and ashes. . . . As shepherds of a patient and suffering people we ask amnesty for them and pledge our faith and honor for their future."

At Washington, the Church's attorney, Mr. Franklin S. Richards, and Delegate John T. Caine, supported the petition with

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their avowals of the sincerity of the Church leaders, the genuineness of our political division, and the sanctity with which we regarded the promise to obey the laws. The Utah Commission, a non-Mormon body, favored amnesty in an official report of September, 1892. And when I went to Washington, in the winter of 1892–3, the changed attitude of the Federal authorities toward us was strikingly evident.

President Harrison issued his amnesty proclamation, early in January, 1893, to all persons liable to the penalties of the Edmunds–Tucker Act, but "on the express condition that they shall in the future faithfully obey the laws of the United States . . . and not otherwise." The proclamation concluded: "Those who fail to avail themselves of the clemency hereby offered will be vigorously prosecuted." Not a polygamist in Utah, to my knowledge, declined to take advantage of the mercy, by refusing the expressly implied pledge.

Meanwhile the campaign had been continued for the return of the escheated Church property and for the passage of an Enabling Act that should permit the territory to organize for statehood.* Joseph L. Rawlins, Democratic delegate from Utah, worked valiantly among the Democrats, and he was assisted by the influence of Mr. Franklin S. Richards and John T. Caine and others among their old associates in that party. But, in the very midst of the fight, we were advised that, if the Republican leaders at the Capitol fought the Enabling Act and opposed Utah's statehood, the Democratic leaders would probably refuse to accept the responsibility, before the country, of granting our enfranchisement.

I had been urged by the Presidency to go to Washington to do what I might to allay Republican antagonism, and I found that a number of self-appointed lobbyists (who expected political preferments and other rewards from the Church in the event of statehood) had been using the most amazing arguments in our behalf. For example, they told some of the "financial senators" that the Church had fourteen million dollars in secret funds with which to help build a railroad to the coast as soon as statehood should be granted. They cited the number of the Church's adherents in all the states and territories of the Pacific Coast and as far east as Iowa and Missouri, and predicted that the gratitude of these people to the Republicans who were helping to free Utah would enable the Republican party to control a balance of political power in the several states. They declared positively that plural marriages and plural marriage living had utterly ceased among the Mormons for all time. And they made such statements with great particularity to Senator Orville H. Platt, of Connecticut, who was too wise a man to credit them.

NO MORE PLURAL MARRIAGE

As soon as I returned to Washington, he summoned me to a private meeting, in his parlor in the Arlington Hotel, and confronted me with one of the Republican lobbyists who had been soliciting his personal favor and his almost controlling influence. "Now, Mr. Cannon," he said, in his dry way, "have the Mormons stopped living with their plural wives? And will there never be another case of plural marriage among them?"

I remembered the lesson of my interview with him at the time of the campaign against the disfranchisement bill, and I answered: "No. Not all the men of the Church have complied fully with the law. So far as I know, all the general authorities of the Church—with two or three exceptions—are fulfilling the covenant they gave; and so far as I can judge, there will never be another plural marriage ceremony with the consent or connivance of the leaders of the Church. But human nature is very much the same in Utah as it is in Connecticut. Here and there, no doubt, a man feels that he is under an obligation to keep his covenant with his plural wives in preference to the covenant of his accepted amnesty; and here and there, possibly, in the future, some man will break the law and defy the orders of the Church and take a plural wife. But the leaders of the Church do not counte-

*Statehood seemed still very far away. There was a Trans-Mississippi Congress held at Ogden in 1892, and though the delegates—coming from all the states and territories "west of the river"—were the guests of the people of Utah, so hopeless was our status in the consideration of mankind that the delegates from the territories of New Mexico and Arizona would not let our names be joined to theirs in a resolution for statehood which we wished the committee on resolutions to propose to the congress. Governor Prince, of New Mexico, replied to our plea for a share in the resolution, that he did not intend to damn New Mexico by having her mixed up with Utah. We appealed to the congress, and we were saved by a speech made by Thomas M. Patterson, of Colorado, subsequently senator from Colorado, who carried the day for us. At a recent Trans-Mississippi congress held in Denver, I sat with ex-Senator Patterson to hear Mr. Prince still proposing resolutions in support of statehood for New Mexico. Twenty years later!

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THE CITY AND COUNTY BUILDING, THE MOST NOTEWORTHY PUBLIC EDIFICE IN SALT LAKE CITY.

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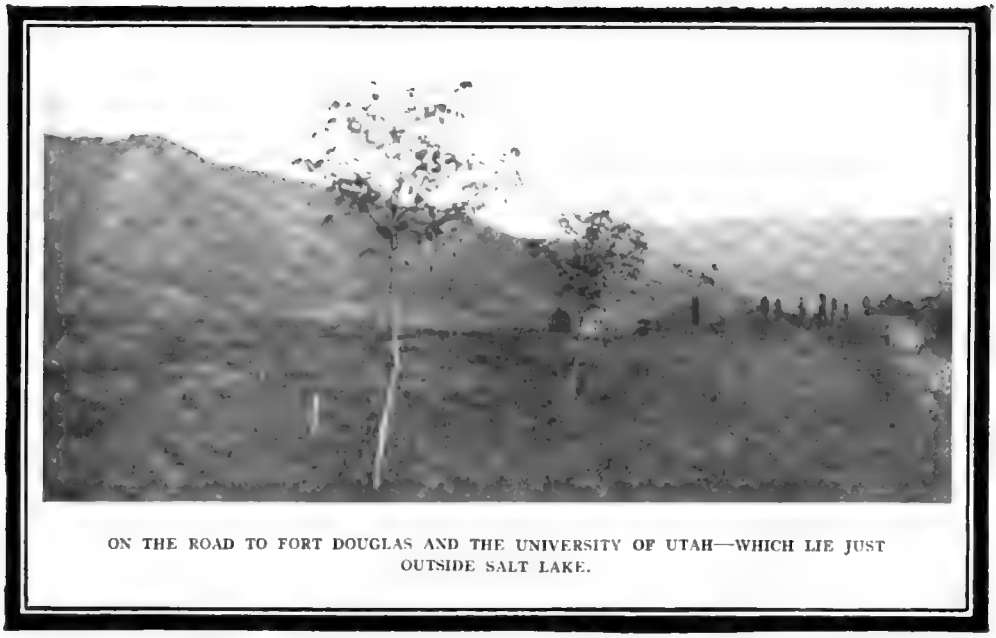

ON THE ROAD TO FORT DOUGLAS AND THE UNIVERSITY OF UTAH—WHICH LIE JUST OUTSIDE SALT LAKE.

nance either proceeding, and any man who violates the law, in either respect, offends against the revelations of the Church and, I believe, will be dealt with as an apostate. I come direct from the Presidency of the Church, and I am authorized to pledge their word of honor that they will themselves obey the law and do all in their power as men and leaders to bring their people into harmony with the institutions of this country as rapidly as possible."

Senator Platt had slowly unwrapped himself, rising from his chair to his full height of more than six feet, in a lank and alarming indignation. "There!" he said, striding up and down the room. "That's it! That's *just* it. These people have been telling us that you were obeying the law—all of you—in every instance—and would always obey it. And now you come here and admit, openly, that some of you, to whom we have granted amnesty, are breaking your word—and that '*possibly*' others, in the future, will do the same thing!"

"Senator," I pleaded, "what confidence could you have in me if I were to tell you that the Mormons were so superhuman that in a single day they could eliminate all their human characteristics? I'm asking you to recognize that the tendency imparted to a whole community is more important than any one man's breach of the law. Believe me, if you grant us our statehood, there will never be any lawbreaking *sanctioned* or protected by the Church leaders, and just as speedily as possible the entire system will be brought into harmony with the institutions of the nation. I'm telling you the truth."

He turned on me to ask, abruptly, how the polygamists had adjusted their family affairs.

I answered that in nearly all cases within my personal knowledge the polygamist had relinquished conjugal relations with his plural wives with the full acquiescence of them and their children. He supported them, cared for the children, and in all other ways acted as the guardian and protector of the household. In a few cases men had gone to an extreme. For instance, my uncle, Angus M. Cannon—president of the Salt Lake "stake of Zion"—a man of most decided character—had declared that he had entered into his marriage relations with his wives under a covenant that gave them equality in his regard; and in order that he might not wound the sensibilities of any, he had separated himself from all.

I reminded Senator Platt that with such examples on the part of the leaders, there could be no general lawbreaking among the Mormons, and that gradually the polygamous element would accommodate itself to the demands of law and the commands of God.

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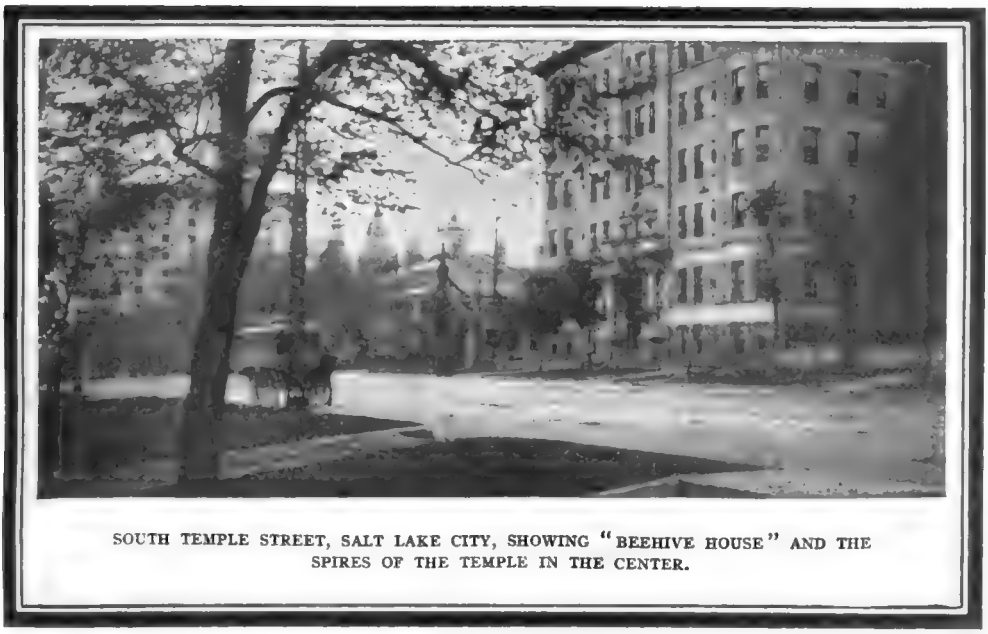

SOUTH TEMPLE STREET, SALT LAKE CITY, SHOWING "BEEHIVE HOUSE" AND THE SPIRES OF THE TEMPLE IN THE CENTER.

He waved me away with a curt announcement that he would have to think the matter over. If I had not known the essential justice and common sense under his dry and irascible exterior, I might have been alarmed. The lobbyist's concern was almost comic. As soon as we were out of hearing of the Senator's apartment, shaking both fists frantically at me, he cried:

"You've ruined everything! We had him. We had him—all right—until you came down here and let the cat out of the bag! You *knew* what we'd been telling him. Why didn't you stick to it?"

I replied with equal warmth: "*You* may lie all you please, but if we have to win Utah's statehood with lies, I don't want it. Senator Platt has been generous to us in our time of need, and I don't intend to deceive him—or any other man."

As a matter of fact, this was not only common honesty, it was also the best policy. Senator Platt was, from that time to the day of his death, a good friend and wise counselor of the people of Utah. And I wish to lay particular stress upon this conversation with him, because it was a type of many with such men as he. Fred T. Dubois, delegate in Congress from the territory of Idaho and subsequently senator from that state, had been perhaps the strongest single opponent, in Washington, of the Mormon Church; he took our promises of honor, as Senator Platt did, and he pacified Senator Cullom, Senator Pettigrew, and many others among our antagonists who afterward told me that they had accepted the pledges given by Mr. Dubois in our behalf.

They recognized that the Church and the community ought not to be held responsible for a few possible cases of individual resistance or offense, so long as there should be a strict adherence by the Church and its leaders to their personal and community covenant. I emphasize the nature of this generous appreciation of our difficulties, because the present-day polygamists in Utah claim that there was a "tacit understanding" between the statesmen in Washington and the agents of the Church, to the effect that the polygamists of that time might continue to live with their plural wives. This is not true. There never was any such understanding to my knowledge. And there could not have been one, in the circumstances, *without* my knowledge. For though I did not know what Delegate Rawlins, and former Delegate Caine, and our attorney, Mr. Richards, were saying in their private interviews with senators and congressmen, I know that in all the frequent conversations I had with them I never heard an intimation of any "tacit understanding" beyond the one which I have defined.

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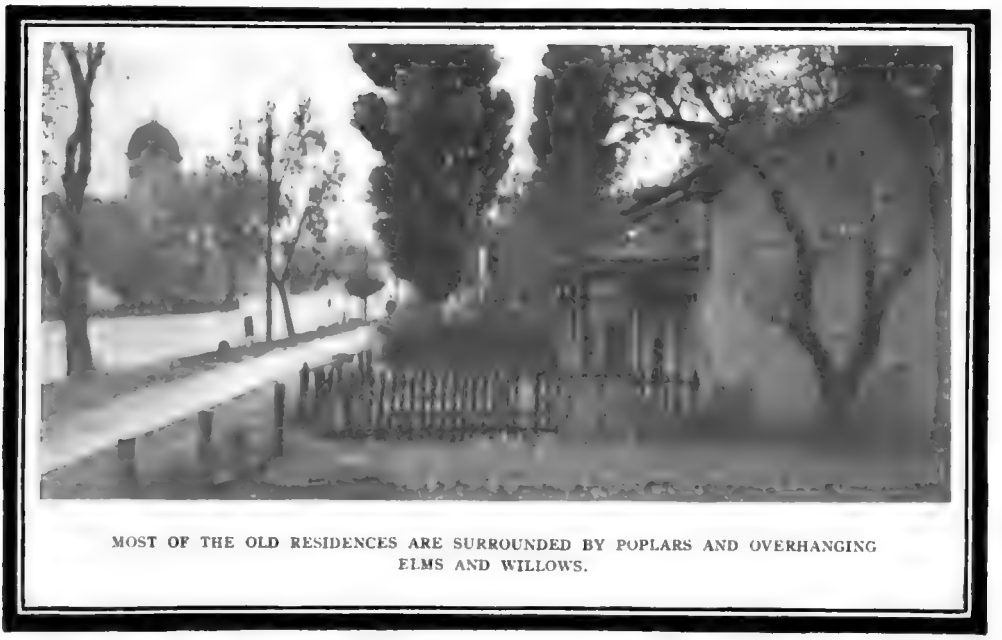
A GOOD TYPE OF THE HOUSES THE MORMON PIONEERS BUILT.

For my part, I was more than eager to have all our political disabilities removed, the Church property restored, and the right of statehood accorded—believing implicitly in the sincerity of the Mormon leaders. I knew President Woodruff too well to doubt the pellucid character of his mind and purpose. I knew from my father's personal assurance—and from his constant practice from that time to the day of his death—that he was acting in good faith. I knew that the community was gladly following where these men led. I saw no slightest indication that any reactionary policy was likely to be entered upon in Utah, or that our people would accept it if it *were*.



MOST OF THE OLD RESIDENCES ARE SURROUNDED BY POPLARS AND OVERHANGING ELMS AND WILLOWS.

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The Church's personal property was restored by an act of Congress approved October 25, 1893, but it was stipulated in the act that the money was not to be used for the support of any church buildings in which "the rightfulness of the practice of polygamy" should be taught. Similarly, when the Enabling Act was approved, on July 16, 1894, it too provided that "polygamous or plural marriage" was forever prohibited. The next spring a constitutional convention was held at Salt Lake City under the provisions of that act, and a constitution was adopted in which it was provided that "polygamous or plural marriages" were forever prohibited, that the territorial laws it must have touched many, to the very heart of gratitude. By it, ten thousand children were taken from the outer darkness of this world's conventional exclusion and placed within the honored relations of mankind. It was a tribute to the purity and sincerity of the Mormon women who had borne the cross of plural marriage, believing that God had commanded their suffering. It recognized the holy nature and honorable intent of the marriages of these women, by according their children every right of legal inheritance from their fathers. If all other covenants could be forgotten and their proof obliterated, *this* should remain as Utah's pledge of honor--sacred for the sake of the

AN ISOLATED BLOCK OF MODERN OFFICE BUILDINGS WHICH SEEM TO EMULATE IN HEIGHT THE DISTANT MOUNTAINS.

against polygamy were to be continued in force, that there should be "no union of church and state," and that no church should "dominate the state or interfere with its functions." Upon no other basis would the nation have granted us our statehood; and we accepted the grant, knowing the expressed condition involved in that acceptance.

But there was one other gift that came to us from the nation—by Congressional enactment and later by Utah statute, as a consequence of statehood; and that gift was the legitimizing of every child born of plural marriage before January, 1896. The solemn benignity of the concession touched me, as Mormon mothers, holy in the name of the uplifted child.

CHAPTER VI

THE GOAL—AND AFTER

HERE we were then (as I saw the situation), assured of our statehood, rid of polygamy, relieved of religious control in politics, and free to devote our energies to the development of the land and the industries and the business of the community. The persecutions that our people had borne had schooled them to coöperation. They were ready, helping one another, to advance to-

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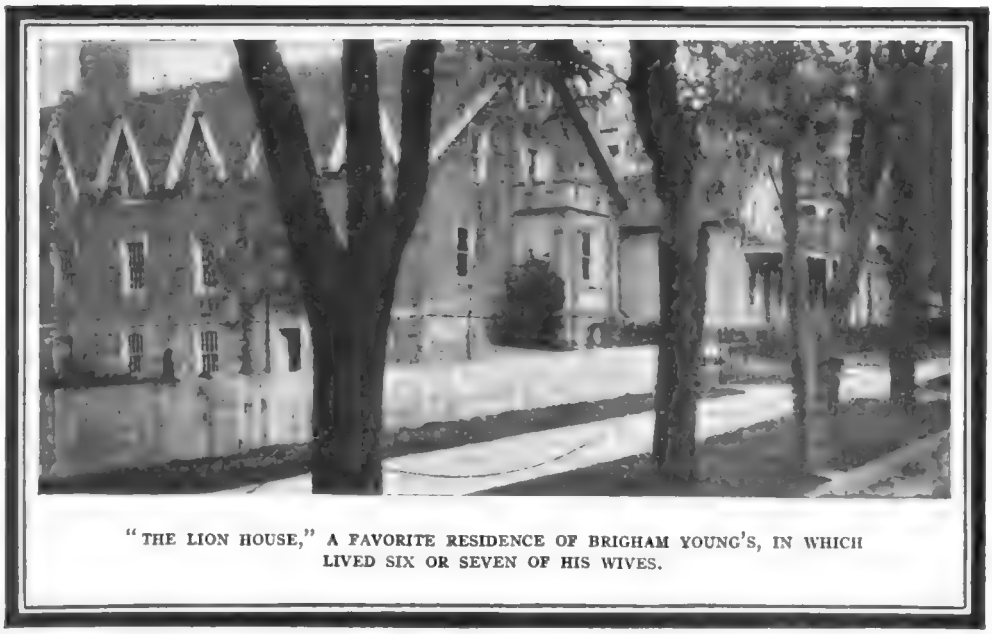

"THE LION HOUSE," A FAVORITE RESIDENCE OF BRIGHAM YOUNG'S, IN WHICH LIVED SIX OR SEVEN OF HIS WIVES.

gether to a common prosperity. They were under the leadership chiefly of the man who had guided them out of a most desperate condition of oppression toward the freedom of sovereign self-government. In that progress he had saved everything that was worthy in the Mormon communism; he had discarded much that was a curse. I knew that he had no thought but for the welfare of the people; and with such a man, leading such a following, we seemed certain of a future that should be an example to the world.

But both the Church and the people had been involved in debt by confiscation and proscription; and it was necessary now to free ourselves financially. This work my father undertook in behalf of the Presidency—for the President of the Mormon Church is not only the Prophet, Seer, and Revelator of God to the faithful; he is also "the trustee in trust" of all the Church's material property. He is the controller, almost the owner, of everything it owns. He is as sacred in his financial as in his religious absolutism. He is accountable to no one. The Church auditors, whom he appoints, concern themselves merely with the details of bookkeeping. The millions of dollars that are paid to him by the people in tithes are used by him as he sees fit to use them; and the annual contributors to this "common fund" would no more question his administration of it than they would question the ways of divinity.

In the early days there had been a strongly animating idea that among the divinely authorized duties of leadership was the obligation to develop the natural resources of the country in order to meet the people's needs. As the immigrants poured into Utah these needs increased; and the Church leaders used the Church funds to develop coal and iron mines, support salt gardens, build a railway, establish a sugar factory (for which the people, through the legislature, voted a bounty), conduct a beach resort, and aid a hundred other enterprises that promised to be for the public good. These undertakings were not financed for profit. They were semi-socialistic in their establishment and half-benevolent in their administration.

But during "the days of the raid" they were neglected, because the Church was involved in debt. And now it became pressingly necessary to obtain money to restore the moribund industries and to meet the payments that were continually falling due upon loans made to the Presidency. President Woodruff called on me to aid in the work. So I came into touch with a development of events that did not seem to me, then, of any great importance; yet it drew as

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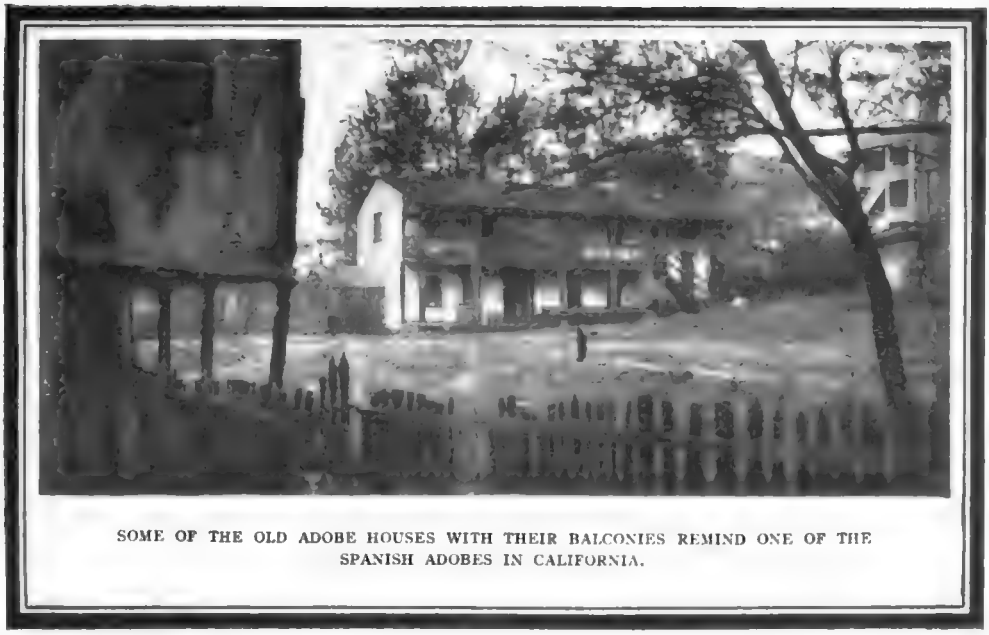

SOME OF THE OLD ADOBE HOUSES WITH THEIR BALCONIES REMIND ONE OF THE SPANISH ADOBES IN CALIFORNIA.

its consequence a connection between the Mormon Church and the great financial "interests" of the East—a connection that is one of the strong determining causes of the perversion of government and denial of political liberty in Utah to-day.

I wish, here, simply to foreshadow this connection. It will reappear in the story again and again, and it is necessary to have the significance of the recurrence understood in advance. But, at the time of which I write, there was no more than an innocent approach on our part to Eastern financiers to obtain money for the Church and to concentrate our debts in the hands of two or three New York banks.

For example, the Church had loaned to, or indorsed for, the Utah Sugar Company to the amount of $325,000; and my father had personally indorsed the general obligations for this and other sums, although he owned only $5,000 of the company's stock. He supported the factory with his personal credit and assumed the risk of loss (without any corresponding possibility of gain) in order to benefit the whole people by encouraging the beet-sugar industry. A vain attempt had been made to sell the bonds in New York. Finally, the Church bought all the bonds of the company for $325,000 (of a face value of $400,000), and we sold them, for the Church, to Mr. Joseph Bannigan, the "rubber king" of Providence, Rhode Island, for $360,000, with the guaranty of the First Presidency, the trustee of the Church, and myself.

Similarly, the First Presidency led in building an electric power plant in Ogden, after Charles K. Bannister, a great engineer, and myself had persuaded the members of the Presidency that the work would benefit the community. The bonds of this company, too, were bought by Mr. Bannigan, with the guaranty of the trustee of the Church, the Presidency, and myself. Both the power plant and the sugar factory were financially successful. They performed a large public service beneficently. The fact that Mr. Bannigan held their bonds was no detriment to their work and wrought no injury to the people.

I single out these two enterprises because Joseph F. Smith has since sold the power plant to the "Harriman interests," and the control of the sugar factory to the sugar trust; and he has explained that in making the sales he merely followed my father's example and mine in selling the bonds to Mr. Bannigan. The power plant is now a part of the merger called the "Utah Light and Railway Company," which has a monopoly right in all the streets of Salt Lake City and its suburbs, besides owning the electric power and light plants of Salt

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THE FIRST PERMANENT HOME BRIGHAM YOUNG BUILT; A QUAINT CONTRAST TO THE RATHER PRETENTIOUS MODERN RESIDENCES NEAR IT.

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Lake City and Ogden, the gas plants of both these cities, and the natural gas wells and pipe lines supplying them. The Mormon people whose tithes aided these properties—whose good-will maintained them—whose leaders designed them as a community work for a community benefit—these people are now being mercilessly exploited by the Eastern "interests" to whom the Prophet of the Church has sold them bodily. The difference between selling the bonds of the sugar company to Bannigan, in order to raise money to support the factory, and selling half the stock to the sugar trust, in order to make a monopoly profit out of the Mormon consumers of sugar, has either not occurred to Smith, or has been divinely waived by him.

However, this is by the way and in advance of my story. In 1894 we had no more fear of the Eastern money power than we had of the return of the Church to politics or to polygamy. Throughout 1893 and 1894 I was engaged in the work of reëstablishing the Church's business affairs with my father and a sort of finance committee of which the other two members were Colonel N. W. Clayton, of Salt Lake City, and Mr. James Jack, the cashier of the Church.

In the summer of '94 I heard various rumors that, when Utah should gain its statehood, my father would probably be a candidate for the United States Senate. Since this would be a palpable breach of the Church's agreement to keep out of politics, I took occasion—one day on a railroad journey—to ask him if he intended to be a candidate.

He told me that he was being urged to stand for the senatorship, but that for his part he had no desire to do so; and he asked me what I thought about it. I replied that if I felt it was right for him to take the office and he desired it, I would walk barefoot across the continent to aid him. But I reminded him of the pledges which he and I had made repeatedly—on our own behalf, in the name of his associates in leadership, and on the honor of the Mormon people—to subdue thereafter the causes of the controversy that had divided Mormon and Gentile in Utah. He replied with an emphatic assurance of his purpose to keep those pledges, and dismissed the subject with a finality that left no doubt in my mind.

I knew that he might have desired the senatorship as a public vindication, since, in the old days of quarrel, he had been legislated out of his place in the House of Representatives; and, for the first and only time in my life, I undertook to philosophize some comfort for him—out of the fact that to the position of authority which he held in Utah a senatorship was a descent. He replied dryly: "I understand, my son—perfectly." The fact was that he needed no comfort from me or any other human being. He seemed all-sufficient to himself, because of the abiding sense he had of the constant presence of God and his habit of communing with that Spirit, instead of seeking human intercourse or earthly counsel. He did not need my affection. He did not need, much less seek, the approbation of any man. In the events to which this conversation was a prelude, he acted without explaining himself to me or to any one else, and apparently without caring in the slightest what my opinion or any other man's might be of his course or of the motives that prompted it.

CANNON'S SECOND NOMINATION

Some months later, in the office of the Presidency (at a business meeting with him, Colonel Clayton, and Joseph F. Smith), I excused myself from attending any further sittings of the committee for that day, because I had to go to Provo to receive my second Republican nomination for territorial delegate in Congress.

My father said: "I am sorry to hear it. I thought Judge Zane—or some one else—would be nominated. I wished you to be free to help with these business matters. Why have you not consulted us?"

I reminded him that I had told him, some weeks before, that I expected to be nominated for Congress this year—and that I was practically certain, if elected, of going to the Senate when we were granted statehood. "I talked with you, then, as my father," I said. "But I'm sure you'll remember that I have not consulted you as a leader of the Church, or any of your colleagues as leaders of the Church, on the subject of partisan politics since the People's party was dissolved."

He accepted this mild declaration of political independence without protest, and I went to Provo, happily, a free man. The Republicans nominated me by acclamation, and the chairman of the committee that came to offer me the nomination was Colonel William Nelson, then managing editor of

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the *Salt Lake Tribune*, a Gentile, a former leader of the Liberal party, an opponent of Mormonism as practiced, who had fought the Church hierarchy for years. Here was a new evidence that we were now beyond the old quarrels—a further guaranty that we were prepared to take our place among the states of the Union, free of parochialism and its sectarian enmities.

THE CHURCH WITHDRAWS FROM POLITICS

The campaign gave every proof of such political emancipation. The people divided on national party lines as completely as any American community in my experience. The Democrats, having nominated Joseph L. Rawlins, had the prestige that he had gained in helping to pass the Enabling Act; a Democratic administration was in power in Washington; Apostle Moses Thatcher, Brigham H. Roberts, and other members of the Church inspired the old loyalty of the Mormons for the Democracy. But the Republicans had been reënforced by the dissolution of the Liberal party, whose last preceding candidate (Mr. Clarence E. Allen) went on the stump for us. The Smith jealousy of Moses Thatcher divided the Church influence; and though charges of ecclesiastical interference were made on both sides, such interference was personal rather than official. Mr. Rawlins was defeated, and I was elected delegate in Congress from the territory—with the United States senatorship practically assured to me.

The constitutional convention held in the spring of 1895 at Salt Lake City formulated a provisional constitution for the new Utah, and in the fall of the year a general election was held to adopt this constitution and to elect officers who should enter upon their duties as soon as Utah became a state. The election was marked by a most significant and important incident.

The Democrats, in their convention, nominated for Congress Brigham H. Roberts, one of the first seven "presidents of the seventy," and for the United States Senate Joseph L. Rawlins and Apostle Moses Thatcher. Immediately, at a priesthood meeting of the hierarchy, Joseph F. Smith denounced the candidacies of Roberts and Thatcher; and the grounds for the denunciation were subsequently stated in the "political manifesto" of April, 1896, in which the First Presidency announced, as a rule of the Church, that no official of the Church should accept a political nomination until he had obtained the permission of the Church authorities and had learned from them whether he could "consistently with the obligations already entered into with the Church, take upon himself the added duties and labors and responsibilities of the new position."

This action, I knew, was the result of the old jealousy of Thatcher which the Smiths had so long nursed. But it was also in line with the Church's pledge to keep its leaders out of politics. By it, the hierarchy bound themselves and set the people free. The leaders, thereafter, according to their own "manifesto," could not enter politics without the consent of their quorums; and therefore, by any American doctrine, they could not enter politics at all. Thatcher and Roberts revolted against the inhibition as an infringement of their rights as citizens, and it was so construed by the whole Democratic party; but every one knew that a Mormon apostle had no rights as a citizen that were not second to his Church allegiance, and the political manifesto simply made public the fact of such subservience, authoritatively. We Republicans welcomed it, with our eyes on the future freedom of politics in Utah; Thatcher and Roberts refused to accept the dictation of their quorums, and what was practically an "edict of apostasy" went out against them. They were defeated. The Republican candidates (Heber M. Wells as governor and Clarence E. Allen as member of Congress) were elected. Thatcher, subsequently refusing to accept the political manifesto, was deposed from his apostolic authority and deprived of all priesthood in the Church. Roberts recanted and was reconciled with the hierarchy.*

THE SENATORSHIP: FOR FATHER OR SON?

The Republicans elected forty-three out of sixty-three members of the legislature, and every one of these had been pledged to support me for the United States Senate, either by his convention or by letter to me or by a promise conveyed to me by friends; and none of these pledges had I solicited.

The rumors of my father's candidacy now became more general—although he was a Democrat, although the new "political

*He was afterward elected to the House of Representatives and was refused his seat, as a polygamist.

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manifesto" bound him, although it was doubtful whether the Senate would allow him to be seated. Two influences were urging his election. One was the desire of the Smith faction to have the First Councillor break the ice at Washington for Apostle John Henry Smith, who was ambitious to be a senator and was disqualified by the fact that he was a Church leader and a polygamist. The other was the desire of some Eastern capitalists to have my father's vote in the Senate to aid them in the promotion of a railroad from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles. A preliminary agreement for the construction of the road had already been signed by men who represented that they had close affiliations with large steel interests in the East, as one party, and my father as business representative of a group of associates, including the Presidency of the Church, as the other. The Church's interest in the project was communistic, and so was my father's. But his vote and influence in the Senate would be valuable to the promotion of the undertaking, and he had received written assurances from Republican leaders, senators, and politicians that if he were elected he would be allowed his seat.

As a result of our Republican success in the two political campaigns that had just ended, I felt that I represented the independent votes of both Mormons and Gentiles; and I decided to confront the First Presidency (as such a representative) and try to make them declare themselves in the matter of my father's candidacy. Not that I thought his candidacy would be so vitally important—for I did not then believe the Church authorities had power to sway the legislature away from its pledges. But every day, at home or abroad, I was being asked: "Are you *sure* that the Church's retirement from politics is sincere?" My friends were accepting my word, and I wished to add certainty to assurance that the Church leaders intended to fulfill the covenant of their personal honor and respect the constitution of the state by keeping out of politics.

Without letting them know why I wished to see them, I procured an appointment for the interview. When we were all seated at the table I explained: "I'm going to Washington to attend to my duties as delegate in Congress. Before I return, Utah will be admitted to statehood, and the legislature will have to elect two United States senators. As you all know, I've been a candidate for one of these places. It has been assured to me by the probably unanimous vote of the Republican caucus when it shall convene." I laid my clenched hand on the table, knuckles down, with a calculated abruptness. "The first senatorship from Utah is *there*," I said. "If it's to be disturbed by any ecclesiastical direction, I want to know it *now*, so that the men who are supporting me may be aware of what they must encounter if they persist in their support. I ask you, as the Presidency of the Church, what are you going to do about the senatorship?" And I opened my hand and left it lying open before them, for their decision.

CANNON CONFRONTS THE PRESIDENCY

It was evident enough, from their expressions, that this was a degree of boldness to which they were unaccustomed. It was evident also that they were unprepared to reply to me. My father remained silent, with his usual placidity, waiting for others to fail to take the initiative. President Woodruff blinked, somewhat bewildered, looking at my hand as if the sight of its emptiness and the assumption of what it held, confused him. Joseph F. Smith, frowning, eyed it askance with a darting glance, apparently annoyed by the mute insolence of its demand for a decision which he was not prepared to make.

My father, at length, looking at me imperturbably, asked: "Are you inquiring of our personal view in this matter, Frank?"

The question contained, of course, a tacit allusion to my refusal to consult the Church leaders about politics. I answered: "No sir. I already have *your* personal view. That is the only personal view I have ever asked concerning the senatorship. And I have purposely refrained from any allusions to it of late, with you, because I wished to lay it before the Presidency, as a body, formally, in order that there might be no possible misunderstanding."

"In that case," he said, "the matter rests with President Woodruff."

The President, thus forced to an explanation, made a very characteristic one. Several of the Church's friends in the East, he said, had urged father's name for the

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senatorship, but it was impossible to see how he could be spared from the affairs of the priesthood. Zion needed him—and so forth.

Apparently, to President Woodruff the question of the senatorship was resolvable wholly upon Church considerations. His mind was so filled with zealous hope for the advancement of "the kingdom of God on earth" that he seemed quite unaware of the political aspects of the case, the violation of the Church's pledge, and the difficulties in the Senate that would surely attend upon my father's election.

THE CHURCH YIELDS THE SENATORSHIP

In the general discussion that ensued, both Joseph F. Smith and my father spoke of the appeal that had been made to them on behalf of the business interests of the community, with which the financial interests of the East were now eager to coöperate. But both followed the President's example in dismissing the possibility of the First Councillor's candidacy as infringing upon his duties in the Church. I pointed out to them that such a candidacy would be considered a breach of faith, that it would raise a storm of protest. They accepted the warning without comment, as if, having decided against the candidacy, they did not need to consider such aspects of it. I kept my hand open before them until my father said, with some trace of amusement: "You'd better take up that senatorship, Frank. I think you're entitled to it."

I took it up, satisfied that there would be no more Church interference in the matter. The decision seemed to me final and momentous. I felt that the new Utah had faced the old and had been assured of independence.

About this same time (although I cannot place it accurately in my recollection) President Woodruff, speaking from the pulpit, declared that it was the right of the priesthood of God to rule in all things on earth, and that they had in no wise relinquished any of their authority. The sermon raised a dangerous alarm in Salt Lake City, and I was immediately summoned from Ogden (by messenger from Church headquarters) to see the proprietor and the editor of the *Salt Lake Tribune*—which paper, it was feared, might oppose Utah's admission to statehood, construing President Woodruff's remarks to mean that the Church's political covenants were to be broken.

I found Mr. P. H. Lannan, the proprietor of the paper, anxious, indignant, and ready to denounce the Church and fight against the admission to statehood. "When I heard of that sermon," he said, "my heart went into my boots. We Gentiles have trusted everything to the promises that have been made by the leaders of the Church. If the *Tribune* had not supported the movement for statehood, the Gentiles would never have taken the risk. I feel like a man who has sold his brethren into slavery."

I assured him (as I was authorized to do) that President Woodruff was not speaking for our generation of the Mormon people, nor for his associates in the leadership of the Church. I pleaded that it was the privilege of an old man (and President Woodruff was nearly ninety) to dream again the visions of his youth; his early life had been spent in the belief that a Kingdom of God was to be set up in the valleys of the mountains, governed by the priesthood and destined to rule all the nations of the earth; he had planted the first flag of the country over the Salt Lake Valley; he was still living in days that had passed for all but him, and cherishing hopes that he alone had not abandoned. But if the *Tribune* and the Gentiles would be magnanimous in this matter, they would add to the gratitude that already bound the younger generations of the Church to the fulfillment of its political promises.

Mr. Lannan responded instantly to the appeal to his generosity, and after he had consulted with the editor-in-chief, Judge C. C. Goodwin, and the managing editor, Colonel William Nelson, the *Tribune* continued to trust in Mormon good faith.

I reported the result of my conference to Church headquarters. The news was received with relief and gratitude. And, in a long conversation with the authorities, I was told that it would be incumbent on us of the younger generation to see that all the Church's covenants to the nation should be scrupulously observed.

I accepted my part of the charge with a light heart, and late in November, 1895, I took train for Washington for the convening of Congress. Of the incidents of my brief services as delegate I shall write nothing here, since those incidents were merely introductory to matters which I shall have to consider later. But I was greeted with a

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great deal of cordiality by the Republicans, who credited me with having brought a state and its national representation into the Republican party; and they assured me that my own political future would be as bright as that of my native state!

President Cleveland, on January 4, 1896, proclaimed Utah a sovereign state of the Union, and its admission to statehood ended, of course, my service as a territorial delegate. I stood beside his desk in the White House to see him sign the proclamation—the same desk at which he had received me, some eight years before, when I came beseeching him to be merciful to the proscribed people whose freedom he was now announcing. Perhaps the manumission that he was granting gave a benignity to his face. Perhaps the emotion in my own mind transfigured him to me. But I saw smiles and pathos in the ruggedness of his expression of congratulations as he said a few words of hope that Utah would fulfill every promise made, on her behalf, by her own people, and every happy expectation that had been entertained for her by her friends. His enormous rigid bulk, a little bowed now by years of service, seemed softened, as his face was, to the graciousness of clement power. He gave me the pen with which he had signed the paper, and dismissed me to some of the happiest hours of my life.

I walked out of the White House dispossessed of office but now, at last, a citizen of the Republic. I stood on the steps of the White House, to look at the city through whose streets I had so many times wandered in a worried despair, and I saw them with an emotion I would not dare transcribe. I do not know that the sun was really shining, but in my memory the scene has taken on all the accumulated brightnesses of all the radiant days I ever knew in Washington. And I remember that I saw the Washington Monument and the Capitol with a sense of almost affectionate *personal* possession!

In an excited exultation I went to thank the men who had helped us in the House and the Senate—to wire jubilant messages home—to send Governor Wells the pen with which the President had signed the proclamation, and to procure from friends in the War Department the first two flags that had been made with forty-five stars—the star of Utah the forty-fifth. Wherever I went, some sinister aspect seemed to have gone out of things; and I remember that I enjoyed so much the sense of their new inhostility, that I planned to delay my return to Utah until I had made a pilgrimage to every spot in Washington where I had despaired of our future.

A STARTLING MESSAGE FROM UTAH

All this may seem almost sentimental to you, who perhaps accept your citizenship as an unregarded commonplace of natural right. But, for me, the freeing of our people was an emancipation to be compared only to the enfranchisement of the Southern slaves—and greater even than *that*, for we had come from citizenship in the older states and we could appreciate our deprivation, smart under our ostracism, and resent the rejection that set us apart from the rest of the nation as an inferior people unfit for equal rights.

I sat down to my dinner, that evening, with the appetite that comes from a day of fasting and emotional excitement; and I recall I was planning a visit of self-congratulation to Arlington, for the morrow, when one of the hotel bell-boys brought me a telegram. I opened it eagerly—to enjoy the expected message of felicitation from home.

It was in cipher, and that fact gave me a pause of doubt, since the days of political mysteries and their cipher telegrams were over for us, thank God! It was signed with President Woodruff's cipher name.

I went to my room to translate it, and I did not return to my dinner. The message read: "*It is the will of the Lord that your father shall be elected senator from Utah.*"

I do not need to explain all the treacherous implications of that announcement. As soon as I had recovered my breath, I wired back, for such interpretation as they should choose to give: "*God bless Utah. I am coming home*"—and packed my trunk for trouble.

The next instalment of "**Under the Prophet in Utah**" will appear in the March number.

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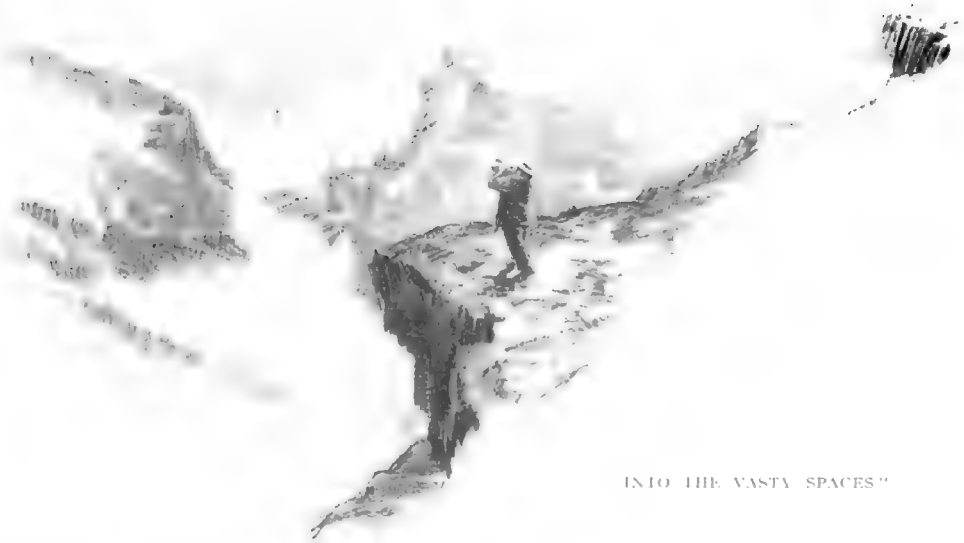

"INTO THE VASTY SPACES"

The Useless Memoirs of Prentice Piper

by Walter Prichard Eaton

AUTHOR OF "THE AMERICAN STAGE OF TODAY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD GILES

MY task in writing this story is merely the Shavian one of preparing a preface. The man whom I shall call Prentice Piper was an old friend of mine. Prentice Piper was not his name. That name is ridiculous enough, but it is dignified and melodious beside his real one. I use it because it is the name he himself has chosen to assume in his autobiographical records which follow. To substitute his real one would, of course, be impossible, even though he is in China and I am bigger than he is. If I should tell you his real name you would recognize him on the street, it fits so perfectly. I am sure Lewis Carroll gave it to him in his cradle.

I have said he was an old friend of mine, because he is now, as I have intimated, either in Tibet or Central China, and Heaven alone knows if he will ever come back. It would be just like him to settle down there and become a Lama or a Mandarin. I first came to know Prentice in college, in our junior year. Before that he had been living down on the "Gold Coast," for he enjoyed even then an income of five thousand a year. But at the opening of our junior year he moved to the Yard, into the next room to mine. He said he wanted to see how the other half lived. It was not till six months later that I learned from the daughter of the dean (a sentimental friendship with the daughter of the dean is the surest road to academic secrets) that Prentice had decided to devote just four fifths of his income to helping needy students. I forgave him the cornet after that. But I am forgetting the cornet.

I came in one night in November to plug for an "hour exam." I had arranged my books on the desk, filled six pipes and laid them in a row, poked the fire and removed

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my shirt, and was just entering into the wordy wilderness of Royce's "Spirit of Modern Philosophy," when from Prentice's room came the mournful blaat of a cornet. I rushed madly across the hall and burst through his door. Prentice, clad in evening dress, was seated before a book of exercises, puffing his lips over the mouthpiece of a shiny new instrument. He looked up with a sweet smile—and his smile could be very sweet, illuminating his round, fat face, with its pop eyes and puckered brows, like a sunset after rain.

"I'm learning to play the cornet," he said.

"Damn you, don't I know it?" cried I. "*I'm* trying to plug for an 'hour exam' in Phil. 2."

"Sorry if I bother," said he. "I'll practice mornings." He put the instrument aside. "You see," he added, "I heard 'Der Freischütz' at the opera last night for the first time, and I'm learning to play this horn so I can go on top of one of the Rocky Mountains next summer and sound the Hunters' Chorus into the vasty spaces."

I think I became his friend from that moment. There was something so beautifully useless about this proposed proceeding, and so beautifully devoted to a lovely melody for its own sake, that instead of laughing I grasped Prentice by the hand, to his evident astonishment.

"I'm glad you don't think it foolish," said he.

"Foolish? It's grand!" I answered. "But why the dress suit?"

"Cornet players always wear dress suits, even when having their pictures taken. I thought I might learn easier," he replied.

Well, that was Prentice Piper, stubby, fat, homely, ridiculous Prentice, who amazed us all by getting a *magna cum* in Romance languages and delivering a fascinating Commencement essay on "Travel as a Means of Culture in the Middle Ages," which was later printed as a monograph.

"Romance languages!" exclaimed Pie Haughton, when the list of honor men was published. "Prentice has about as much romance in him as a tub of fish. What do you think of that!"

Knowing Prentice better, especially knowing that he stuck to his cornet for six months and actually went to the top of one of the Rocky Mountains and sounded the Hunters' Chorus into the "vasty spaces," I thought it not so strange.

FROM PRENTICE'S ROOM CAME THE MOURNFUL BLAAT OF A CORNET.

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After college I went to New York, and Prentice announced that he was going either to Paris or Pawtucket. He owned a factory in Pawtucket. As a matter of fact, I believe he went there and raised all the wages, to the disgust of his manager. In later years I got cards from him mailed from various parts of the globe. Finally he walked into my office one day and laid a manuscript on my desk.

POOR ALICIA! SHE WAS JUST A GIRL.

"I'm about to travel over the routes traversed by Marco Polo and John de Plano Carpini, envoy to the Tartars from Pope Innocent IV," he said, "and I may never come back. You know, if you've read Carpini, which you haven't, that the sun in one place there makes such a noise when it rises that it kills you. I leave this child of my fancy—all autobiographies are fancy, you know, and every man's triumph of the imagination is his opinion of himself—in your keeping. It may amuse you."

"*You* won't hear the sun rise," said I. "But do you wish me to publish your immortal work?"

Prentice looked at me in amazement. "If anybody will print it, yes!" he cried.

Of course, he didn't suppose that anybody would, but I have his word. So, without further preface, I will present certain portions of that odd manuscript, called, no doubt in imitation of Carlo Gozzi's rare and fascinating autobiography, "The Useless Memoirs of Prentice Piper." I should like to give it all, but space permits only so much as tells the story of his heart—the incompleted story, I cannot but believe. Somewhere that not impossible she awaits who will find the soul of Prentice Piper below the fat.

* * * * * * * *

My name is Prentice Piper, yet nobody has ever pitied me. To be sure, I don't want to be pitied; but it would be comforting to feel that I am capable of rousing pity. But I'm not. I'm fat. Nobody ever pities a fat man. Moreover, I am homely beyond the power of words to describe, and my face is perpetually wreathed in an asinine smile. I was always fat, always homely, and always smiling. When a small child, if I fell down and bumped my forehead, I would rise and emit strange noises which proclaimed my physical anguish, but my face would be on a broad grin and nobody would believe that I was hurt. So it has been through life. Those tragedies of the heart which bring untold grief to adolescence I suffered more than most, for

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I am naturally of a passionately romantic temperament; but nobody ever so much as guessed. How could a homely, goggle-eyed, fat, grinning youth be romantic?

Yet my fat is but the fleshy mansion of my soul, and my grin but a physical affliction over which—alas!—I have no control. Cannot a poet live in a Harlem flat as well as in a bowered cottage? Cannot a poetic soul dwell in an ungainly body as well as in the breast of an Apollo? It can—but nobody believes it. Did you ever see a fat actor on the stage trying to play a romantic part? He did not convince you, did he? So it is in life. If Abraham Lincoln had been fat, he would never have been a martyr. The chances are he would never have been president. Why are fat people always good-natured, easy-going, phlegmatic? Is it because they feel that way? Not at all, believe me! It is because that is the only rôle in which they can convince the community of their sincerity. Often it is their one lie. . . .

I have recorded that I am romantic. I could pile up the proof, were I so disposed. What is it to be romantic? As I conceive it, it has nothing necessarily to do with moonlit lakes and nightingales, nor even, I had almost said, with women; but that is not quite true, because women are always breaking in. It is passionately to hold to the belief that the concrete facts of daily existence are not all, and not the important part, of life, that behind them lies a something—if we could only get hold of it—which is more beautiful and satisfying. It is to be like the man in Arnold's poem, "still standing for some false, impossible shore," if you like, but, at any rate, to be bound perpetually away from the harbor of prosaic fact. To be romantic is to be spiritually and emotionally hungry. I have been hungry all my life.

Most of us have such a spiritual appetite in youth, keeping pace with our physical appetite. But most of us promptly lose it. The youth who, at twenty, sits on a rock by the sea and sends his soul over the world rim with that schooner, "her topsails shot with fire," yearning for new experience, for unguessed emotions, dreaming of unearthly beauties and the music of the spheres, at thirty is absorbed in the problem of persuading the furnace to send a little heat upstairs or inducing his boss to give him a raise in pay. If I still yearn beyond the sea rim, if my feet still itch to "follow the gleam," I presume unkind souls will say it is because I enjoy an income. An income is nearly as great a handicap in the eyes of the world as fat—though a great many more people would secretly like to be cursed with it. . . .

When you turn your romantic impulses loose upon a woman, the result, I am persuaded, is usually disaster—to you, not to the woman. Women like to fancy that they, too, are romantic, but they are not. They are sentimental, which is quite a different thing. Women live close to fact. Their feet may be smaller than ours, but they stay closer on the ground. My first significant lesson in this truth came when I was fifteen. Gwendolyn Plummer sat beside me in school. She had thin legs and could spell any word in the English language, either of which accomplishments would have won for her my admiration. Together, they made her irresistible. I became her devoted slave. I followed her home by day, carrying her books; I dreamed of her by night. For me she possessed all the beauties, all the virtues. I asked no favors of her but to be near her—and got none! But one day Wesley Davis was waiting for her after school. Her books were handed over to him. I started to follow. Gwendolyn turned upon me with an impatient frown.

"Wes is going home with me," she said.

"Why can't I go, too?" I asked.

"Oh, you poor stupid," she cried, impatiently. "You just hang around and grin!"

"But that is all I want—to be around near you," I replied.

Wesley laughed in that brutal way boys have, and Gwendolyn turned up her nose. I went home alone with a heavy heart. . . .

When I got to college and read "Department of Romance Languages and Philology" in the catalogue, I knew that my specialty was found, even though the philological part was rather a wet blanket. A girl from Provençe once said to me, "I come from the only land where every person is a poet." Personally, I would add Ireland to the list. Certainly, however, in the lands and ages back into which my studies took me, I found a perpetual pursuit of the super-facts of life, a crazy kind of pursuit sometimes, but childishly credulous, fanciful, chivalric. Nicolette didn't mind my fat at all, as she came to me on white feet, out of the pages

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of a book. Aucassin hailed me as blood brother. Even in philology I found romance, for the super-facts of words are what make them wonderful.

It was at this blissful time of my career that Alicia came into my life, her face like a lily between her parted hair, her name like the fragrance of a flower.

I loved Alicia suddenly, utterly. Nor was mine any longer the desire of the moth for the star. She was my star, but in the bright refulgence of her rays I seemed to myself to acquire stellar radiance, too, and I spoke to her passionate words, words that for once expressed not my fat and preposterous exterior, but my romantic heart.

Alicia laughed, but she seemed not wholly unimpressed, and certainly not displeased. We sat in the shade of a rock, over the slow-heaving tide, while the sun danced on a summer sea. The thrill of her nearness was upon me, the delicious abandonment to emotion gave me the most delightful moments I had ever experienced. I touched her hand. She did not withdraw it! A woman had let me touch her hand—my hand warmed with passion—and had not thought me ridiculous! My cup was full!

"The ages have rolled up from chaos," said I, "and the rivers have run into the deep, and men have bred and bred again with ever a little more power of loving, that you might be you, and I might be I, and the two of us sit together beside the summer sea!"

"What a conceited way of speaking," said Alicia.

"I am conceited!" I cried. "I wish to be conceited! I never had a chance before in my life."

Alicia put out her hand again and patted mine.

"Are you pitying me?" I cried hopefully.

She colored, but she answered quickly, "Oh, no, I was just being proud myself."

This was almost better than being pitied. My cup ran over. Two large tears rolled down my cheeks and mingled with my grin. Alicia looked on in amazement. . . .

So it began—began, I see now, with pity, after all. It is not true, then, that nobody has ever pitied me. Alicia pitied me. She pitied me because she was so beautiful and because my love for her seemed so hopeless to her then. But pity is a dangerous thing, as the proverb has pointed out, for it brings its poor relation. Alicia ended by loving me. Perhaps I might better say I became a habit with her.

She had had admirers by the score, correct young men in white flannel trousers, with faces tanned by golf or polo, who always look so ornamental on a lawn or in a magazine illustration—"clean-limbed American manhood" is the popular novelist's descriptive term. But her heart had not been touched. I was so different from these men who made Alicia's world, so unfortunately different, that she was both piqued and full of pity. And then I poured upon her such a stream of exalted speech!

But why reason upon such matters? There is no reason in them! Perhaps proximity is the best explanation we shall ever get. I loved Alicia from the start. I wove my dreams about her. All the passionate longings of my life, the vague, haunting desires for a beauty beyond our daily sight, a happiness beyond our daily satisfactions, a flame-like spiritual exaltation which should burn steadily and not flicker for an instant at a sunset or a poem and then die, seemed to be satisfied when I was alone in her presence. My soul quivered under the spell of her eyes. If she touched me, I often wept. Such excitement filled me in those days that anybody but I would have grown thin! Of course, she could not be near me and insensible to this excitement. I never permitted her, poor girl, to be far away. Before the summer was over she lay in my arms, her eyes closed, while I babbled of eternity, of honeymoons in Spain, and of the fascinating derivatives of the early Italian *sacri laudente*. . . .

Poor Alicia! She was just a girl. I do not say that disrespectfully. There is nothing finer than to be just a girl, except to be a man and have one of them love you. Nevertheless, if you are just a girl you cannot thrive on rhetoric, nor feed a passion on pity and Romance philology. Alicia came to Commencement, dutifully perspiring among the sisters, the cousins, and the aunts up in the gallery, and listened to my profoundly learned thesis upon "Travel as a Means of Culture in the Middle Ages," without, I suppose, understanding a word of it. She said, after the

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exercises were over, "That was fine, Prentice, and your cap and gown made you look quite thin."

I winced. I was young in the ways of women then. I wanted from her more than from any one else in the world the one right word of praise. I had just come from a hand-shake with a great Oxford historian—they had him over for an LL.D.—and he had said: "I never shook down the facts into just your combination before. You have made the life of the Middle Ages more vivid to me. That's worth coming to America for." Blushing with joy to the roots of my hair, I walked from this into Alicia's, "Your cap and gown made you look quite thin!"

Of course, Alicia was totally incapable of crowning this comment. If she had been capable, she would not have been Alicia, young and flower-fair and girlish. She would have been at the least a Radcliffe graduate! But what man was ever reasonable when his dominant intellectual passion clashed with his dominant amorous one? He demands of his woman that she meet his mood, and to meet it she must not only love him, but she must love and understand his hobby. Ordinarily, he might dismiss her failure in the latter respect with a smile, retiring into his shell till a sympathetic male came along. But at the moment when the two passions simultaneously possess him, there is no dismissal, no forgiveness. At that moment men can be very cruel for women's intellectual failures, because their very love makes them unreasonable. I was cruel to Alicia. I said—and I believe for once I was not grinning—"Robert Browning was a peculiarly fortunate man."

Why Robert Browning was a peculiarly fortunate man, of course, Alicia did not know, being blissfully ignorant alike of Robert and Elizabeth; but she knew I meant to be nasty, the nastier because of her ignorance. She looked at me with a kind of grieved and quiet scorn. Then she said slowly, "Prentice, please take off your cap and wipe your forehead. You look so hot and——"

"And homely?" I finished for her.

Ugh! What nasty beasts we are when we quarrel, the best or the worst of us! My day was spoiled. I presume Alicia's was. I forgot the Oxford scholar's praise.

"THE AGES HAVE ROLLED UP FROM CHAOS. . . THAT THE TWO OF US MIGHT SIT TOGETHER BESIDE THE SUMMER SEA."

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I carried my grin mournfully to the Commencement luncheon, and while great men emitted wise words from the head table I reflected on the trivialities of existence and fought down black thoughts about Alicia. . . .

But black thoughts are not so easy to lay. Once it was a mystery to me that the orthodox believers of the middle of the last century could have been so unhappy when they began to realize that they had to accept Darwin. But now I understood. I had begun to doubt the infallibility of Alicia. I had begun to realize, at any rate, that the Alicia of my dreams was in certain respects my own creation, and that the Alicia of reality was something different and not close to me at all. I began to doubt—without admitting it, perhaps—if she could ever be close to me. There yawned between us now the awful, bridgeless gulf which separates personalities. When I talked with her I caught myself wondering if she were following my thought, I yearned to get inside of her head to see her mental processes. When I kissed her, I longed horribly to know if she truly wanted me to, if her mood met mine.

Never before in my life had I been jealous, but I grew jealous now. The Lord pity me, but I grew jealous of those same "clean-limbed" specimens of "American manhood" who gathered about Alicia at the Country Club. To be jealous of those most useless of God's creatures, who drive motor-cars or get useless jobs in that most useless of human institutions, the Stock Exchange, by virtue of their football prowess in Yale or Harvard, was excessively annoying.

But I loved Alicia so, and now I was so uncertain of her love for me, that behind my constant, silly smile lay the unexpressed expression of a jealous heart.

Alicia and I were, of course, engaged, but no announcement had been made of it. Alicia was younger than I in years, and much younger in what I might call habits. One side of me was born aged, and had early settled into the habits of maturity. A whole range of Alicia's pleasures—dances and teas and gatherings of the young—was only tolerable to me because Alicia was there, and intolerable because so many others were! Could I take Alicia from these pleasures of girlhood before she was ready? I spoke once of marriage, and the look of a frightened deer came into her eyes. I never mentioned the subject again. That look was like a wound. In fact, I think it was soon after that I went to India. I should have enjoyed India more, however, had not Alicia's face looked out at me from every lotus flower. Or maybe it was then that I went to Morocco. I never can remember such little trips. The only memorable journey I ever made was to Brooklyn. Alicia was visiting there. . . .

It is curious how uninteresting a man can be to a woman, when, at the same time, she apparently enjoys his society. I went once to Japan to avoid going to a dance, and when I got back I rushed to Alicia by the fastest train, to find her welcome warmer than it had been since the very first. She seemed curiously eager to be near me, to keep all others out of the way, to be kind, considerate, affectionate. She put on her prettiest frock and hat to take a walk with me along the sea-cliff, and we set out gayly.

Presently I was talking about Japan. "Your Jap is your true artist!" I cried. "Once a poor painter whose name I don't remember came to the temple at Kamakura, and the priest took him in and told him he might be their honorable guest as long as he chose, if he would paint them a picture. After half a year had passed, the disciples began to complain to the priest that the artist had done nothing. The priest only smiled. The disciples then peeped through the *shoji* into the artist's room. He was dancing, naked, before a lamp, and watching his shadow on a screen. They told the priest he was mad, but the priest only smiled again. A few days later the artist announced that his picture was done. Everybody in the temple went to his room. There were eight cranes on a screen, and every one of them was drawn with such a sense of lifelike movement that the beholders were astonished. The next day the artist disappeared. He wandered penniless for fifty miles, and came upon a fir tree just like the one he had painted beside the cranes on the screen, except that it had one more branch. The artist felt the extra branch was an improvement, so he tramped back to the temple, waited till the priest and all the disciples were at prayer, sneaked in and painted on the extra branch, and then vanished once more. That is art in Japan—or that was art in

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Japan; it happened long ago, I was told. I tell you, when I saw that screen and heard that story, I looked with a new respect into those little yellow, inscrutable faces. Every time one of them pattered by I fancied him chasing an ideal. Probably he was going to market, but I was thrilled just the same."

"But the Japanese are not nice to their women," said Alicia. "Please tell me, is my hat on straight?"

I looked at Miss Alicia and her hat in astonishment. "As a desultory student of psychology," said I, "will you tell me by what train of suggestions you arrived from Japan at a consideration of the linear position of your headgear?"

"Why," said Alicia, with an innocent smile, "you spoke of cranes, and that made me think of storks, and that made me think of a picture in a book I used to have, of a stork's nest in a chimney, and that made me think of fireplaces, and that made me think of how Bobbie threw my hat into the fire once, and that made me wonder if my hat was on straight now, so I waited till you got through your story, to ask."

Glancing up just then, I saw a specimen of "clean-limbed American manhood" coming along the walk toward us. Alicia did not raise her eyes till he was close upon us. Then she bowed and colored. As he raised his hat, I saw that he was looking at me in a puzzled, questioning, and decidedly annoying manner. One of those black thoughts raised its horrid head.

"Who is that?" said I, trying to speak casually.

"That? Oh, he's somebody living down at the Thayer cottage. Marlborough Saltonstall is his name, I believe. It sounds swell, doesn't it?"

Alicia's carelessness was much better assumed than mine, but still I detected that it was assumed—or thought I did.

"Swell? It's swollen," I answered. "Still, you wouldn't like him to see you with your hat on crooked, would you?"

"I don't know what you mean," said Alicia.

A gloom had come over the happiness of our reunion. The rest of the walk was not a success. I did not talk any more about Japanese art. I let Alicia talk about the parties of the winter. That made her almost happy again.

Some few days later I prepared for a brief trip to the factory. I have to visit the factory once in so often to see that Parker, the manager, is obeying my orders about child-labor. Of course, the law looks after that up to a certain point, but I refuse to consider a child a man or woman at fourteen.

Alicia was about to give a party—one of those lawn affairs, I believe. "Please stay for it," she pleaded.

"Will you present 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' after tea, in the grove, and let me play Bottom"? said I. "If you will, I'll stay. I've always yearned to play Bottom. I wouldn't need any property head, you know."

"Don't be a goose," said Alicia.

"A donkey, you mean," I corrected.

"I mean a goat," said Alicia. Then she grew very grave. "Please, *please* stay," she pleaded. "I want you so much, I *need* you so much!"

"But maybe my factory people need me more," I answered in some surprise. "I'm morally certain that fiend Parker has a lot of young girls breathing lint."

"What can you do if he has?" said she. "They'll only get jobs somewhere else."

"But I shall get them the jobs," said I, "and see that they're the right kind."

"You won't stay, even if I ask it?" said Alicia. "And you pretend you are romantic! If you were really romantic you would go through hell for my whim!"

This astonishing speech sounded so like a quotation from the sort of books you have read that people read, that I almost laughed; but somehow it angered me, too. "So I will," said I, "but I don't propose a score of poor girls and boys in Pawtucket shall."

"You'll be sorry if you go," said Alicia. There was no temper in her voice now. There was a kind of pleading, a wistful, almost frightened note.

I turned and looked her hard in the eyes. "Maybe I should be sorry if I stayed," said I. "What must be, must be. You must fight your battle." And I kissed her good-by with a sudden awful ache of premonition in my heart. . . .

When I returned, Alicia was not in the house. I wandered down through the garden to wait. Some people think the garden is a pretty place. It has a sundial and "formal" paths and all the conventional trappings, which suggest that Na-

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ture is having a tussle with Man and losing out. It also has a hedge alley leading to the more humble vegetable garden. In the center of this alley is a niche, with a bench. The alley is carpeted with thick turf. I suppose I made no sound as I walked along it to see if there were any cabbages. I adore cabbages—growing. Just before I reached the niche I heard low voices, and instinctively I paused. Since this is autobiography, perhaps I ought to add that my first instinct was reënforced by a low-down, jealous desire to overhear, for one of the voices was Alicia's, the other a man's.

"I love you, Allie," said the man.

("Allie!" What a fall was there from the pure serenity of her name!)

"Don't! Don't!" cried Alicia, in a smothered tone. "You mustn't say it, oh, you mustn't say it!"

"Why mustn't I say it?" asked the man, more loudly and firmly. "There is no reason that I know of. Don't you want me to say it?"

"Oh, it isn't that!" said Alicia. "Don't believe it is that! Oh, I don't know what to do!"

There was a deathly pause. I could hear my own dream life go dropping down with a crash in the silence. I could hear, too, the smothered sound of Alicia's sobs. I was curiously incapable of reflection. I was not stunned with surprise, because, more or less unconsciously, I had known that this day was coming. But now that it was here, a deathly emptiness came over me, a nausea of the spirit.

Yet I acted on a blind impulse, an impulse more than half theatric. Some of us, in our deepest moments, are inclined to play a rôle. It takes off the sting, perhaps. I tried to whistle, but my lips wouldn't pucker, so I merely stepped forward as if I had come up the alley, and sauntered in front of the couple, seeming suddenly to see them with surprise. They were seated against the background of the smooth green hedge, arched round them in a semicircle. The man was Marlborough Saltonstall, in the inevitable white flannels. Alicia's head was buried against his shoulder. As I appeared, he sprang to his feet. Alicia sank pitifully lower on the bench and raised tearful and terrified eyes to mine.

"I was coming down," said I, "to see if there are any cabbages in the garden. I want to make an apple pie."

As these extraordinary words emerged from my habitual grin, the couple continued to regard me in silence. Then Alicia found speech. "There—there are no cabbages," she said, solemnly.

"Nevertheless," said I, "you had better come with me and see."

Marlborough Saltonstall took half a step forward. "Miss Alicia and I were in the midst of a talk," he said. "Possibly she would rather go later."

"Young man," said I, looking up at him with what I hoped was an air of insufferable patronage, though it is difficult to patronize a man who is five inches taller than you are, "there can be nothing in the world so interesting to Miss Alicia just now as cabbages. If you will pardon me——"

I stepped to Alicia's side and took her gently by the arm. Yielding in a kind of daze, she came with me down the alley, in among the homely little growing things born to bloom as salad.

"Now," said I, "tell me—do you love him?"

Alicia looked away, mopping her eyes.

"Tell me"—I spoke as gently as I could. "You need have no fear. It is for the happiness of both of us."

"Y-yes," whispered Alicia.

She was looking away from me. She could not see, praise God, the ghastly contortions of my grin!

"You loved me once?" I asked.

"Yes, oh, yes!" she replied. "Say you believe that!"

"I believe that," I answered. "But not just the way you love Marl—the gentleman with the long name?"

Alicia was silent again for a moment. "I—I can't be interested in the things you are interested in," she said, "and you're not really interested in the things that interest me. It isn't our faults; we are just made that way. Sometimes, when you are away, I love you as I used to, but when you come back there seems to be a kind of wall between us. Haven't you felt it?"

"Yes," I said.

"Oh," she suddenly burst out, "I tried to keep on loving you. I tried so hard; I truly did! You *must* believe that! But he came, and something in me went to him." She broke down and sobbed again.

"'Youth goes toward youth,'" I quoted, more than half to myself, feeling suddenly "chilly and grown old."

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"I WAS COMING DOWN," SAID I, "TO SEE IF THERE ARE ANY CABBAGES IN THE GARDEN. I WANT TO MAKE AN APPLE PIE."

"Tell me frankly," I went on, "for we are old friends, you know—does his presence close to you, though no word be spoken, seem to realize your dreams of a passion and a happiness beyond the bounds of this dull old earth? Does his touch thrill you soul and body?"

Alicia shivered and whispered, "Yes."

"That is the way your presence affected me, Alicia," I said, "so I know you love him. You have found your romance at last. He is good to look at, too. Ah, so are you, beyond all words beautiful!"

"No, no, no!" cried Alicia, turning toward me and putting out her hand. Once more I read pity in her eyes. It is twice, then, that I have been pitied. Perhaps I should be content. Alicia turned up her face to mine. "Kiss me," she said.

I kissed her. It was the last time I shall ever kiss Alicia. Then I turned and looked over the garden.

"No," I said, "there are no cabbages here!"

Alicia shuddered. "How can you be so trivial?" she said.

"I am not trivial, dearest," I answered, my smile struggling to be wistfully genuine. "Cabbages do as well as anything else for symbols of the ideal." . . .

When a man is indulging in the dubious luxury of self-sacrifice there is a certain mournful pleasure in "going the limit." I walked down the street to Marlborough Saltonstall's house. He was in the back yard moodily sucking a pipe and worrying a Boston bull. He looked up at me with a glowering, hostile expression.

"Miss Alicia would like to see you," said I.

A puzzled happiness overspread his face. He was really very young. "Did she ask you to tell me?" he cried. . . .

"That," said I, as I turned away, "is something you will have to find out from her." . . .

It is night while I am writing this—night down in the Notch and under the beetling shadows of the great cliffs which spring up from my little lake. But the sun still shines on the scarred slopes of Lafayette and Liberty, turning them slowly to amethyst. Out in the hemlock my hermit thrush is singing, tuning his elfin flute—or is it an oboe?—to a melody of Mozart's. It is the still-time of the world. Far up

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here at Lonesome Lake, on the shoulder of Kinsman, not even a cowbell tinkles; only the hermit deepens the spell. The cabin is snug. A fire burns on the great hearth behind me. Presently three deer—my nightly callers—will come down through the forest to drink. I shall hear them splashing in the dark. This is an ideal place in which to write a book. I have leisure, silence, pens, ink, and paper. All I need is something to say.

I have been here a month now, guarding the lake for the nice old gentleman who owns it, keeping off fish poachers and making the nice old gentleman welcome when he rides up twice a week on a pony from his cottage near the Profile House. He has no suspicion who I am. I was being bored at the hotel when I heard that his lake watchman was sick. So I put on my oldest clothes and applied for the job. The cabin has long appealed to me. The blessed old gentleman took a fancy to me at once, and here I am till October. But he is beginning to smell a mouse. He pumps me too hard; and the other day I rashly let slip a quotation from Dante, in the Italian. I couldn't help it. The shadow of the great cliff plunged down so deep and black into the silent mirror of our lake, while mist wraiths drifted round its summit and oozed out through the gaps!

"Humph," said he, "that's Dante. You seem familiar with the classics."

"But I'm not really a bad man, I assure you," I replied.

The old gentleman regarded me sharply. "Are you familiar with Carducci?" he asked.

"Is that a wine?" I inquired blandly.

Again he looked at me sharply. Again he said, "Humph!" I think to-morrow I shall casually drop, "*T' amo, O pio bove,*" and sound him. To find a fellow-lover of Carducci here in these heavenly surroundings would be worth the exposure.

Just a girl! What right have I, what right has any man to tell himself that a girl is unworthy of him because she is merely her sweet self and not interested in Romance philology or Pragmatism or England's foreign policy or the iniquities of the tariff or the unjust distribution of wealth or even the poems of Carducci? There are women interested in such things. Yes, I have met them! What had they to offer one half so lovely, one half so interesting, one half so important, one half so "worthy" as Alicia's flower-like beauty and the fragrance of her smile? I would give all the interest I possess in the varied activities of this world for six inches more of stature and thirty pounds less of weight, with the face of an ordinary male human being! How could Alicia love me? How could any woman, who, by a law of her nature turns to physical attractiveness, love me? The thing is impossible.

And yet—and yet—ah, you traitor to the Quest! To look for the soul behind the fact, the beautiful soul behind the fact, that is the romantic search. God knows, my soul is not a thing of stainless white nor wondrous beauty, but it is better than my body, and, by Heaven, it is worthy of some woman's love! I know it is, because here in this mountain wilderness it trembles under the touch of sun and shadow, beautiful bird songs and fragrant odors and trailing clouds, and gives forth within me happy little harp notes, though my heart is heavy. Love may be a mystery, but surely the body is not all of it, however much we exalt that phase. We would have our beloved beautiful to our gaze, but we would, for perfect union, have her mind and moods in key with ours. We would thrill to each other; but we would thrill, too, at the mutual caress of a lovely melody or a happy phrase or—how stiff the academic words sound!—an intellectual idea.

Did Alicia ever know me? Did I ever know Alicia? I was the poor peg upon which she hung her girlish dreams, dreams that belonged in a different closet—the closet where the white flannels are kept. She was the beautiful peg upon which I hung mine, dreams which also belonged in a different closet. But the trouble is, I don't know which one.

The deer are coming through the path. The hermit thrush is silent. The amethyst light has long gone from Lafayette. Now the moon is rising behind its granite battlements. How beautiful upon the mountains are the golden feet of the moon! Sometimes I dream of Alicia in the night and wake to pray that she is happy. Sometimes, however, at this hour when twilight has sunk into darkness, I am beginning to turn my face to the future, to renew my soul for the Quest. I lift up my face to the hills, from whence cometh my strength, and silvery on their aged summits the moon goddess walks and beckons me.

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"THE REPORTERS TOOK ME TO THE LEAK."

"IT"

"A governing power must exist; your other powers are simulacra; this power is 'it.'"
Carlyle.

A BUSINESS REPUBLIC
by Lincoln Steffens

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. G. COOPER

THE largest single, private accumulations of real money in the United States are in the life-insurance companies. Money is the basis of credit. The control of money is the basis of the control of credit. Credit is the breath of business, and business is the life-blood of organized society. The control of credit, therefore, is the power of financial, commercial, industrial, political, and social life and death. The only force equal to it is that of public opinion; of the social mind—meaning

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your mind, and mine, and other people's. We own most of the money, the control of which is the control of credit. We could control it. But we don't. The real money in the life-insurance companies, for example, belongs to the policy-holders. And they could control it. But they don't. The companies control it.

And the big life-insurance companies are controlled by the men who are controlling credit in the United States.

These same men are controlling the banks also, and the trust companies, the railroads and the great trusts, and we want to know just how they do it. We can find out now. The life-insurance companies have been investigated. The lid was lifted so completely from them that we can learn almost anything we may care to know about their management. So we can see exactly how they and their funds are controlled. And, having understood how these, the largest deposits of the people's capital, come to be at the disposition of a few private capitalists, we should be prepared to look with understanding into other businesses which have been but partially exposed: the Illinois Central Railroad, and the Pennsylvania; the Erie, and the Metropolitan Street Railway; Sugar, Beef, Eggs, Milk, etc., etc. And, having grasped the secret of their control, we may peep into banks, trust companies, other railroads, and trusts, which have never been investigated, but which are controlled by the same men; probably in the same way. And that may show us how we could control.

And it may not. We may not be able to find a remedy for the evils we come across; and that should not be expected of me, a reporter. But I have gone ahead far enough with my inquiries to feel pretty sure that we can "control" a certain silly, old, most persistent quack cure for our political evils. I refer to the business man's theory of political reform.

"Government," he says, "is a mere matter of business, and," he adds, quite impersonally, "if we could only induce business men to go into politics and manage our cities, states, and the nation as they would a business, then," he concludes, with self-satisfaction, "then we would have good government."

Would we?

Life-insurance is a business. And the management of it is a mere matter of government. A life-insurance company is a republic, in form; most corporations are representative governments, in form; as our cities are, and our states, and the United States—in form. The stockholders are the citizens. They elect to represent them a president, who corresponds to the President of the United States, the governor of a state, or the mayor of a city; vice-presidents; and a board of directors who perform the legislative functions of the congress, a legislature, or a board of aldermen.

This is all very political. But business men do not see it so; they call it business, and they regard the government of a business corporation as a mere matter of business. It isn't, as we shall see. And neither is the management of a city, state, or nation a mere matter of business. Political government is a matter of politics; of the management of men, of the management by representative men of the common, human interests of men, women, and children. So with steel; so with eggs, milk, and beef; so with railroads and money. But especially is it so with life-insurance.

This business used to be advertised as the "sacred trust of widows and orphans" and, demagogic as that sounds, the business men who invented the phrase were right. Life-insurance is a business, but it's a very human business, as the affairs of a state are; the administration of it is a matter of government; but, like the management of a city, the government of a life-insurance company is a trust, a sacred trust. And, like our cities, states, and the United States, this sacred human interest of the widows and orphans in the big life-insurance governments is betrayed.

They were robbed, those life-insurance companies were. The whole wide world knows that, and the whole wide world knows that there was method in their robbery. Those business republics were grafts. But that isn't the whole truth. What struck me, coming fresh from politics to this business scandal; the truth for business men and for all of us commercialized Americans to look in the face and seize by the throat, is this:

The big life-insurance companies are business governments by business men of a business, and they are grafts, just as our cities and states are grafts.

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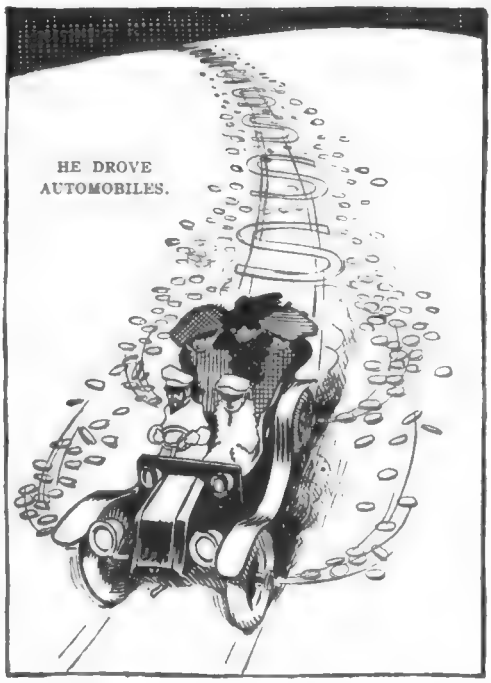
Exactly. The organization of power is the same; the methods of stealing are identical; the exposure came, as in politics, from excessive grafting and a quarrel among the grafters over the division of the swag; when the light broke in, it revealed, wriggling there, the same interests and some of the very same men for whose sake our politics are kept corrupt; and as for the reform—the business-like reform of this corrupt business government, by business men, of this business, was just like the political reform of most of our cities, states, and the nation—exactly: it resulted only in the improvement of the system of graft.



Thomas W. Lawson, of Boston, began the exposure of life-insurance. He had a row with H. H. Rogers and the Standard Oil crowd. He himself has always been clear and candid about this. When the Editor of EVERYBODY'S went to him to plead that he do the job on a grand scale and for the good that must (and did) come of it, Lawson responded to the human appeal, and it was plain in his writings that he enjoyed working under the impulse of the unbusiness-like, political motive of service. Business men scoff, but such idealism is not impossible even in business men. We all know other examples of it. They may be rare, and their motives are mixed, but so are yours and mine. Egotism is often a partner of altruism, vanity of philanthropy, and vengeance of public service. And this was so in Lawson's case.

But the extraordinary thing about this extraordinary business man is that he never fooled either himself or the public. He said that in the beginning, in his first newspaper charges, he was actuated by the purely business incentive of revenge.

But what of that? We are a practical people, and results are what we are after. And that's the way most revelations begin. That's the way Folk got his start in the exposure of the business corruption of St. Louis; the politicians and business men were having a row over a bribe-fund in escrow, and they told on one another. That's the way we political muck-rakers usually get our first information, from the parties to a quarrel over the division of the spoils. And that's the way the life-insurance scandal was developed.

Lawson wasn't believed. He isn't much more than half-believed now, and for a very simple reason. His canvas was too large; his purpose too big for his day.

"I will do in business," he said, "what the political muck-rakers have done in politics."

And he meant what he said. He meant not only the insurance business but business. He saw the system. He knew, as an insider, that what business men call political corruption was rampant in the representative governments of corporate business. Life-insurance was typical, a mere illustration of what was going on in banks, railroads, mining, industrial and other great corporations, and he kicked the lid off the "sacred trust of widows and orphans" only in passing by. That was but one of the sources of the money used in high financial operations, and it was high finance he was after; his own kind of business; and he showed that high finance and low politics were on a level. The implication of "Frenzied Finance" is that the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company, for example, is as corrupt as New York, New Haven, and Hartford, the cities after which it is named. And who believes that?

Fortunately for Lawson, there was a row on in the Equitable. It had nothing to do

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with him. One might have supposed from the first sparks that a fool of a boy was playing hob with one of our dignified, old business institutions. The boy was Mr. James Hazen Hyde, a tall, bearded, rather French, and altogether foppish young gentleman who moved in the best circles at home and abroad. He had lived much in Paris, been finished off at Harvard, and won medals and ribbons: from the Horse Show for four-in-hands, from the French Republic for promoting French literature, etc., in the American Republic. He gave balls for the smart set and dinners to ambassadors; he drove automobiles and traveled in a private car. He behaved, in brief, like any other rich young blood. But his follies began to attract attention. Why? He gave a Versailles Fête; it was extravagant, but entertainments as expensive and much less lovely had passed off in New York with much less comment. The gossip about this fête grew, and there was a sting in it. Why?

Pretty soon stress was laid upon the apparently irrelevant circumstance that our young society man was first vice-president of the Equitable, and in among the society gossip floated insurance business secrets. In politics, when inside facts leak out about a man, news editors understand that there's a fight on somewhere and that somebody has it in for that man. How about business? I asked an editor. He knew.

"They're after Jimmy Hyde's hide," he said, and the reporters on the story took me to the leak. It dripped more mixed uptown and downtown gossip for a fortnight, then dropped the news that two days after the Versailles Fête, the President, James W. Alexander, and "his party" of thirty-four directors had petitioned the board to "mutualize" the company. A reform movement in business!

Politicians do not come out for "reform" unless they are very angry or in desperate straits. When Quay raised that cry, the Pennsylvanians used to say he was fighting for his political life. What did "reform" mean in business?

And what did mutualization mean? Life insurance *is* mutual. You and I and a large number of other men insure one another. We put in so much a year with the understanding that if one of us dies, the rest shall pay his family a certain fixed sum. Our society collects and holds our contributions, meanwhile investing the money so as to increase the fund or reduce our assessment. And that is all it has to do. It has no resources of its own, no buildings, no property whatsoever that is not ours; it manufactures nothing, buys nothing to sell, and has nothing for sale. A depository and an agent, it belongs to its policy-holders more even than a city belongs to its citizens; and the Mutual and the New York Life recognize this principle in their charters, which describe a representative government elected by the policy-holders.

The Equitable was founded as a stock company, but the charter prescribed that the business be "conducted on the mutual plan." Capitalized at $100,000, the holders of the 1,000 shares were to serve as directors and elect the officers and committees. This was undemocratic; it was aristocratic. It was an arrangement by which the common interests of all the members of the society were to be governed by a special class of voters having a property qualification. But some people believe that such a limitation of the suffrage would improve municipal government. And the Equitable directors had always proclaimed vociferously through their solicitors and their advertisements that it worked well in business. Yet here was President Alexander proposing to extend the franchise or, as we should say in politics, democratize the government. This looked radical. Why did this business man want the ballot in business?

The fact that he was "after" Hyde didn't explain, for he could go to the directors with the property qualification and, if Hyde was a bad boy, they would discharge him. Thus we reasoned with the leak till it leaked that Mr. Alexander had tried that. He and his party had followed up their first petition with a second, asking the directors not to reëlect Hyde vice-president. This news astonished "the Street," and men asked one another what the boy had done. The petition said that "Mr. Hyde's prominence and his acts as vice-president tended to provoke criticism." But we reporters knew that all the criticism there was came from the Alexander leak, and the vague language of the petition pointed only at the Versailles Fête and Hyde's extravagance and follies. Were they fighting the foolishness of a fool of a boy?

"Pshaw," said a grown man to me at the time. "Why don't they spank him?"

The answer from the leak was that the

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fool was a villain, too. He had charged his private car to the society, also his fête, also the banquet for Monsieur Cambon. This was serious. It was stealing, in a way. Stealing isn't dangerous, but it's wicked, and it ought to be stopped. And it's easy to stop. Even in politics we have put an end to the taking of money from the till. Why didn't Mr. Alexander have the boy arrested? The society was pressing for the conviction of Sam Lobley, a clerk, at that very time. Why not treat the first vice-president to the same cure? The leak explained about "pull" in business. Mr. Alexander was the lifelong friend of the boy's father, Henry B. Hyde, the founder of the Equitable, so he wouldn't think of calling in the police. But he had put up with the son's nonsense as long as he could. He had been compelled at last to report to the Board.

What would the Board do? While it deliberated, I studied the list of those directors. They were all well-known men of business; I knew some of them personally, and I knew them to be able, successful, impatient of all crime and all weakness. So I guessed that we were to see the end of young Mr. Hyde. But no. Not at all. Those directors voted him back into office. He was vindicated, as politicians are, and, as in politics, a committee was appointed to "investigate." Meanwhile, directors like Depew, Gould, and Jacob H. Schiff went about trying to "adjust the differences" and "stop the scandal," which was "hurting business" and "defaming the fair name of the Society."

WHY DON'T THEY SPANK HIM?

There was something reminiscent about all this. I had been watching legislatures and boards of aldermen saving "our fair fame" and I understood why they appointed committees to investigate what they knew all about. But this board of directors was a business legislature of business men.

And their politics failed. When they did nothing to the boy, the Alexander leak reopened and we heard that Mr. Hyde, aged twenty-eight, had had his salary raised to $100,000 a year; that the company maintained a sinecure for a man who did little else than look after the country-seat of the boy vice-president; and that the pay-rolls of this "mutual" life-insurance company were padded for Jimmy's college friends, social heelers, and business partisans. Business men called this "queer business," but it wasn't queer in politics. Politicians in office do not venture very often to raise their own pay, but they pad the pay-rolls and create "snaps" for their friends and partisans. And business men condemn such practices as "political," "corrupt," and bad. Did those directors know about Hyde's $100,000 salary?

"No," said the Alexander leak, "not at the time. Hyde managed it, as he did the Cambon banquet charge, with the aid of Mr. Depew. It was 'sneaked' through committees and officers by diplomacy, and the details were kept from the Board."

That's the way Senator Depew "worked" things in the Senate; that's the political way. But this wasn't politics, was it?

Now all this news had the effect of opening a Hyde leak, and we learned that Alexander also had had a similar raise at the same time. He was one of the officers through whom this salary deal was worked.

The Alexander leak confessed. "But," it said, "Mr. Alexander didn't like it. He objected strenuously, but you know the man. He is gen-

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erous, genial, scrupulous, but a little weak. He hates a row."

A good description, this, of the "safe man" one meets in higher public office. We all know the type. But those directors? They weren't generous, genial, and a little weak. They were hard-headed, practical men, and Alexander had made a row finally. Why didn't the directors do in business as we think they would do in politics? Why didn't they "fire" Hyde?

"Fire him!" the leak exclaimed. "How can they fire Hyde? Don't you know that Mr. Hyde is in control?"

Magic phrase. I had heard it often both in politics and in business, but this was the first time I got a sense of its true meaning in business. In politics it meant boss-ship, and it was the thing politicians fight for. But it was hard to think of a boss in business, and harder still to think of young Hyde as the boss. But if he was, if President Alexander was only a figurehead, and if the first vice-president was the actual head of the Equitable, why, then, the mystery was clearing up. For I had seen governors of states who were not the heads of their government: Morton, of New York; Herrick, of Ohio; Gillette, of California. And I had known mayors of cities who were subordinate to some subordinate official: Fleischmann, of Cincinnati, obeyed Cox, an oil inspector, and Weaver, of Philadelphia, almost caused a revolution by refusing to take orders from Boss Durham, an insurance inspector (*sic*). Everybody understands the boss in politics: he is the power behind the throne; a sovereign in power, but not in a responsible office. But the boss in business was a new notion to me then, and I tried it on my Wall Street friends.

"Do you have bosses in business?" I asked.

Evidently the notion was new to them also. They were shocked, and they denied the impeachment. But I went on to others and, changing the form of my question, I got ample confirmation of the theory.

"Do you have presidents of railroads, banks, and things like that," I asked, "who are not the actual heads of their concerns?"

"Well," said an old broker with a funny drawl, "there's Chauncey Depew. He was president of the New York Central a while."

Other instances were cited. One was ex-Governor Levi P. Morton, president of the Morton Trust Company. This "safe" old gentleman was no more the head of his trust company than he was head of the state of New York when he was governor of New York. Thomas F. Ryan, the vice-president, was the boss of the Morton Trust Company.

It took time and thought, but not much inquiry, to develop my realization of the truth that the business boss was as common as the political boss. Indeed, all big business is run on the boss system. Ryan, for example, was the boss of many businesses; E. H. Harriman was a boss, with many figureheads in office under his control; and, of course, the biggest boss of all was Morgan, who very rarely held any office.

Having put this perception through my head, I went back to the Equitable with a better understanding of the situation there, but with more questions. That the company should have a boss was typical; that the boss was a vice-president was not unprecedented; and that the president should be in a fight for the control was natural enough. But how was it that a "safe man," like Alexander, was making the fight, and how was it that the boss could be a boy? No boy could be a boss in politics, and this business boy-boss bossed big business bosses: Harriman, Henry C. Frick, A. J. Cassatt, J. J. Hill, D. O. Mills, August Belmont, and George J. Gould. A boy couldn't control them, could he?

"Hyde owns the stock on which a majority of the directors vote," said the leak. "He appoints them, he can remove them. They are his directors."

So the directors didn't own their property qualification; they borrowed it. This was a little like fraud. In Denver once, when a franchise fight was on and the public service corporations assigned property to men and women to qualify and bribe them to vote for them, there was an awful scandal. But that was politics. I found that in business this was a common practice and not regarded as out of the way. And it explained why Alexander leaked, and it explained why he was proposing the "mutualization" of the company. Since the ownership by Hyde of a majority vote of the stock gave him such a hold on the directors that they stood by the boy in his follies and even in his graft, Mr. Alexander was appealing to public opinion generally to give the ballot to the policyholders upon the theory that a democracy would be more independent, honest, and efficient than this plutocracy. But this ex-

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planation didn't explain why the safe man was fighting for good government, nor how the boy could induce such directors to take such a humiliating position.

"The Street's" theory was purely political. In politics, when a "safe man" becomes unsafe, the politicians guess that "somebody who is somebody" is egging him on, and that was the cynical financial view of my business friends. Their guess was that certain false friends of Hyde were working through Alexander to shake the boy out of his control. And sure enough, before long we heard of offers to Hyde to buy his stock.

THEY WERE HARD-HEADED MEN.

Now the whole issue was $100,000; it could pay seven per cent. and no more. As an honest investment, it was worth, say, $200,000. But Hyde didn't own all the stock; he had but a bare majority, 502 out of 1,000 shares. Yet big business men were offering all the way from half a million to several millions for his stock, and Thomas F. Ryan, who got it, paid $2,500,000 for it. Moreover, it developed later that when Ryan got this bad bargain at that high price, Harriman insisted that he divide it with him. And still later, J. P. Morgan bought it from Ryan and the Harriman estate, paying three millions for it. Why?

The answer to this question lies on the surface, and it justifies the Wall Street theory of Alexander's fighting policy. Since that stock couldn't legitimately pay a fair dividend on two or three millions of dollars, the prices paid for it must have been the valuations put upon the "control." But what is control? And how comes it to have such a value? We know how able, political rascals make political control pay in a city. But the Equitable was "sacred business," and the boss in control was a boy. What was it that a business boy of twenty-eight could so manage that safe men would fight for it and that great captains of industry would pay millions to get their "strong hands" on it?

While the boy was negotiating for the sale of his stock, before he let go of it, we began to hear that the directors had heard of huge speculations with the society's funds. Grand larceny and embezzlement? No. It was graft, and the difference is that while stealing is a felony, graft is legitimate, methodical, and orderly. The young man had trust companies, which, controlled by the insurance company, and therefore by him, received large insurance deposits which were loaned and invested under his direction.

I have cited before the case of Boss Quay, who had his state treasurer deposit in "his" banks and trust companies, whence he could borrow them, the funds of the policyholders (so to speak) of Pennsylvania. And this political graft angered some of the business men of Philadelphia, and they tried to drive him out of politics for it. But most of them stood by Quay. And so with Hyde. His directors stood by him.

We heard next of large underwriting operations, in which "Hyde and Associates" bought bonds and sold them to the Equitable, taking a big rake-off. This recalled the common practice of political bosses, who, acting through dummy firms, take contracts for supplies and public works on terms dictated by their boards of aldermen. Was this done in business? Did business men, in control of a corporation, act as both buyer and seller to the cost of their concern? "No, no, no," they said. This was all "most extraordinary." You might have thought, to hear those Wall Street men talk, that this

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foolish boy, Hyde, was introducing for the first time into business the corrupt methods and the graft of political bosses. But I clung to the brazen fact that that board of directors, having heard all about these things, had reëlected the head of this novel political organization of business graft to office, and I kept pressing for the explanation.

"We tried to get the directors to act," the Alexander leak said. "We saw enough of them one by one, and we told them more than enough to beat Hyde, but some of them stayed away from the final meeting, and, as for the rest, Hyde won enough of them back to give him his majority."

"Then the boy has organizing ability?" I said.

"No; but Willie has. Willie attends to the organization, to all the politics."

Willie? That was a new name then, and I was tempted to ask who Willie was. But two other words attracted me more. I wanted to understand the "organization" and "politics" of that business board. Anybody can understand how the "low-down creatures" we send to legislatures are organized by parties, held by caucuses, and voted like dummies to keep a rogue in power. But these directors were picked men of business. How could a Willie organize for a Jimmy such men as they were?

"Oh," said the leak naïvely, "Jimmy owns them, you see, and Willie tells them how Jimmy wants them to vote. It's a dummy board, you understand, dummy directors."

Dummy directors! That's American slang for what the English call "Guinea pigs": gentlemen who take orders on a board of directors for the guinea they get for each meeting. And we have the thing in politics. We have dummy legislators, though we do not apply that term to them. We have to say a "Platt man," a "Murphy man," etc., and we mean that the boss owns them body and soul and vote. But could a Platt or a Murphy control Cornelius N. Bliss, Sir William C. Van Horne, Robert T. Lincoln, Jacob H. Schiff, James B. Forgan, Henry C. Frick, *et al?* Impossible! Yet here was a business man declaring that "Jimmy Hyde owned them," and at the same time declaring that Jimmy was a rascal or an ass or both.

I went to a private capitalist who is a forceful personality of great power, and I asked him to explain the psychology of the dummy director.

He mused a moment, then, "You never served on a board of directors, did you?" he said. "No. Well, I did once. I was appointed, just like these men of the Equitable, by the control, and I set out to do my duty. I undertook to understand that business, so I asked questions. I didn't go out of my way; I inquired only into the matters that came before me, but I inquired diligently." He paused, and laughed. "I was dropped at the end of my term, and I've never been put upon a board of directors since. It's this way: you ask questions at a meeting and a cold silence falls. Somebody, probably the chairman, drops a hint that 'it's all right.' You persist and you are cut. The Equitable Board is a typical board of directors. It is made up of two kinds of men—those who know all about everything and those who don't know anything about anything."

"Then it's the don't knows who are dummies!" I said.

He nodded.

"And the do knows are—grafters?"

He arched his brows. "If there is any graft," he said.

Here was a search-light for those of us who have followed political scandals. Folk was able to "get" the petty thieves, like the Equitable clerk who was sent to prison. But he couldn't get the boss. Folk convicted Butler, but he could not put him into the penitentiary. And the reason is that a boss is a grafter, not a thief. A thief works alone and steals money; a grafter operates with associates and handles funds. Butler and all political bosses are backed by big business men whose punishment would hurt business and the fair fame of the city. And so with Hyde. He had partners; he was backed by the directors and associates who knew everything and had a share in some things. In brief, he was the head of a system.

And the striking fact is that this business boy's system of business graft was so like Butler's system of political graft, and Ruef's, and Murphy's, and Durham's. It was like all the bosses' organizations. Butler had a "combine" which "controlled" the "organization" of the board of directors of St. Louis, both the municipal legislature and the committees thereof. This combine was made up of certain officers and directors, and it dealt in the resources and with the leading business men of the city.

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In the Equitable it was "James Hazen Hyde and Associates" who dealt in the resources of their company. The associates were officers and directors, and they dealt with themselves and with bankers, promoters, and the generals of finance, some of whom were on his board. This, then, is the system, political and business, too. This is the political-financial method of conspiracy, robbery, and betrayal of trust as we have found it in cities, states, and the United States. For Cannon and Aldrich ruled the House and the Senate by just such combines. This is the Thing we, the American people, are facing everywhere.

Jimmy Hyde did not invent this Thing. Butler used it before the boy was out of college; and before Butler, Croker had it in New York and Brayton had it in Rhode Island—in politics. Did Hyde get it from the politicians and adapt it to business? I asked the insiders this fool question.

"How in the world could that fool, as you describe him, organize such a perfect system of graft and control?"

"He didn't," one man answered. "Not alone. Willie—"

Willie again. "Who is Willie?" I asked.

"Willie? Why, Willie McIntyre. Don't you know William H. McIntyre, the fourth vice-president? He is the man who managed all the politics of the business. He taught Hyde how to organize the office and handle the syndicates, trust companies, and—all the machinery."

"And where," I asked, "where did McIntyre learn it?"

"From Henry B. Hyde. Willie came to us a bright, Irish office-boy, and the elder Hyde took a fancy to him. Loyal, shrewd, discreet, the boy was used by the Founder for all his confidential work and so he learned—"

"So Henry B. Hyde started all this business. He was the first boss of the Equitable?"

"Yes, and he was a boss. Henry B. Hyde was a natural born master of men. He regarded this business as his, his property, and all the men in it were his men. He did what he pleased with his own, and I have seen him call in officers as high as James W. Alexander and, before a group of visiting agents, rake them up and down, just to show he was boss. It was painful to see, but it made Hyde the master. But when this boy of his, this Jimmy boy, tried it—well, what was unpleasant from the father became intolerable from the son. There was trouble and, then, you know, certain persons who wanted certain things that certain other parties had—they helped the trouble along."

There's the story of the Equitable. A big man built him a big thing and a tall boy tried to run it. It's an old story in politics. Thomas C. Platt built him a big state machine and Benjamin B. Odell tried to run it. Mark Hanna built him a state of Ohio and, dying, left Governor Herrick to run it. And there are other, more recent cases, in other states and in the nation, all illustrating the truth that you may change governors, mayors, and presidents as often as you please; they don't matter. And you may change presidents of banks and railroads and sacred trusts; they don't matter. But when you change bosses, either in politics or in business, you must be careful or you will start something. For in business as in politics, there is a real government superimposed upon the paper government, and to overthrow that

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means a revolution; as the Equitable story illustrates.

Young Hyde made the mistake of thinking that because he owned the stock of the company, he could wield the control. He wasn't strong enough, and strong hands took it away from him. But the conflict with him, and among the strong hands, became so bitter that the dam burst and facts flowed like a flood over an amazed public opinion. It was almost impossible to comprehend the information that came out; but some lines were clear.

It was soon shown that James Hazen Hyde was comparatively innocent. His father, Henry B. Hyde, the founder of the Equitable, was the founder also of the Equitable system of organized graft. He had been investigated 'way back in 1877, and the results are a matter of record. He had had a salary graft, like his son, and a commission graft besides. He had building grafts, which made the story of some of the insurance office buildings put up in various cities read like the stories of state capitols and city halls. He had sub-company grafts, not only trust companies, but safe deposits, in which he let the Equitable bear the expenses while he and his sub-company got the profits. And he had syndicates, too, all handled by a ring which controlled the committees which controlled his dummy boards of directors.

The Equitable system was old, therefore. This business graft was older than Butler's, older than Croker's. It started in Tweed's day. Did the elder Hyde start it? And was it confined to the Equitable? That's what "the Street" wanted us to believe. I remember, for example, that James Speyer, the private banker, argued against my theory that as one city was like another, so must one insurance company be like another. He was sure the Mutual, of which he was a director, was clean.

Now I don't know whether Mr. James Speyer was trying to deceive me or was an innocent ignoramus; a do-know or a don't-know dummy. But I did know at the time that Henry B. Hyde had founded the Equitable because of a row with the officers of the Mutual over the graft in that original old company where he was employed. So there was graft in the insurance business before Hyde's day. And that report of the legislative inquiry made in 1877, which exposed Hyde and the Equitable, exposed the Mutual, too, and others. It exposed all these old-line companies at all the practices revealed for us by this new and extraordinary Equitable scandal!

But we didn't have long to study the past to comprehend the present. The self-exposure of the Equitable was hurting that company, of course; and the denials by the other companies that they were equally corrupt forced the Equitable leaks to drop us some inside facts about the Mutual and the New York Life. That set the whole jungle afire, and in the light of it we all saw that the Mutual Life, the New York Life, and the Metropolitan were all corrupt, and all corrupt just as the Equitable was corrupt. And when Mr. Hughes went at his inquisition regularly, methodically, with power from the state, he developed, in an overwhelming mass of evidence, these truths:

First: All seven of the life-insurance companies which he inquired into were not only corrupt; they all were equally corrupt; all corrupted in the same way, by the same methods, for the same purposes, and to the same result to the policy-holders.

Second: As these insurance companies were corrupt, so also were the trust companies corrupt into which Mr. Hughes shot side-lights.

Third: All these businesses were corrupted exactly as cities, states, and nations are corrupted; exactly.

The citizens neglect their civic duties. They follow leaders who perform their duties for them and betray them to the bosses. The bosses nominate the candidates for office, and the people vote as the lesser leaders tell them to. This is power, and the political bosses organize that power by forming combines in the legislatures and by controlling the mayors and governors they have "made." Having this power, the big political bosses betray or sell it out to the big business bosses who want it, in the form of privileges: rights and exemptions, franchises, grants, and laws; as the insurance business illustrates. The early history of these companies shows them contributing heavily to a Yellow Dog Fund, as they called it, for the campaign expenses of the political bosses. Then they followed their money to Albany to get laws made or unmade and to have a voice in the appointment of the state superintendent of insurance. They wanted that official to represent them and not the policy-holders. And the investigation by Mr. Hughes disclosed

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the fact that the insurance companies helped to maintain at Albany a "House of Mirth" which was established to help corrupt new legislators, and keep our representatives, old and new, representing, not the people and not the policy-holders, but the big insurance business bosses. And that's the result of our so-called political corruption: not stealing; not money losses; but misrepresentation.

The effect of the bribery and corruption is to make our political government represent, not the people, but the big, corrupting business bosses.

Now take these business governments and compare them with the state of New York which they helped to corrupt, or any other state or city. The Equitable, being an aristocracy, or, to be more precise, a plutocracy, is exceptional. Boss Hyde or Boss Morgan, owning a majority of the stock, lends it to men he can trust to represent him, not the policy-holders, so he can do his will. He may do well or he may do badly, but the power is his by the terms of the charter. The policy-holders are disfranchised, like the inhabitants of Washington, D. C.; they have no votes, and it doesn't matter. The Equitable is as like the other insurance companies as Washington, D. C., is like other cities. Which goes to prove, by the way, that it isn't democracies alone that are corrupt.

For the Mutual, the New York Life, and the other insurance companies were, and they are, democracies—in form. The policy-holders elect the officers and directors. They might control. But they don't. They neglect their corporate duties. They follow leaders. And the ward leaders of an insurance company are the agents and solicitors who go about gathering up the proxies of their "friends," the policy-holders. This is power. This is the vital point in business as it is in politics. For the bosses and the ring in power in the life-insurance companies nominate the candidates for office and then cast the proxies of the policy-holders for their ticket.

Mr. Hughes brought out in one company after another how this was done. The variations are slight; the method is political, typical, and old. The old committee of 1877 laid it bare. One officer of the Mutual said then he didn't know how many proxies his ring had. It might be ten thousand, it might be thirty. And when that committee (of politicians) expressed incredulity, he said:

"Well, if you had been putting them in a box the way I have for years, you couldn't tell."

Having the ballot-box stuffed, the insurance bosses had only to organize the officers and directors they nominated. Dividing the graft with the most active members, they made up committees, with a majority of the ring on each committee, and—the rest were dummies. And the result was that wonderful thing called control, which is so highly valued in business and in politics. We can see why now. For, having control, the boss and his ring ("Hyde and Associates") could run the business, not in the interest of the people generally and not of the policy-holders, but of the boss and the ring. They take the big graft: the control of the money, which is the control of credit; the power to say who shall borrow insurance money and who shall not borrow it; the right to decide whose investments it shall go into and whose it shall not go into. The lesser members of the ring take the minor grafts: buildings, trust companies, and subordinate institutions generally. And the petty leaders and heelers take

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the small grafts: salaries, sinecures, stationery, and other supply contracts, restaurant, bar, and barber-shop rake-offs. It always seemed to me, following, as I did, both the public exposure and the petty gossip of that insurance scandal, that this business graft was worse than any city I ever investigated. And I mean by that statement that it was both bigger and meaner; more general, more shameless, and more disgraceful. But there was no essential difference in the net result:

As in politics, so in this business, the effect of the corruption was to make the government represent business; big business; the very same interests and men for whom our political governments are kept corrupt.

But there is one striking sign that politics is better than business, that this business government, by business men, of a business is worse than the political government, by politicians, of a state.

The reform of the insurance business came from politics.

I happen to know that one prominent, very astute financier who was a director in one of the Big Four insurance companies, went personally to Harriman, Rogers, Ryan, and other big financial bosses who controlled these insurance businesses, and pleaded with them to see to it that they, the business men, and not the state, should start and carry through the reforms which were inevitable.

"Don't let the state do it," he said. "It will be only one more precedent for state regulation, and that leads to state control, state ownership, and socialism. Don't," he begged. "Don't let New York do it. Do it yourselves, do it quick, and do it well."

And he told me afterward why he was so urgent; and what the real reasons were that he gave to his associates.

WHEN JIMMY TRIED IT.

"The big thing in the insurance companies," he said, "is the power to dispose of its funds. Not to steal them, you understand. Morgan, Ryan, none of these men would think for one moment—of stealing money. And they wouldn't let it be stolen either, if they could help it. But in order to get the power to use the big money in a big way, they had to connive at the grafting and stealing by the officers, directors and others who gave them the control. Now here was a chance to cut that all out. Everybody was scared; all the small fry would understand that their grafts were unsafe. And that would leave us all we wanted—the power to direct the investment and the loans of insurance funds into our propositions. Those funds are the cornerstone of credit in this country, and I knew that, if the state got to probing underneath the scandals, it would discover this and limit the field of investment for those funds. And that's what happened."

This man failed to convince his colleagues. There were several forces against him. In the first place, they were in a row among themselves. They couldn't agree upon a division of the swag, and some of them, notably Harriman and Ryan, were as powerful in the state as they were in finance. They thought they could control and use the investigation against the other bosses. And, in the second place, these business bosses lacked then, as they lack now, the power to control themselves. Their passions and their wants are so strong, so undisciplined, that they couldn't restrain them even if a revolution were impending. Lawson jumped in with his reform movement. And his was sound, by the way. It was democratic. He appealed to the policy-holders to defeat the old party

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in power and elect his reform ticket. But he was beaten, as our political "demagogues" are beaten, by the suspicion put into our minds by the party in power.

And so it happened that, rotten as it was, rotten as it is being shown still to be, the state of New York was called on, both by business men and by the people, to do what these business men could not do, viz.: to reform these rotten, political governments of this rotten insurance business.

THE HOUSE OF MIRTH.

And the state "reformed" this business. The legislature, corrupt as we know it to be, appointed the committee, which appointed Mr. Hughes as its counsel and let him turn the business inside out. Then that same legislature passed the laws recommended by Mr. Hughes and opposed by its big business bosses. Why? Why was a corrupt state more efficient and more honest than a corrupt business?

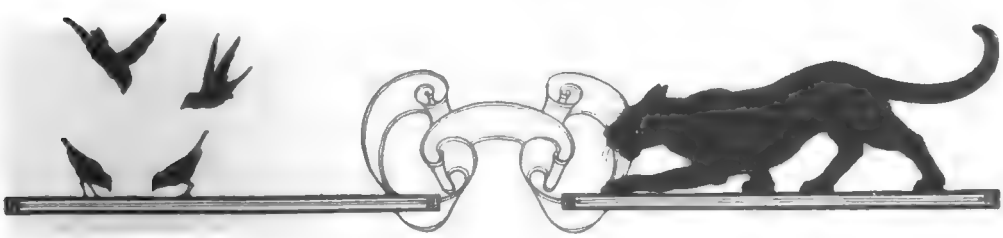
Because the people do take some interest in politics. They neglect business utterly, and they vote foolishly in a state, but—they vote in a state. There is some democracy in politics. Therefore our political governments, with all their corruption, do sometimes feel and respond to the will of the people.

But how about this insurance reform? I said in the early part of this article that it resulted, as reforms in cities, states, and nations result: "only in the improvement of the system of graft." Well, that's true. Every exposure and reform of a city or a state that I have studied has scared the little grafters, some of whom are caught and punished. This enables the big bosses to cut out the petty graft, to organize and regulate, on a business basis, the big, safe graft, and so give "good government." But it leaves the bosses in control and the government representing, not the people, but—business.

The insurance scandal scared the insurance men, and I understand that they cut out most of the foolish, petty grafts; not all; not Tontine, for example. It will take another reform to set that evil right. And the big graft is limited. Mr. Hughes restricted the scope of investment for insurance funds, and the insurance bosses have been appealing ever since through their officers both to the legislature and to the policy-holders to broaden that scope. But there is considerable scope now and, within it, the bosses can control the disposition of funds of the insurance policy-holders. For, as in politics, the reform did not touch the real thing.

The financial bosses who control so largely New York and other states and the United States, control absolutely the insurance companies.

The next instalment of "IT" will appear in the April number.



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THE NEW MRS. MARLOWE

by Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

Author of "OPEN HOUSE" "MOTHERS AND FATHERS," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT EDWARDS

EVEN after a year of marriage to Marlowe, Mrs. Marlowe had not really grown up. The year had changed her from a happy little girl, whose immaturity had a blossom-like charm, to a bewildered and heartsick little girl with no charm whatever; but it had not served to lift her out of the ranks of the *jeunes filles* into the woman of the world class where she was now due. Out of her experience she had gained an innocent cynicism, summed up in such generalizations as that man's love is a thing cruelly overstated in fiction; and a few minor accomplishments, notably the ability to cry quite soundlessly in the dark, without sigh or tremor to betray her to the ironically keen senses within reach of her hand. But these acquirements made no appreciable difference in her sad lack of personal aplomb.

At the end of the year a half-broken colt did for Marlowe what several fellow-citizens had felt warmly impelled to do at one time or another—did it very thoroughly. Marlowe was carried up the wide stairs trampled and bleeding, but with his beauty, unfortunately, quite unmarred; and so Mrs. Marlowe, gathering the unconscious head into her arms, cried over its helpless perfection in an anguish of reënforced illusion, and straightway dedicated herself as a door-mat.

The official verdict was that Marlowe would live, hopelessly crippled; the unofficial one, "God help his wife!" And she needed help; for Marlowe, in his black sullenness, visited this his great trouble on her as he had already learned to visit his lesser ills. As his strength came back, a cold and courteous dislike was the weapon with which he punished her. He never voluntarily spoke to her, never let his eyes rest on her even for a passing moment—no mean torture to a heart in love. Her eager, patient attempts to draw some word from him were ignored or answered briefly with stiff, unwilling lips. Every offer of service met with a wearied refusal. At first this method of treatment was only the expression of a great bitterness—that he, with strength and wealth and beauty, and all his interests bound to active things, must lie like a log until death released him. Then, when he saw how effective it was, it grew into a system. The one earthly satisfaction left to Marlowe was the quivering of that unresentful

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love beneath every blow, and its faithful, futile return after each rebuff.

She was, of course, blamably lacking in spirit, but, crippled by her love, she could not help it; and he, no doubt, could not help being irritated by her weakness. Yet it was stupid of him, for Adair, taken aright, was a charming companion, full of gayety and an unexpected little darting humor, while Adair, taken wrong, was anxious, colorless, flavorless. The heat of affection was needed, as yet, to bring out the secret writing on the small, white page. And he did not really hate her. There were moments when her sweetness, both of body and spirit, nearly broke through his sullen reserve; and she might have died in her despair but for memory of the night when he pulled her suddenly down to him and crushed his face into her soft, white gown, leaving it marked with tears.

She, poor child, prayed desperately over his attitude—"Show me the way to reach him, for surely all this love could help! Don't let him shut me out forever!"—and rose up each day with fresh hope, fresh plans for cunningly surmounting the hostile barrier. Her eyes, clinging to the somber, exquisite profile, burned with hot tears of pity; her arms ached to mother him; her soft little mouth trembled with the unspent tenderness within; she stood like a frightened child with an offering of flowers—one gentle word would have brought her running. All of which Marlowe perfectly understood and in his bitter fashion enjoyed.

But a day came when he went too far. The rebellion must have long been secretly preparing, unknown to herself, in the depths from which the grown woman Adair was to emerge, for it did not come with the preparatory threatenings and mutterings of the usual revolt. It was more like an explosion; and when the dust had cleared away, the little girl Adair was dead under the wreckage, and Mrs. Marlowe had entered on her career as a woman of the world.

It had been a dismally unsuccessful morning. She had told him little tales of the household, of his horses and dogs, hopelessly conscious that there was an eager note in her voice and that he hated her for it; she had read to him while he stared fixedly over the blazing flowers on his stone balcony and gave no sign of listening; she had adjusted his comforts, praying that she might not be clumsy and annoy him, and reading by his suppressed frown that she did. Her heart grew sick to faintness with the persistent failure.

"Would you rather be alone, Nick, and just rest?" she asked at last.

"Thanks, I believe I should," was the dry answer.

She rose at once, but hesitated beside him. "Have I tired you?" Her voice was tremulous.

For once he lifted his eyes and looked straight into her face.

"You bore me," he said quietly and distinctly, then returned to his contemplation of the geraniums.

It was murder in the first degree. After a ghastly pause, some automatic force took her to her own room. She closed and locked the door, and no one saw her again that day. Perhaps Marlowe was a little frightened at what he had done, for late in the afternoon he sent to ask some trivial favor. Her maid reported that she was lying down with a headache and could not be disturbed.

At eleven o'clock the next day the new Mrs. Marlowe emerged. She wore a riding-habit that had become decidedly large for her in the weeks of its disuse. Her head was at a new angle, and her cheeks did not lack color when she paused in Marlowe's doorway.

"Good morning, Nick. I am going for a ride," she said, and her eyes were as steady as her voice. "Is there anything I can do for you?" His glance barely touched her in passing, but nevertheless he saw what he had done, and the new Mrs. Marlowe saw that he saw, and was fiercely glad of it.

"Nothing, thank you," he said indifferently. "*Au revoir*, then."

He could hear the horses on the gravel below and her voice speaking to the dogs. He did not see her again until after seven in the evening, when she appeared in rather splendid evening dress for that season of the year, her air preoccupied and hurried.

"The de Vrieses are coming to dinner, and bringing Jerome Wilde and Luty Severance, who are staying with them," she explained. "Should you like to see any of them, afterward? Or would they—bore you?" Their eyes met over the fatal word, but hers betrayed nothing beyond a polite interest in his answer.

"Luty would be a godsend," he said with a suppressed sigh for all the past weeks of boredom. "Beg her to come up, with my compliments." If the stroke drew blood, she gave no sign.

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"She will love to," was the courteous answer as she turned away. He knew she must be acting—she had always been childishly depressed by his enjoyment of Luty Severance; yet he was uneasy, even while he made cynical bets on the duration of this new attitude. The day had been long. Moreover, he admired spirit.

Mrs. Marlowe went back to her own room and lay face down on the couch, crushed into the cushions, for a desolating ten minutes. Then the flame of anger that had been bringing out such strange characters on the innocent white page swept her to her feet again. She went downstairs with brilliant ease of carriage as the horn of an automobile announced her guests.

The dinner was not an ordeal, for her anger was a fever that lifted her above pain. If it sank for a moment, she had only to whisper to herself, "*You bore me*"—the cut of that lash never failed. New powers seemed to be at her command—a splendid new indifference that brought success in its wake. Her childish tendency to wince at trifles had been swallowed up in a sudden wide tolerance that included even noisy, horsy Luty, with her laugh like breaking china and her rough speech; and she found a surprising beauty of spirit in the clumsy features of Jerome Wilde, which had become so hopelessly unimportant from the moment that Nicholas Marlowe had first flashed on her vision. She had scarcely seen or thought of Jerome since he had briefly excused himself from coming to her wedding; now she was surprised to realize how fond she had really been of him—must have been, to explain this sudden ease and gayety in his presence. When Luty, preceded by her coffee, went up to visit Marlowe, Mrs. Marlowe took her other guests out on the veranda, and was passionately glad that her laugh could ring so true as it rose to the flower-banked windows above.

Luty stood by Marlowe's couch, her thumbs in her satin girdle, her bright, hard smile accepting everything, avoiding nothing.

"Well, here you are, for a fact, Nicky," she admitted. It was refreshing to a man surfeited with feminine delicacy and consideration.

"Looks that way, doesn't it?" he returned.

"Hard luck—beastly hard luck!"

"Rather. Sit down, Luty. It is good to see you."

She drew up a chair with her foot and settled herself cross-kneed.

"That was always the one good point in your character, Nicky—that you liked me," she said, taking up her coffee-cup. "A man can't be all bad, you know, when he likes the only person who hands it to him between the eyes."

"Not 'all bad'? Dear me, I have been coddled here so long, I had quite forgotten my unpopularity." Marlowe looked amusedly interested. "Do you mean to say it still persists, that even *this* hasn't whitewashed me?" Luty finished her coffee, and bent toward him, resting her elbows on her knees.

"What have you been doing to Adair?" she demanded, with an air of getting down to business.

"Doing to Adair?" His politely lifted eyebrows asked for an explanation; and he immediately got it.

"Um hm. Last time I saw her she was the same white mouse—you couldn't expect much whitewashing while she looked like that, my boy! Now all at once white mouse has turned into little black cat—bad little black cat out for trouble, and flirting to beat the cars with Jerry Wilde. It has begun to whitewash you already with the excellent de Vrieses; but I have a notion you probably ought to be hanged for it. Hm? This is really a second Mrs. Marlowe; somehow you've made away with the first." She rested her chin on her clasped fingers and eyed him shrewdly. "I'd rather be your horse than your wife, Nicky," she added. "You're fairly decent to beasts."

"I am afraid you would be rather hard-gaited, my dear Luty." There was irritation under his suavity.

"She has even warmed up to me," Luty went on, ignoring the comment. "I always used to know the poor mouse was saying to herself, 'That dreadful woman!' whenever I opened my mouth." Her sudden, discordant laugh, with its odd crash, was genuinely kindly. "But the new Mrs. Marlowe calls me Luty and meets me halfway every time. Oh, she's all right, your black cat—she's going to swing it properly, after all. She'll be a success. Oh, dear, yes," she concluded absently, as the sweet, ascending chime of Adair's laugh came in over the geraniums, followed by Jerome's deeper note.

"Flirting with Jerome—dear me, how bored she must have been, to come down to that," mused Marlowe. "Jerome would make an excellent—guardian, say, or partner at bridge; but as a lover——!"

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Luty turned on him with an unexpected flash of anger.

"Good Lord, how little you do know!" she exclaimed. "The woman Jerome cares for won't need any other heaven, let me tell you. Only a little fool of a white mouse would have let him go. I suppose you think brilliancy and good looks matter. Well, they don't. Most of us hate them after we've cut our eyeteeth—better remember that, my boy! Jerome's got something to give a woman that all you—oh, well, what's the use of talking!" She started from her chair and strode restlessly about the room; her movements were always short-skirted, even when the occasion had forced long draperies upon her.

Marlowe's slight smile had a touch of vindictiveness. "I did not know you were a victim of unrequited passion, Luty," he observed.

She came back to the couch and stood looking down on him, her thumbs in her girdle, her smooth, black head dropped forward. "Well, you know it now," she said, her tone grimly practical. "It doesn't matter—I was born to something of the sort. Makes one kind of sorry for white mice, though—'tisn't their game."

He frowned. "My dear woman, you are becoming outrageously moral," he protested.

"Always was—it's my long suit. Only you took it for humor, before; you must be growing in grace and understanding."

"Or losing in humor, perhaps. It wouldn't be strange, in the circumstances."

"You're bound to change in some way," she admitted thoughtfully, returning to her chair. "I've been thinking a lot about it. You see, Nicky, for the first time in your life you're getting discipline. If your father had lived, and your mother had—well, cared more for her job, you'd have got it as you came along. But no one ever gave ten straight minutes' attention to your character in your life—except me, perhaps—and it wasn't a self-regulator. And now, d'you see, you're getting it all at once—a most almighty licking! Yes, all the lickings and all the moral suasion you didn't get in your youth are being handed to you now in an awful bunch. Oh, you're bound to change under it, my boy."

"No doubt I shall give Sunday Bible lessons from my couch of pain," said Marlowe irritably.

"Well, you'll learn one thing," said Luty impersonally. "If you're too cussed, people won't stand for it now as they would when you could dine and mount 'em. Hello, here comes the second Mrs. Marlowe—the first never swished like that. I'd like to know how you made away with her, Nicky!"

Adair's entrance prevented the sharp answer that had risen to his lips. Really, Luty went too far. He used to find her abuse piquant, but she was overworking it. Adair, seeing the frowning spark in his eyes, took it for impatience at the interruption, and had to fight down a surging misery that threatened to drown her before their eyes.

"I haven't come to spoil things," she said quickly. "The de Vrieses feel that they must go; but, Luty, why won't you stay a few days and amuse the invalid? He is tired to death of me!" Her glance met Marlowe's for an instant and she smiled slightly. "You would be a blessing to him," she urged, "and Mrs. de Vries says she will let you."

Marlowe seconded the invitation with a show of zeal, and when they promised to send for her things that night, Luty consented.

"I'd choke if I had to sleep in your frills, Adair," she admitted. "I know you haven't a thing that isn't hand-embroidered and strung up with ribbon."

"Perhaps Nicholas could help you out," suggested the new Mrs. Marlowe, and the two went away together laughing.

Marlowe lay awake longer than was good for him that night; things Luty had said stuck disagreeably in his mind. "Flirting to beat the cars with Jerry Wilde"—what abominable expressions the woman used! Adair was, of course, merely punishing him; he professed to be amused at this turning on him of the dovelike spirit, and to fear lest she should lack the nerve to keep it up; and yet under all his pride and irony and coldness lay a little sick chill of fright. He had not valued his wife very deeply; yet, after all, what else had he now? Luty's coarse suggestion that his importance had lain in his material possessions was just the sort of assertion he himself would have made; nevertheless, coming from the outside, it stung. A man could scarcely spare both his world and his wife. So he cursed his helplessness, and listened intently for the slippered feet that so often stole to his door in the night. He would have driven her away with his coldness if she had come; yet he listened all night long.

The morning dawned in radiant summer beauty. Marlowe would have preferred to

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SHE ROSE AT ONCE, BUT HESITATED BESIDE HIM. "HAVE I TIRED YOU?" HER VOICE WAS TREMULOUS.

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sulk in his room, but his nurse inexorably moved him to the balcony, where he must lie facing the great, fresh sweep of the lawns, the pale gleam of the lake, the sparkling woods beyond muffling the little, rolling hills—all his, and he a log in the center of it. His spirit was very close to despair when at last a step in the room behind him jerked unpleasantly at his heart. It was Luty, in heavy boots and brown holland, her lacquered black hair in its unchanging pad at the back of her neck, her brown face sensibly cheerful.

"Great day, isn't it?" she commented.

"No," said Marlowe, letting his eyelids fall.

"No? Well, just as you like. Want a game of anything?"

"No—thank you."

She paused beside him. "Poor old Nicky, I don't wonder. I respect your sand, my boy, but if you want to spit it all out, just for once, don't mind me. It might do you good."

He was barely listening behind his closed lids, for his strained senses had heard another step coming down the hall. When it had crossed the threshold of his room, a savage impulse to hurt even as he was being hurt made him take Luty's brown, stubby hand and hold it against his lips.

"You are a joy, Luty," he said. "I don't know how to make it up to you for coming."

"Oh, rot!" said Luty cheerfully.

The step within had faltered and paused for an instant. When it came forward again, Marlowe dropped the hand and turned his face to the garden with a slight frown.

"Hello, here she is," said Luty.

Mrs. Marlowe wore a linen riding-habit, and a sailor hat wonderfully suited to the girlish curves of her face. Her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes showed an excited brilliancy.

"Good morning, everybody," she said gayly. "I hope you slept, Luty, with no ribbons to disturb you. Have your lunch up here with Nick if I am not back."

"Where are you going?" asked Luty, whose glance had passed curiously from Marlowe to his wife; their eyes had not met.

"Over the hills and far away," she said with a reckless laugh. "There is Jerome, now—doesn't he ride well!" And she leaned over the balcony rail to wave.

"Jerry!" exclaimed Luty, a note of dismay in her voice. "Why, he was leaving early this morning. He simply had to go."

"Oh, the de Vrieses persuaded him to stay with them a little longer, after all," was the careless explanation as Adair picked a flaming blossom and tossed it to the horseman beneath. "Good catch," she laughed. "I'll be right down, Jerry. Good-by, both of you. I am so glad you are here, Luty." She pinned another scarlet blossom to her coat and went away singing.

The two on the balcony said nothing until the voices below had died away. When Luty turned from the last glimpse of the riders, she found Marlowe smiling blackly.

"Poor Luty—to think we lured you away from the de Vrieses on a false basis," he said mockingly.

"Well, I am likely to see as much of him here as I should there," was the curt answer.

"And do you still feel that compassion you spoke of for the sufferings of white mice?"

"I don't know, I don't know! Shut up, Nick—I hate you when you look like that. I think I'll take a turn about the place, if you don't mind."

"Take one for me, too," urged Marlowe.

Adair did not ride very long, after all. The fever that fed her gayety soon burned low, away from the house, and she had to come back to revive it, or else slip down into the pit of dark misery that was always gaping for her. She kept Jerry for lunch, and summoned others by telephone for afternoon tea and dinner, so that she and Luty were not once alone together. Though she found occasion to flit past Marlowe's door many times, she did not visit him until she was dressed for dinner. His glance at her evening splendor ended in a faint, a very faint, smile, under which she stiffened and straightened. They were alone, and she named the dinner guests with no pretense at geniality.

"Should you like to see any of them?" she asked.

"Not if Luty will come up," he said deliberately.

"Very well, I will ask her." And she swept out of the room. Her anger needed no forcing now; she told herself she hated him.

Some of the guests stayed all night, and the next day she devoted herself feverishly to their amusement. Luty lunched up on the balcony with Marlowe, at his request, and their voices still came to Adair when at last she stood on the steps smiling good-by after her departing guests, several hours later. Marlowe laughed, the quick, amused laugh that only Luty could draw from him. Adair's hands clenched,

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and, turning abruptly, she went up to the balcony. The two made an interesting picture in the afternoon glow, framed in a glory of scarlet blossoms. Luty was handsome in her odd, brown fashion.

"Luty, you must be tired, sitting still all day," Adair began, proud of her obedient voice, that could speak so casually over hot flames. "Don't you want the horses or something?"

Luty considered, with a stretch and a glance at the golden-green reaches of wood and meadow.

"What are you going to do?" she asked. Her face fell at the answer:

"Oh, I am going out with Jerry in his little motor—unless Nick wants me?" Adair added with a faint smile.

"Not at all," said Marlowe.

"I thought it most unlikely." A little flame nearly burst through.

"I rejoice that you are having so good a time," he returned with abominable politeness.

"Yes, we are both fortunate. Luty has been just what you said she would be, a godsend. Good-by. I don't know when I shall be back, but I don't suppose it matters."

Luty's eyes followed her gravely as she hurried away.

"You must have done something rather awful to the first Mrs. Marlowe, Nicky," she said, after a long pause. "I think I'll go for a walk."

He did not answer, nor notice her departure. When, presently, a motor tooted remotely for the gates to be opened, he summoned his nurse and demanded irritably to be moved indoors.

Adair was not back at dinner-time, and after waiting half an hour Luty allowed a course or two to be placed in front of her, but soon rose impatiently, and, going down to the gates in the warm darkness, stood for a long time watching and listening. Then she went up to Marlowe.

"The usual breakdown, I suppose," she said cheerfully. "Shall I teach you double dummy bridge? It's loathsome."

"Then do, by all means," assented Marlowe.

They played listlessly for an hour, making innumerable blunders, which neither noticed; then, at the distant sound of a horn, their eyes met with a start that was a betrayal.

"They'll be hungry," said Luty practically, and stepped out on the balcony to watch the avenue. The horn sounded again, but more faintly; the dim vibration presently died away. When it was certain that nothing was coming up the drive, she returned to the room.

"It is after half past nine," she said casually. "They are probably coming home ignominiously behind two oxen."

"No doubt," said Marlowe, shuffling the cards with nervous fingers. "Suppose we play some more. It is, as you say, a loathsome game."

They laughed and fell to playing again, with forced spirits, and tense nerves for any sound without. Marlowe's attendant came, but was sharply sent away.

"Sleep till I ring for you, and tell the servants to go to bed," he commanded. "Mrs. Marlowe has been detained by a breakdown. It is your make, Luty."

"I suppose they were nowhere near a telephone," said Luty. "I make it without."

"Without—a card in your hand, I suppose," he supplemented, and they laughed tremendously.

When eleven o'clock struck, the cards fell suddenly from Marlowe's fingers.

"I believe in such cases it is customary to leave a farewell note on the bureau," he said with cold deliberateness. "You might go and look."

"Oh, don't!" she muttered, starting to her feet. "You know it's—nothing of the kind."

"Of course; we both know it. Yet since you gave me such a vivid sketch of Jerome's charms as a lover——"

"Don't!" she repeated. "He wouldn't. He's too square."

"Though she would, perhaps?"

Luty laid her arm on the mantelpiece, dropping her forehead on her wrist.

"Adair is off her head—straight crazy with unhappiness," she said slowly. "I've seen and felt it from the first moment. God knows what she wouldn't do if she were urged. Oh, these little, sweet, warm, stupid women!" She struck her clenched fist against the brick. "Why is it that men go mad over them? There's twenty times more to me than there is to her, and Jerry has brains enough to know it—and yet she has only to look at him and he's more in love with her than ever."

"Possibly it is because she does not care for him," suggested Marlowe, with a desperate effort to sound unconcerned. It was too successful; she answered with a flare of anger.

"She didn't care once. But if the colt had

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"I AM AFRAID, WHEN LOVE ONCE GETS REALLY GOING IN A WOMAN, IT CAN HARDLY BE—STOPPED. A MAN HURTS AND BRUISES AND CHECKS IT, BUT IT ALWAYS—READJUSTS ITSELF."

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done for you, my boy, she would have married him within a year."

He turned white, but he still held his voice in command. "No doubt it is a pity the colt was interrupted, then," he observed.

"A great pity, so far as those two are concerned," said Luty roughly.

"What would you suggest? Shall I gracefully put myself out of the way? An accident would be fairly easy in my state of being."

"Oh, don't talk rot! Self-sacrifice isn't your long suit."

"But you forget how I am changed and exalted by suffering. You were telling me about it the night you came—don't you remember?"

"Oh, be still, be still! Drop it—cut it out!" She turned on him passionately. "If you haven't a human heart yourself, at least remember that—" Through her angry misery the look on his face suddenly reached and smote her. She came swiftly across the room and stood beside him until at last his unwilling eyes were raised to hers.

"Oh, Nick, old chap! I'm sorry," she muttered. "I was an ass. I didn't understand."

"You spoke both truly and to the point," said Marlowe, still defensive in words, though his trouble stood forth nakedly in his eyes.

She sat down beside him, her head dropped on her palms, and they fell to rigid listening again. The night teemed with vague beginnings of sound that strung them to expectation but died away unexplained. A dog trotting past on the graveled drive brought Luty to her feet for a startled half-second. A breath of wind started a deceptive humming in the elms.

"I have always known with my mind that I hadn't a ghost of a show with Jerome," she said suddenly. "But just lately—oh, one can be such a fool!" He nodded, but made no answer. Ten minutes later a clock struck, a single, silvery note. It was half past eleven.

"I told her she bored me," said Marlowe. Luty drew a sharp breath, shivering.

"So that was it! You might better have knocked her down. Was it true?" she added presently.

"I thought so at the time. I have since learned better. I am, as you say, changing."

"No wonder she——"

A sound brought their eyes together for an instant. It increased rapidly and unmistakably, yet they pretended not to believe until there was a flash of lights on the drive.

"I will let her in," said Luty, and went downstairs.

Adair came in with a tired step, her face white but oddly impassive, as though she were beyond any possibility of emotion.

"I see that Nick's lights are lit," she said dully. "I hope he didn't stay up for me. Is it very late?" She paid no attention to the answer, going straight on up to her husband's room. His eyes turned to her with a look they had never worn before, but she did not seem to notice it.

"I am sorry you stayed up," she said, sinking down on a little straight chair and letting her hands drop in her lap. "It has been very dreadful. We—we hurt a child. It was miles away on the Ridge road, by a little wood-cutters' settlement. We—it wasn't our fault. The people saw that—oh, thank God, his mother saw that!" She sobbed nervously, with dry eyes. "He tried to dare us, poor little soul! They told us where the nearest doctor was, and Jerome flew for him. I tried to help with the boy. It was more than two hours before the doctor came. That dear mother—she was so forgiving! I could have died for her. The doctor worked over him hours, and we helped, Jerome and I. The child will be—crippled." She dropped her face into her hands, and neither Marlowe nor Luty had words to say to her. She seemed hopelessly remote from them. "Of course, we are going to look out for him, always," she went on presently, dragging herself to her feet. "Not just with money; we shall see that he gets a training that makes his life some good to him. We planned it all out on the way home. But it doesn't really make up. I am sorry if you were uneasy. It was too late to send word by the time we were back where there were telephones. Good-night."

"Don't you want something to eat?" Luty asked awkwardly.

"No. I had things there," she said, and went away without a glance at either of them. After a hesitating look at Marlowe, Luty also went without comment.

The moments seemed unbearable hours to Marlowe until his attendant had left him in merciful darkness. Truly, as Luty had said, he was at last facing discipline; and of all the blows fate had dealt him, not one had cut like that unconscious recurrent "we" of his wife's narrative. "We"—she and the man who loved her; "we" who were to take charge of this child's future. There had been no

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acting in her aloofness to-night. No; he had persistently driven her away from him until at last she had accepted it and gone. And the strange thing was that, over all his misery for himself, he was suddenly, desperately sorry for her. He lay facing that new vision of her—of the pathos of what she had borne in her marriage and was still to bear—until the pain grew intolerable, and he dragged himself up on one elbow, looking wildly about in the darkness for some way out of it all. There would be no self-sacrifice in throwing away this wretched remnant of a life, and surely it was the least he could do for her. He lit his dim night light and mechanically looked at the time—four o'clock. Then his haggard eyes searched for the means, and found it in his medicine-chest. His hand was perfectly steady as he chose a bottle and held it up to the light to see how much it held. There was enough; and the event would pass for the usual accidental overdose.

"This isn't being noble or self-immolating or any of that rot," he muttered, reaching for a glass. "It is simply a short cut out of a very bad scrape, for me. If Adair profits by it, of course I am not sorry. And—I wish her better luck next time, that's all," he concluded, uncorking the bottle. Then he started violently, for the door was softly opening. He had barely time to hide the bottle behind a pile of books before Adair looked in.

"I saw your light and I was afraid you were suffering," she said, coming across to his side. She had a way of braiding her hair in two plaits that fell over her ears, making a brown frame for the rounded sweetness of her face; it was flushed with sleep now, and she held her white dressing-gown about her as though she had been too hurried to fasten it. "I woke up suddenly—frightened about you," she confessed.

"Why 'frightened'?" he asked impersonally. "If something did—happen to me, as they call it, it would be the greatest blessing that could befall you."

"No," she said.

"You are not going to pretend that you still care for me?" The question sounded mocking, and her lip trembled, but after a moment she answered him steadily:

"I am afraid, when love once gets really going in a woman, it can hardly be—stopped. I've thought about it a great deal. A man hurts and bruises and checks it, but it always—readjusts itself, some way, and goes on. Girls say, 'I couldn't love a man who did this or that.' But they would, if they once got really going. I'm sorry, but it's true."

"But think, Adair!" He spoke vehemently. "You might have a live man, who knew how to love you, instead of a peevish log who——"

"No, no!" Her voice rose sharply.

"You still want me, you poor child?"

"Oh, Nick, don't you *know?*"

He held out his arms to her, with passionate satisfaction that they were strong arms still.

"Passing the love of women," he murmured. "You are making a bad bargain, my Adair."

She pressed her cheek closer to his for answer. From the garden and the elms came the first faint stirrings of dawn.

WINGS

By ARTHUR STRINGER

O BOBOLINK, meadow-lark, swallow, and swift,
To soar as you sing is your godlier gift!
But we who are held by an earthlier chain
To the dust that the winnowing wing may disdain,
We follow each path that your pinions have sought,
All the heights that we lost, all the freedom forgot,
And out of our durance a sorrow is born,
And out of our sorrow a music is torn,
And out of our music, lo, wakens and swings
The Soul that is swifter and lighter than wings!

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The NE'ER-DO-WELL

by

REX · BEACH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY AND ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENTS

"All the young fellow's good for is to spend money": This is the opinion of Kirk Anthony held by the public and his own father at the opening of the story. The son of a millionaire railway man, young Anthony had elected, upon his graduation from Yale, to remain there as football coach rather than to accept the career his father offered him.

After a great football victory he starts out, with the boon companions whom his father so dislikes, for an all-night celebration in New York restaurants. When the group has thinned down to half a dozen, Higgins—Anthony's closest friend—introduces one Jefferson Locke, from Missouri. Locke, claiming that he is being followed for his money, offers to play host to the company if they will stay with him till he sails, the following morning. When things are at their gayest, a waiter tells Locke that there is a man outside who wants to borrow coat and apron in order to get into the room in disguise. Anthony immediately proposes to impersonate Locke, and when the pseudo-waiter enters, Anthony and the rest jump on him. In the midst of the struggle, Higgins, half drunk by this time, fells the intruder with a bottle, and the group is sobered by the shock of the discovery that he is a plain-clothes man. The proprietor, in response to certain yellow-backed bills of Locke's, agrees to "fix" things, and the celebrators continue their restaurant rounds. At dawn Locke persuades Higgins, now quite irresponsible, to help him put through, as a practical joke, a plan for sending Anthony off, penniless, on a steamer bound for Panama—the point of the joke being to make Anthony work, and the point of the plot apparently being to divert pursuit and suspicion from Locke. As a result, the next day Anthony wakes up, very sick and bewildered, on a ship, where he finds himself known as Jefferson Locke. In the course of a day or two Kirk meets the Cortlandts, who are in the diplomatic service in Panama, and a friendship grows up between him and Mrs. Cortlandt, a woman of charm and intellectual power, some years Kirk's senior. When they land at Colon, Kirk is forced to appeal to Weeks, the American consul. Weeks cables Kirk's father, and takes care of the young man for a week. But the elder Anthony's message, when it comes, pronounces Kirk an impostor, and Weeks, furious, throws his guest out. That evening, in a public park, Kirk comes upon a young Jamaican negro, Allan Allan, who is also homeless, and the two start out together in search of food. On the way, they are involved in the excited commotion of a fire, and Kirk, impatient at the incompetence of the firemen, takes a hand. In an attempt to resist interference, he turns a hose on an official, who, it happens, is the commandant of police. Thereupon, both Kirk and Allan are arrested, thrown into jail, and brutally treated. The English consul secures Allan's release, but Weeks refuses to get Kirk out; eventually, Allan reaches the Cortlandts, at Panama, and, despite her husband's protest on the ground of political expediency, Mrs. Cortlandt insists on hastening to Colon and rescuing Kirk. A few days later, when Kirk is the Cortlandts' guest, he gets an unsigned letter, evidently from his father, indicating that the police authorities are looking for him, and refusing all aid unless Kirk can "make a man of himself." Kirk at once tells Mrs. Cortlandt the whole situation, and, with the promise of her influence, decides to go to work on the Canal.

CHAPTER XI—The Truth About Mrs. Cortlandt

EDITH CORTLANDT was not the sort to permit delay. At lunch she introduced Kirk to the Master of Transportation of the Panama Railroad, saying:

"Mr. Runnels has offered to take you out through the Cut this afternoon—and explain the work to you."

Runnels, a straight, well-set-up, serious young man, bent a searching look upon Kirk, as he said, "Mrs. Cortlandt tells me you're going to be one of us."

"Yes."

The Master of Transportation took in the applicant fully, then nodded his head as if pleased with his inspection. "That's good."

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Anthony was drawn to the speaker instantly, for there was no affectation about him. He was straightforward and open, little given to the kind of small talk that serves in so many cases to conceal character. He produced the effect of a busy and forceful man; one could feel energy radiating from him, and his voice had a ring of authority. Like every one down here who was doing something, he talked of little besides the Big Job, even when Mr. Cortlandt joined the trio. As the two younger men rose to leave, Edith playfully admonished him to teach his protégé the entire detail of the railroad business and have him back in time for dinner, to which he agreed.

"She's wonderful," Runnels remarked a moment later, as he and Kirk descended the hotel steps together. "She told Colonel Jolson he'd just have to find you a position, and I have been delegated to show you about."

"You don't say. I supposed there were plenty of openings."

"Not good ones. However, she usually gets what she wants. If I'm not a good guide you must put it down to inexperience."

"The Cortlandts seem to have considerable influence, for outsiders. I thought I'd have to begin at the bottom."

Runnels glanced at his companion quickly. "Outsiders! You don't call them outsiders?"

"I never quite figured out who they are. Funny, by the way, how everybody says 'they' in referring to them."

"Oh, she's the whole team. Cortlandt's a nice fellow—but— Did you really think that she'd let you start at the bottom?"

"Why, yes."

"I guess you don't know her."

"You're right, I do not."

"Well, she knows everybody and everything in this country. She's the whole Diplomatic Service. Take the Colombian trouble, for instance——"

"What trouble?"

"When Panama seceded. She manipulated that, or at least Steve Cortlandt did under her direction. She was the brains of the whole affair, however, and those New York lawyers merely did what she told them. It was one of the cleverest exploits on record. Colombia wouldn't let us build the Canal, so Panama seceded. War was declared, but the United States interfered in time to prevent bloodshed. One Chinaman was killed, I believe, by dropping a flatiron on his toe, or something, and by the time the excitement had died out, we had begun digging. She knows Central America like the palm of her hand. When she says Kirk Anthony wants a position, we hirelings jump about and see that he gets it. Oh, you'll have any job you want."

"Well!" The recipient of this good news congratulated himself silently. "I wish you'd tell me something more about her."

"There isn't time just now; our motor is waiting. But we have the whole afternoon ahead of us."

The two passed through the railroad gates and took their places in the little car. When they were under way, Runnels went on, "I'm supposed to show you this end of the work and tell you what it all means."

"Then please start at the beginning. You see, I probably know less about it than anybody living."

"Of course you know the general layout?"

"I tell you I don't know a thing. There's no use four-flushing."

Runnels smiled at this candor. "Well, the ditch will be about fifty miles long, and, roughly speaking, the work is in three parts —the dredging and harbor-building at sea-level on each end of the Canal, the lock-work, and the excavations on the upper levels. That dam you saw building at Gatun will form a lake about thirty miles long—quite a fish-pond, eh? When a westbound ship arrives, for instance, it will be raised through the Gatun locks, three of them, and then sail along eighty-five feet above the ocean, across the lake, and into a channel dug right through the hills, until it reaches the locks at Pedro Miguel. Then it will be lowered to a smaller lake five miles long, then down again to the level of the Pacific. An eastbound ship will reverse the process. Get the idea?"

"Sure. It sounds easy."

"Oh, it's simple enough. That's what makes it so big. We've been working at it five years, and it will take five years more to complete it. Before we began, the French had spent about twenty years on the job. Now a word, so you will have the general scheme of operation in your head. The whole thing is run by the Isthmian Canal Commission—six men, most of whom are at war with each other. There are really two

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railroad systems—the I. C. C., built to haul dirt and rock and to handle materials in and out of the workings, and the Panama Railroad, which was built years ago during the California gold rush and bought by our Government at the time of that terrible revolution I told you about. The latter is a regular system—hauls passengers and freight, but the two work together. You will start in with the P. R. R., Mr. Anthony, under my despotic sway."

"I know a little about railroading."

"So much the better. There's a big railroad man by your name in the States. Are you related?"

"I believe so," Kirk answered quietly. "Go ahead with the lesson."

"The Canal Zone is a strip of land ten miles wide running across the Isthmus—really an American colony, you know, for we govern it, police it, and all that. As for the work itself, well, the fellows at the two ends of the Canal are dredging night and day to complete their part, the lock builders are laying concrete like mad to get their share done first, the chaps in the big Cut are boring through the hills like moles and breaking steam-shovel records every week, while we railroad men take care of the whole shooting match. Of course there are other departments—sanitary, engineering, commissary, and so forth—all doing their share; but that is the general scheme. Everybody is trying to break records. We don't think of anything except our own business. Each fellow believes the fate of the Canal depends upon him. We've lost interest in everything except this ditch, and, while we realize that there is such a place as Home, it has become merely a spot where we spend our vacations. They have wars and politics and theatres and divorces out there somewhere, but we don't care. We've lost step with the world, we've dropped out. When the newspapers come, the first thing we look for is the Panama news. We're obsessed by this job. Even the women and children feel it—you'll feel it as soon as you become a cog in the machine. Polite conversation at dinner is limited to tons of rock and yards of concrete. Oh, but I'm tired of this concrete talk."

"Try the abstract for a change."

"It's interesting at first, then it gets tiresome. Lord! It's fierce."

"The work, too?"

"Everything! Every day you do the same thing; every day you see the same faces, hear the same talk; even the breeze blows from the same direction all the time, and the temperature stays at the same mark winter and summer. Every time you go out you see the same coach-drivers, the same Spiggoty policemen leaning against the same things; every time you come in you eat the same food, drink the same liquor, sit in the same chair, and talk about the same topics. Everything runs too smoothly. The weather is too damned nice. The thermometer lacks originality. We're too comfortable. Climate like that gets on a white man's nerves; he needs physical discomfort to make him contented. I'd give a forty-dollar dog to be good and cold and freeze my nose. Why, Dr. Gorgas has made us so sanitary that we can't even get sick. I'd hail an epidemic as a friend.

"It's even harder on the women folks," he went on, "for they can't find anything to kick about, so they fuss with each other and with us. They have clubs, you know, to improve things, but there's nothing to improve. We had a social war recently over a button. One clique wanted a club emblem that would cost a dollar and a half, while the other faction was in favor of a dollar button. I tell you, it was serious. Then, too, we're all tagged and labeled like cans of salmon with the price mark on—we can't four-flush. You can tell a man's salary by the number of rocking-chairs in his house, and the wife of a fellow who draws eighteen hundred a year can't associate with a woman whose husband makes twenty-five hundred. They are very careful about such things. We go to the same dances on the same dates, we dance with the same people to the same tunes by the same band, and when we get off in some corner of the same veranda in search of the same old breeze, which we know is blowing at precisely the same velocity from the usual quarter, our partners tell us that Colonel So-and-So laid four hundred and twenty-seven more cubic yards of concrete this week than last, or that Steam-shovel No. 23 broke the record again by eighty yards. It's hell!" He stopped, breathless.

"Why don't you quit?" suggested Anthony.

"Quit! What for? Good Lord, we *like* it. Here we are at Pedro Miguel, by the way. We'll be into the Cut shortly."

To his left Anthony beheld another scene somewhat similar to the one at Gatun.

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NOWHERE ON THE CANAL WAS THERE ANY IDLENESS, NOWHERE A COLD MACHINE OR A MAN AT REST.

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Other movable steel cranes, with huge, wide-flung arms, rose out of another chasm in which were extensive concrete workings. From a distance, the towers resembled parts of a half-constructed cantilever bridge of tremendous height. Another army was toiling at the bottom of the pit, more cars shunted back and forth, more rock-crushers rumbled; but before Kirk's eye had photographed more than a small part, the motor-car had sped past and was rolling out upon a bridge spanning the Canal itself. To the northward appeared an opening, cut through the hills, and Runnels said simply:

"Culebra!"

A moment later he announced: "We leave the P. R. R. tracks here and switch in on the I. C. C. Now you'll begin to see something."

Down into the Cut the little car went, and at last Anthony saw the active, pulsating heart of this stupendous undertaking. The low range was severed by a gorge blasted out by human hands. It was a mountain valley in the making. High up on its sides were dirt and rock trains; dozens of compressed-air drills, their spars resembling the masts of a fleet of catboats at anchor; behind these, grimy, powerful steam-shovels which rooted and grunted quite like iron hogs. Along the tracks at various levels flowed a constant current of traffic; long lines of empty cars crept past the shovels, then, filled to overflowing, sped away northward up the valley, to return again and again. Nowhere was there any idleness, nowhere a cold machine or a man at rest. On every hand was smoke and steam and sweat. The drills chugged steadily, the hungry iron hogs gouged out the trails the drills had loosened, the trains rolled past at intervals of a moment or so. Lines of electric wire, carried upon low wooden "shears," paralleled the tracks, bearing the white-hot sparks that rent the mountain. At every switch a negro flagman crouched beneath a slanting sheet of corrugated iron, seeking shelter alike from flying fragments and the blazing sun. From beneath the drills came occasional subterranean explosions; then geysers of muddy water rose in the air. Under the snouts of the steam-shovels "dobe" shots went off as boulders were riven into smaller fragments. Now and then an excited tooting of whistles gave warning of a bigger blast, as the flagmen checked the flow of traffic, indicating with arms upraised that the ground was "coming up." Thereupon a brief lull occurred; men hid themselves, the work held its breath, as it were. But while the detonations still echoed, and before the flying missiles had ceased to shower, the human ants were moiling at their hills once more, the wheels were turning again, the jaws of the iron hogs were clanking.

Through this upheaval the motor-car penetrated, dodging trains of "flats," which moved sluggishly to afford passage, up and down over the volcanic furrows at the bottom of the gorge or along some shelf beneath which the foundations were being dug. At times a shovel reached out its five-yard steel jaw and gently cleared the rails of débris, or boosted some boulder from the path with all the skill of a giant hand and fingers. Up and down the cañon rolled spasmodic rumblings, like broadsides from a fleet of battleships.

"Somebody with a head for figures has estimated what it costs the Government to send a motor-car like this through the Cut in working hours," Runnels said. "I don't remember the exact amount, but it was some hundreds of dollars."

"Delays to trains, I suppose?"

"Yes. A minute here, thirty seconds there. Every second means a certain number of cubic yards unremoved, and holds back the opening of the Canal just so much. You have postponed a great event several minutes, Mr. Anthony."

"It's the first important thing I ever did."

"Our little nine-mile trip will cost Uncle Sam more than a brace of tickets from New York to 'Frisco and back again, including Pullman and traveling expenses."

Mile after mile the sightseers rolled on, past scenes of never-varying activity—past more shovels, more groups of drills, more dirt-trains, more regiments of men—Runnels explaining, Kirk marveling until he was forced to exclaim:

"I had no idea it was so big. It doesn't seem as if they'd ever finish it."

"Oh, we'll finish it, if we're let alone. Every year, you know, we receive a batch of senators and congressmen who come down to inspect and report. Sometimes they spend as much as a week on the job, and frequently learn to distinguish which is the Gatun Dam and which the Culebra Cut, but not always. Some of them don't know yet. Nevertheless, they return to Washington

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and tell us how to proceed. Having discovered that the Panama climate is good and the wages high, they send down all their relatives. It's too bad Colonel Gorgas did away with the yellow fever. You see, there is too much politics in it; we never know how long our jobs will last. If some senator whose vote is needed on an administration matter wanted my position for his wife's brother he could get it. Suppose the president of the Clock-winders' Union wanted to place his half-sister's husband with the P. R. R. He'd call at the White House and make his request. If he were refused, he'd threaten to call a strike of his union and stop every clock on the Isthmus. He'd get the job all right."

"Of course that is an exaggeration."

"Not at all. The thing has been done, is being done right along. The half-sister's husband comes down here and takes a job away from some fellow who may be entitled to promotion."

"I suppose I'm an example."

Runnels looked at him squarely before answering. "You are," said he, "although I wasn't thinking of you when I spoke. It's something we all feel, however."

Anthony flushed as he answered: "I don't remember ever taking anything I wasn't entitled to, and I didn't think when I was shoved in here that I'd shove some other fellow out."

"That's about what will happen. The good positions are filled by good men, for the most part, but Mrs. Cortlandt has asked it, and you're elected. You don't mind my frankness, I hope?"

"Certainly not. I just didn't happen to look at it in this light." Kirk felt a vivid sense of discomfort as the keen eyes of his companion dwelt upon him. "As a matter of fact, I dare say I don't need a good job half as badly as some of these married fellows. I suppose there is room at the bottom and a chap can work up?"

"If he has it in him."

"I think I'll start there."

"Oh, come now," laughed the Master of Transportation, "that sort of thing isn't done. You have the chance, and you'd be foolish to let it slip. I don't blame you. I'd do the same under the circumstances. It's merely a condition we've all got to face."

"Just the same, I don't like the idea. I'd feel uncomfortable if I met some capable fellow whom I'd robbed of his chance. It's hard work to be uncomfortable, and I don't like hard work, you know."

Runnels shook his head doubtfully, as if questioning the genuineness of this attitude.

"I'm afraid you're a poor business man," he said.

"Rotten!" Kirk admitted. "But I've an idea I can make good if I try."

"If you feel that way, I certainly will help you," said the other, warmly. "Of course, I'll try to help you, anyhow, but—I like your spirit. With Mrs. Cortlandt to back me up, I'll see you go forward as fast as you deserve."

By this time they were out of the Cut and once more upon the main line at Bas Obispo, heading back toward the Pacific.

"You asked me to tell you something about her," Runnels continued.

"Yes."

"I'm not sure my information is entirely correct, but, knowing who she is, I think I understand why she is in Panama. It is politics—big politics. The Spiggoties have an election next year, and it is necessary to get our wires well laid before it comes off. General Alfarez will probably be the next President."

"Alfarez! Not Ramón?"

"His father. You know we Americans occupy a peculiar position here, set down as we are in the midst of an alien people who hate us. Oh, they hate us all right—all except a few of the better class."

"Why?"

"There are a good many reasons. For one thing, there's a sort of racial antipathy. You don't like them, do you? Well, they don't like you either, and the same feeling exists from Mexico to Patagonia, although it is strongest in these regions. It is partly the resentment of an inferior race, I suppose. Then, too, when we stole Panama we made the Colombians sore, and all Central America besides, for they realized that once we Yankees got a foothold here, we'd hang on and not only dominate this country but all the neighboring republics as well. That's just what we're beginning to do; that's why the Cortlandts are here. The stage is clearing for a big political drama, Mr. Anthony, which may mean the end of Latin Central America."

"I had gathered something of the sort—but I had no idea there was so much in it."

"The United States must protect its Canal, and to that end it is building 'stone

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quarries' on Ancon Hill which are really fortifications. American capital is coming in here, too, and in order to protect the whole thing we must dominate Panama itself. Once that is done, all the countries between here and the Texas border will begin to feel our influence. Why, Costa Rica is already nothing but a fruit-farm owned by a Boston corporation. Of course, nobody can forecast the final result, but the Mexicans, the Hondurans, the Guatemalans, and the others have begun to feel it, and that's why the anti-American sentiment is constantly growing. You don't read much about it in the papers, but just live here for a while and you'll find out."

"Oh, I have," Kirk acknowledged dryly. "But we don't want these jungle countries."

"That's where you're wrong. By and by we'll need room to expand, and when that time comes we'll move south, not north or west. Tropical America is richer than all our great Northwest, and we'll grab it sooner or later. Meanwhile, our far-sighted Government is smoothing the way, and there's nobody better fitted for the preliminary work than Mr. Stephen Cortlandt, of Washington, D. C., husband and clerk of the smartest woman in the business of chaperoning administrations."

"Oh, see here, now; Cortlandt is more than a clerk."

"He's an errand boy. He knows it, she knows it, and a few other people know it. He's the figurehead behind which she works. She's a rich woman, she loves the game—her father was the greatest diplomat of his time, you know—and she married Cortlandt so she could play it. Any other man would have served as well, though I've heard that he showed promise before she blotted him out and absorbed him. But now he's merely her power of attorney."

Anthony pursed his lips into a whistle of astonishment. As usual, he reflected, his judgment had been strictly college-made.

"It's been a good thing for him," Runnels ran on, evidently warmed to his subject. "She's made his reputation; he has money and position. For my part, I'd rather remain insignificant and have a real wife, even if she did have hysterics over a club button."

"Don't they love each other?"

"Nobody knows. She's carved out of ice, and as for him, well, gratitude is a good deal like rust; in time it destroys the thing it clings to. I suppose I'm talking too much, but others would tell you the same things. I consider her the smartest woman I ever met, and I admire her immensely. You are mighty fortunate to be her friend. She'll force you to the top in spite of yourself."

"I'm not sure I like that. It doesn't sound good."

"Oh, don't misconstrue what I've said," Runnels hastened to add. "She isn't that sort."

"I didn't mean that," said Kirk briefly, and lapsed into a silence from which he roused only to discuss the details of his coming work.

It was with quite a different eye that he looked upon his host and hostess that evening. To his genuine liking for the latter was now added a worshipful admiration and a boyish gratification at her regard which rather put her at a distance. When she questioned him on their way to the plaza for the band concert, later in the evening, he told her of his trip and of Runnels's kindness.

"It's all settled," said he. "I'm going to work in a few days as train collector."

"What?" Mrs. Cortlandt turned upon him sharply. "Runnels didn't offer you that sort of position?" Her eyes were dark with indignation. Kirk promptly came to the defense of his new friend.

"No, I asked for it."

"Oh, I see. Well, he will do much better by you than that."

"I don't want anything better to start with."

"But, my dear boy, a collector is merely a conductor. He takes tickets."

"Sure! I can *do* that. I might fail at something hard."

"No, no, no! I'll see that you don't fail. Don't you understand?"

"I understand a lot more than I did, Mrs. Cortlandt. That's why I don't want to rob some chap of a job he's entitled to, and I sha'n't. There's a collector quitting shortly."

She stared at him curiously for a moment before inquiring: "Is that really the reason, or do you think the work will be easier?"

Kirk stirred uncomfortably. "Oh, I'm not trying to dodge anything," he maintained. "On the contrary, the most amazing thing has happened—something I can't quite understand. I—I really want to

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SLOWLY HE PICKED HIS WAY ASHORE WHILE SHE CLUNG TO HIM.

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work. Funny, isn't it? I didn't know people ever got that way, but—I'd like to help build this Canal."

"But a *conductor!* Why, you're a gentleman."

"My dad was a brakeman."

"Don't be foolish. Runnels talks too much. He'll offer you something better than that."

"The high-salaried positions are well filled now, and most of the fellows are married."

"A new position will be created."

But Kirk was obdurate. "I'd prefer to start in as confidential adviser to the Canal Commission, of course, but I'd be a 'frost' and my father would say 'I told you so.' I must make good for his sake, even if it's only counting cars or licking postage-stamps. Besides, it isn't exactly the square thing to take money for work that somebody else does for you. When a man tried for the Yale team he had to play football, no matter who his people were. If some capable chap were displaced to put in an incapable fellow like me, he'd be sore and so would his friends; then I'd have to lick them. We'd have a fine scrap, because I couldn't stand being pointed out as a dub. No, I'll go in through the gate and pay my admission."

"Do you realize that you can't live at the Tivoli?"

"I hadn't thought about that, but I'll live where the other fellows do."

"No more good dinners, no drives and little parties like this."

"Oh, now, you won't cut me out just because I pull bell-cords and you pull diplomatic wires? Remember one of our champion pugilists was once a sailor."

Mrs. Cortlandt laughed with a touch of annoyance.

"It is utterly ridiculous, and I can't believe you are in earnest."

"I am, though. If I learn to be a good conductor, I'd like to step up. I'm young; I can't go back to New York; there's plenty of time for promotion."

"Oh, you'll have every chance," she declared. "But I think a few weeks in cap and buttons will cure you of this quixotic sentiment. Meanwhile I must admit it is refreshing." She stared unseeingly at the street lights for a moment, then broke out as a new thought occurred to her: "But see here, Kirk, don't the collectors live in Colon?"

"I don't know," he replied, startled and flattered by her first use of his given name.

"I'll look it up to-morrow. You know I —Mr. Cortlandt and I will be in Panama, and I prefer to have you here. You see, we can do more for you." A little later she broke into a low laugh. "It seems strange to go driving with a conductor!"

As they reclined against the padded seat of their coach, lulled by the strains of music that came to them across the crowded plaza, and argued their first difference, it struck the young man that Edith Cortlandt was surprisingly warm and human for a woman of ice. He fully felt her superiority, yet he almost forgot it in the sense of cordial companionship she gave him.

CHAPTER XII

A NIGHT AT TABOGA

DESPITE his great contentment in Mrs. Cortlandt's society, Kirk found himself waiting with growing impatience for his active duties to begin. There was a restlessness in his mood, moreover, which his desire to escape from a situation of rather humiliating dependence could not wholly explain. Curiously enough, this feeling was somehow connected with the thought of Edith herself. Why this should be so, he did not trouble to inquire. They had become the best of good friends, he told himself—a consummation for which he had devoutly wished—yet for some indefinable reason he was dissatisfied. He did not know that their moment of perfect, unspoiled companionship had come and gone that evening in the plaza.

Every relation into which sentiment enters at all has its crisis or turning-point, though it may pass unobserved. Perhaps they are happiest who heed it least. Certainly, morbid self-analysis was the last fault of which Kirk could be accused. If he had a rule of action, it was simply to behave naturally, and, so far, experience had justified him in the belief that behaving naturally always brought him out right in the end.

He decided that he needed exercise and determined to take a tramp through the country; but on the evening before the day he had set for his excursion, his plans were upset by a note from Mrs. Cortlandt, which the clerk handed him:

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DEAR KIRK: Stephen has arranged an outing for all three of us, and we are counting on you for to-morrow. It will be a really, truly picnic, with all the delightful discomforts of such affairs. You are not to know where we are going until we call for you at eight.

Faithfully and mysteriously yours,
EDITH CORTLANDT.

The recipient of this invitation tossed it aside with a gesture of impatience. For the moment he experienced a kind of boyish resentment at having his intentions thwarted, a resentment that seemed out of proportion to the cause. Whether he would have felt the same if Edith's husband were not to be one of the party, was a question that did not occur to him. At all events, the emotion soon passed, and he rose the next morning feeling that an outing with the Cortlandts would be as pleasant a diversion for the day as any other.

Promptly at eight, Edith appeared upon the hotel porch. She was alone.

"Where's Mr. Cortlandt?" Kirk inquired.

"Oh, some men arrived last night from Bocas del Toro and telephoned that they must see him to-day on a matter of importance."

"Then he's coming later?"

"I hardly think so. I was terribly disappointed, so he told me to go without him. Now, I shall have to make up to you for his absence, if I am able."

"That's the sort of speech," Kirk laughed, "that doesn't leave a fellow any nice answer. I'm sorry he couldn't come, of course, and awfully glad you did. Now, what is to be the scene of our revel?"

"Taboga!" she said, with eyes sparkling. "You've never been there, but it's perfectly gorgeous. Please call a coach: our boat is waiting. . . . And don't sit on the lunch."

Kirk obeyed, and they went clattering down the deserted brick street. Edith leaned back with a sigh.

"I'm so glad to get away from that hotel for a day. You've no idea how hard it is to be forever entertaining a lot of people you care nothing about, or being entertained by people you detest. I've smiled and smirked and cooed until I'm sick; I want to scowl and grind my teeth and roar."

"Runnels tells me it's politics."

"Yes, indeed; we don't dare talk about it. If you only knew it, Kirk, you've capsized the political calculations of the Panama Conservative party."

"I didn't know I had ever even rocked the boat."

"Your affair with Ramón started something serious." She glanced toward the coach-driver, suggesting the need of reticence.

"Really, did that affect national politics?"

"Rather. At any rate, it gives an excuse for setting things in motion. There has been some doubt about the matter for a long time, and I am only too glad to exert my influence in the right direction, but—this is a picnic to an enchanted island, and here we are talking politics! We mustn't be so serious. School is out and it's vacation. I want to romp and play and get my face dirty."

Kirk readily fell in with her mood, and by the time they reached the water front they were laughing like two children. Down through a stone arch they went and out upon a landing beneath the sea-wall. In front of them the placid waters of the bay were shimmering. A myriad small boats thronged the harbor. There were coasting steamers, launches, sailboats, skiffs, and canoes. Along the shore above the tide-line were rows of schooners fashioned from gigantic tree trunks and capable of carrying many tons, all squatting upon the mud, their white sails raised to dry like the outstretched wings of resting sea-gulls.

The landing was thronged, and at sight of the newcomers loiterers gathered from all sides—a pirate throng, shouting a dozen dialects and forcing Kirk to battle lustily for the luggage. Stepping into a skiff, they were rowed to a launch, and a few moments later were gliding swiftly around the long rock-rib that guards the harbor, a copper-hued bandit at the wheel, a Nubian giant at the engine, and an evil, yellow-faced desperado sprawling upon the forward deck.

Looking back, they saw the city spread out in brilliant panorama, clear and beautiful in the morning radiance. Packed and dense it lay, buttressed by the weather-stained ramparts which legend says were built by the women while their husbands were at war, and backed by the green heights of Ancon, against which the foreign houses nestled. Set in the foreground, like an ivory carving, was the Government

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Theatre, while away beyond it loomed the Tivoli.

Noting armed sentinels pacing the sea-wall at a certain spot, Kirk called his companion's attention to them.

"That's Chiriqui Prison, isn't it?" he asked.

"Yes. They say some of the dungeons are almost under the sea. It must be a terrible place."

"I've developed a morbid interest in jails," he remarked. "I'm quite an authority on them. I think, however, I won't experiment with this one. I don't like the view."

"Yes, it's an unhealthy spot, according to all accounts. I'm sure you'd get rheumatism, at least. By the way, do you notice the thickness of those walls? They say that a king of Spain was seen standing at his palace window one day staring anxiously toward the west. When a courtier presumed to ask him what he was looking at, he said, 'I am searching for those costly walls of Panama. They ought to be visible even from here.' They cost ten million dollars, you know, when dollars were worth a good deal more than they are now. Look! There's Taboga."

Following her gaze, Kirk beheld a mountain of amethyst rising out of the bay. Behind them the shores stretched away into misty distances, while low mountains, softened by a delicate purple, rolled up from the jungle plain. Ahead of them the turquoise waters were dotted by islets whose heights were densely overgrown, while sands of coral whiteness ringed their shore lines. Here and there a fleet of fishing boats drifted. Far out in the roadstead lay two cruisers, slate-gray and grim. The waters overside purled soothingly, the heavens beamed, the breeze was like a gentle caress. The excursionists lost themselves in silent enjoyment.

Even before they had come to anchor, a dozen boatmen were racing for them and crying for their patronage. At the water's edge they saw a tiny village nestled close against the mountains, its tiled roofs rust-red and grown to moss, its walls faded by wind and weather to delicate mauves and dove colors and greens impossible to describe. Up against the slope a squat adobe chapel sat, while just beyond reach of the tide was a funny little pocket-size plaza, boasting a decrepit fountain and an iron fence eaten by the salt. Backing it all was a marvelous verdure, tipped up on edge, it seemed, and cleared in spots for pine-apples.

The launch, when it came to rest, seemed suspended in air, and beneath it lay an entrancing sea-garden. Once the engine had stopped its clatter, a sleepy, peaceful silence settled over the harbor, unbroken by wheel or whistle, for in Taboga no one works and there are no vehicles.

"What a wonderful place!" exclaimed the young man fervently. "Why, it's like a dream—it can't be real!" Then, as the boatmen renewed their begging, "I wonder which barge gentleman I had better hire."

"Take the little boy, please." Edith called to an urchin who was manfully struggling with a pair of oars twice his own length, whereupon the older boatmen began to shove off with many scowls and much grumbling.

"Our choice has offended these genial bandits," Kirk observed as he helped her to a seat. "When shall we tell the lad to bring us off?"

"Four o'clock," answered Mrs. Cortlandt. "I arranged with the captain to be ready at that hour, so, you see, we have the whole day ahead of us."

Across the limpid shallows they glided, bravely propelled by their nine-year-old oarsman; but when the bow of their skiff grated upon the bottom they were still some yards from the shore.

"Looks as if we'd have to wade," said Kirk, then called to one of the near-by boatmen to lend the child a hand. But the fellow replied gruffly in some unintelligible jargon.

"He says he carries *his* passengers ashore in his arms," Edith translated.

"Really? Competition is spirited even on this heavenly isle. Well, that's easy!" Anthony untied his low shoes, kicked them off, and rolled up his trousers.

"Permit me to help you," he said, "without embarrassing our pilot."

She stood up and allowed him to gather her in his arms. Then for the first time she felt his strength as her body leaned to his. Slowly he picked his way ashore while she clung to him, her arm about his neck, her smooth cheek almost brushing his. A faint, intoxicating perfume she used affected him strangely, increasing the poignant sense of her nearness; a lock of her hair

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caressed him. When he deposited her gently upon her feet, he saw that her face had gone white and that she was trembling.

"Did I hurt you?" he asked quickly.

"Oh, no!" she answered, but as she turned away he saw her breathe as if for the first time since he had taken her up.

His own face was glowing as he waded back to fetch the lunch-basket and his footgear. Under the circumstances, he had done the only natural, the only possible thing, yet it had queerly perturbed them both. There was an artificial note in their voices as they mounted to the village, and unconsciously they avoided each other's glances.

A narrow, crooked street, fronted by old stone houses, opened before them, and the many tints they had seen from a distance became more pronounced. Even the rough flags and cobbles underfoot were of a faint lichen gray, chrome yellow, or pink, as if painted at the cost of infinite labor. Out of dark, open doorways peered swarthy faces; naked bronze children scampered away on fat legs at their approach, and in one house were a number of cassocked priests droning in Spanish. Everywhere was the same slumbrous content, the same peaceful buzz of bees and birds and soft-toned human voices.

The two visitors explored the village, even to the quaint, tawdry chapel, with its impossible blues and rusted gilt, and noon found them eager to investigate the contents of their lunch basket. Taking a random path up the hill, they came at last to a spring of cool water, and here they spread their meal under a mango tree bent beneath tons of fruit.

"Oh, it's intoxicating!" cried Edith, as she sank to a seat, feasting her eyes upon the scene below. "After lunch shall we climb the mountain?"

"I'm ready for anything," Kirk assured her.

Up the path toward them came two timid children, one bearing a pineapple half as large as himself, the other lugging an armful of strange fruit. Kirk bought their entire burden, and they scuttled away in high glee.

By this time the spirit of the woods was in the picnickers; the gladness of the day possessed them wholly, and the afternoon sped quickly. If at times Kirk found his companion regarding him with a strangely timid, half-defiant look, he refused to connect it with the episode of their landing. It was a fleeting look, at most, gone almost before he surprised it, and, for the most part, Edith showed an apparently natural gayety that helped him to forget his own recent self-consciousness.

Promptly at four they came down the drunken little main street and out upon the beach. But no launch was in sight.

"Hello! Where's our boat?" exclaimed Kirk.

"The captain told me he'd be ready at four. Perhaps he has run over to Taboguilla or—" She hesitated with a troubled frown.

"You told him to wait?"

"Distinctly." Seeing an idler in the square above, she questioned him in Spanish. "This man says the launch left for Panama two hours ago." She turned tragic eyes upon Kirk.

"Do you think they intend to leave us?"

"I don't know. These people are liable to do anything." Once more she questioned the loiterer. "It is just as I suspected," she explained. "They went on a Sunday spree. He says they came ashore and bought a lot of liquor and he heard them quarreling later."

"That means we'll have to get another boat."

"I don't know where we shall find one."

"Neither do I; but there must be some sort of craft that plies back and forth regularly."

"Only once or twice a week, I believe, and it belongs to the Sanitarium." She nodded toward some buildings perched upon a point farther around the bay. "Mr. Cortlandt looked it up before leaving and found the boat doesn't run on Sundays, so he hired that launch. Perhaps we'd better wait awhile; our men may come back."

They found seats in the square and were grateful for the rest; but an hour passed and the sun was getting low, while still no sign of their truant craft appeared.

"There must be sailboats to be had," said Kirk, but on inquiry they learned that, although a few belonged to the island, they all happened to be away. He suggested that they hire a man to row them across.

"It's twelve miles," Edith demurred. "Do you think it would be safe?"

He scanned the twilight sea and gave up

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the idea; for the afternoon trades, balmy and soothing as they were, had lifted a swell that would prove difficult for a skiff to navigate. Uneasily they settled themselves for a further wait. At last, as the sun was dipping into a bed of gold, Kirk broke out:

"Gee whiz! We've got to do *something*. Mr. Cortlandt will be getting worried."

"In all probability he won't know anything about it until too late to come for us. He will spend the day with those people from Bocas, and go to dinner. He may not get back to the Tivoli before midnight."

"Nice fix we're in!" remarked Anthony. "I'd like to lay hands on that captain."

"We may have to stay here all night!"

"Well, at least we have a haven of refuge. They'll take us in at the hospital."

"I don't care to ask them. There's some one up there I don't wish to see. That's why I didn't go near the place to-day."

"You know best, of course. But, see here, don't you think you'd better go up there——"

"Not for worlds! We must find some other way." She began to pace back and forth in the dusk. "How unfortunate!"

"Is it because—I'm with you?" questioned the young man, with an effort. "Is that why you don't want to apply there?"

"No, no. Stephen's particular enemy is in charge up there. I detest the man, and the feeling is mutual, I believe." She sighed, and her glance fell. "We can't spend the night outdoors."

"Of course not, but——"

"What?"

He laughed to hide his embarrassment. "I'm wondering—what people will say."

"Oh, you mustn't be troubled about that. It isn't your fault, you know, anyhow. Besides, people won't say anything, because they won't know anything about it—if we stay away from that Sanitarium."

In the effort to put him at his ease, her own distress seemed to vanish, and Kirk immediately felt more cheerful.

"It's getting along toward supper-time," he said, "so let's see what we can find in the way of grub. You can be sheltered in one of these houses, I suppose, though from the looks I'd almost prefer the night air."

They stumbled out into the unlighted street, and began their search; but seen close at hand, the cooking arrangements of Taboga proved most unattractive. Outside the Sanitarium, it seemed, there was not a stove on the island. Charcoal braziers set upon the floors or in the dirt yards served all culinary purposes, and the process of preparing meals was conducted with an indifference that promised no savory results. About the glowing points of light, wrinkled hags appeared irregularly, as if brewing some witch's broth; but they could not understand the phenomenon of Americans being hungry, and signified no readiness to relieve them. In several instances Kirk and Mrs. Cortlandt were treated with open suspicion. But eventually they found a more pretentious looking place, where they were taken in, and, after an interminable wait, food was set before them—chicken, boiled with rice and cocoanut, black beans and cocoanut, fresh, warm milk, and a wondrous assortment of fruits. They would have enjoyed the meal had it not been for the curious faces that blocked every aperture in the room, and the many bright eyes that peered at them from each shadow.

But in spite of their equivocal situation, Edith seemed fully to have regained her spirits. Even the prospect of spending the night in this place apparently did not dismay her.

"We have created quite a sensation," she said laughingly. "I wonder if it makes the animals in the zoo as nervous to be stared at."

Kirk was half puzzled, half relieved, by the lightness of her mood.

"If you have finished this health food," he remarked, "we'll go back to the plaza and wait for the launch. I'm as full of cocoanut as a shell."

They descended to the square again, stared at all the way through open doors and followed by a subdued murmur of comment. Then they sat for a long time watching the stars.

As if in despair over their impossible predicament, Edith gave way to a spirit of reckless vivacity, and Kirk, with a man's somewhat exaggerated sympathy for a woman's sensitive feelings, loyally strove to help her make the best of things in her own way. It was like a woman, he reflected, to follow her mood to the last extreme, and, being a man, he was not displeased. The

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change in her manner was too elusive for him to analyze. There was no real concession of her reserve—no sacrifice of the feminine privilege of prompt and complete withdrawal. If he had struck a false note he knew that she would have turned frigid in an instant. But he could not help feeling that some barrier which had existed between them had been magically removed. Her apparent obliviousness to all that under the circumstances might have troubled her was a subtle compliment to himself, and soon he, too, forgot that there was anything in the world beyond their present relation to each other.

It was on their return to the house that the climax came.

Their course took them past a tiny *cantina*. It was open in front, and brightly lighted, although at this hour most of the houses were dark and the village lay wrapped in the inky shadow of the mountain behind. Within, several men were carousing—dark-haired, swarthy fellows, who seemed to be fishermen. Drawn by the sound of argument, the strangers paused a moment to watch them. The quarrel seemed a harmless affair, and they were about to pass on, when suddenly one of the disputants lunged at his antagonist with a knife, conjured from nowhere, and the two came tumbling out into the street, nearly colliding with the onlookers.

Without a sound, Mrs. Cortlandt picked up her skirts and fled into the darkness, Kirk stumbling along behind her, both guiding themselves by instinct rather than sight. At last she stopped, out of breath, and he overtook her.

"You mustn't run through these dark alleys," he cried sharply. "You'll break your neck." Half impatient at this hysterical behavior, he seized her by the arm.

"Oh, I'm so frightened!" she breathed, and he felt her tremble. "A drunken man frightens me—" Involuntarily she hid her face against his breast, then laughed nervously. "Don't mind me, please. It's the one thing I can't stand. I'll be all right in a moment." She lifted her white face, and her eyes were luminous in the gloom. "I'm very glad you don't drink." Her hand crept up to the lapel of his coat. "What will you think of me?" she said.

Before he realized what he was doing, his arms had closed around her and his lips had met hers. It may have been the romance of the night, the solitude, the intoxicating warmth of her breath—at any rate, he lost his head and knew nothing save that she was a woman and he a man. As for her, she offered no resistance, made no sign beyond a startled sigh as their lips touched.

But impulsive as his action had been, it was no more sudden than his recoil. He released her and stepped back, crying:

"Oh, my God! I—I didn't mean that. Forgive me. *Please.*"

She said nothing, and he stammered desperately again: "You'll hate me now, of course, but— Gee! That's the limit. I don't know what ails me. I forgot myself—you—everything. It was unpardonable, and I ought to be shot." He started off down the blind street, his whole body cold with apprehension and self-disgust.

"Where are you going?" she called.

"I don't know. I can't stay here now. Oh, Mrs. Cortlandt, what can I say?"

"Do you intend to leave me here in the middle of this—?"

"No, no! Of course not. I'm rattled, that's all. I've just got a cowardly desire to flee and butt my head against the nearest wall. That's what I ought to do. I don't know what possessed me. I don't know what you'll think of me."

"We won't speak of it now. Try to compose yourself and find our lodging place."

"Why, yes, of course. I'll see that you're fixed up comfortably and then I'll get out."

"Oh, you mustn't go away!" she cried in a panic. "I couldn't stay in that place alone." She drew a little nearer to him as if demanding his protection.

A wave of tenderness swept over him. She was just a girl, after all, he reflected, and if it were not for what had happened a moment before, the most natural thing in the world would be to take her in his arms and comfort her.

"Oh, I won't leave you—I'll stick around," he stammered.

The Next Instalment of **"The Ne'er-Do-Well"** will appear in the March Number.

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The Curse of Insomnia

BY · SAMUEL · McCOMB · D·D·

ASSOCIATE DIRECTOR OF THE EMMANUEL MOVEMENT
CO-AUTHOR OF "RELIGION AND MEDICINE,"
AUTHOR OF "CHRISTIANITY AND THE MODERN MIND," ETC.

NOT long ago there sat opposite me in my study a man on whose face misery, melancholy, and despair were written large. The eyes were dull and lifeless. The muscles of his face were set. His movements were listless and mechanical, and when he spoke his articulation was slow and labored, as though the sluggish brain refused to do its work. His story was tragic, though common enough.

Three years before, under the pressure of financial worry and domestic unhappiness, he had begun gradually to lose his nerve. Doubt and apprehension took the place of initiative and bold resourcefulness. His nights were broken in upon by unhappy reflection, until at last it was with the greatest difficulty that he could get even an hour's disturbed sleep. Meantime he grew less able in waking hours to face the perplexities of his position, and matters went from bad to worse. In despair he consulted a physician, and the ordinary medical remedies were applied, affording, however, only temporary relief. Gradually a kind of apathy settled upon him. He lost interest in his business, in his friends, in books, in everything that had formerly appealed to him.

"The world," he said, "seems strange and foreign to me. It is as if I were in a kind of wretched dream or nightmare, and over everything there is a sort of unreal appearance. I can think of nothing but my wretchedness, and the thought of the coming night only increases my depression. I would give everything that I have for one hour's complete unconsciousness."

The medical authorities certified that this man was suffering from no organic disease, and that if he was to get his natural rest he must have recourse to some psychological or moral method of treatment. It is the problem illustrated by this unhappy victim of an all too common malady that I propose to discuss in this article.

What is sleep? The answers to this question are legion, yet sleep is the eighth riddle, which may be added to those that DuBois-Reymond has discussed in his famous book, "The Seven Riddles of the World."

The older physiologists said that sleep is due to changes in the circulation of the blood in the brain. In deep sleep there is a diminished activity of the blood circulation through the brain, and it was believed that this diminution caused sleep by causing a diminution in the activity of the brain processes. The favorite explanation of the modern physiologist is that sleep is a sort of pathological process caused by poisons generated by fatigue, and circulating in the blood. These fatigue products narcotize the brain, and sleep ensues. During sleep these toxins are got rid of, and as soon as they have been eliminated the sleeper awakes.

There are several fatal objections to these theories. One is the fact that a person can be put to sleep at any time of the day by simply shutting out external stimuli and by receiving suggestions of sleep. Some distinguished men, such as Napoleon and Gladstone, have been able to sleep at any hour merely by willing themselves to sleep. Other objections are that sleep may be, and often is, prevented by overfatigue, and that babies sleep most of the time, though they are not fatigued.

The truth is that it is only recently, through the investigations of Dr. Boris Sidis, of Boston, and Dr. Edouard Claparède, of Geneva, that an approximation has been made to a solution of the problem. All the usual theories, however they may differ

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among themselves, agree in this, that they consider sleep not as a function of the organism, but as a simple stoppage of its working, as a negative, passive state, which is almost abnormal. But the two distinguished psychologists just named take the opposite ground. They maintain that sleep is a positive organic instinct, just like hunger or thirst. It is, as Claparède says, a function of defense against exhaustion. It precedes, therefore, and does not succeed, exhaustion. "It is not because we are auto-intoxicated or exhausted that we sleep, but we sleep in order that we may not be auto-intoxicated or exhausted." The weakness of Claparède's view is that it is theoretical, unsupported by positive experiment. And the drawback to Sidis's experiments is that they appear to have been for the most part made on animals, where, of course, no introspective evidence is available.

SLEEP MORE IMPORTANT THAN FOOD

Let us now come to the practical aspects of the problem. To begin with, the importance of sleep to our health and happiness can scarcely be exaggerated. It has been shown by experiment to be more important even than food. Dr. Manaceïne has proved that animals which have been entirely deprived of food for twenty days, and have lost more than half their weight, may yet escape death if fed with prudence. On the other hand, four or five days' complete loss of sleep has proved fatal to the same animals.

The question of sleep, then, is a question of life and death. There is an old proverb that "a man requires six hours sleep, a woman seven, a child eight, and only a fool more." If this be true, then there are thousands of good and great men who play the fool; but they are wise in their folly. As a matter of fact, except in very abnormal circumstances it is impossible for a man to get too much sleep. A few persons endowed with some constitutional peculiarity may get along with four or five hours' slumber, but the vast majority of people will do well to content themselves with envying these lucky souls, and will certainly not imitate them.

It is difficult to overestimate the recuperative and refreshing power of even a brief slumber. This has proved true again and again in the case of would-be suicides who, after an hour's deep sleep, have felt new courage to face once more the tasks of life.

Why is it that sleep has this magic power of restoration? Mainly because it holds the individual in an inactive state. The suppression of muscular effort diminishes greatly the wear and tear of the tissue. But this is not all. For mere repose without sleep is not nearly so refreshing as sleep. There must, therefore, be in sleep some subtle and as yet undiscovered power of re-creation. It is as though all conscious life were under the necessity of sinking down into the realm of the unconscious, where, as we now know, there are great healing, unifying, and recuperative energies. Hence the deeper the sleep, the more restorative its influence.

Are you conscious that you are losing the power to sleep the sleep of the just? You will do well to drop every other consideration and devote your energies to a reëstablishment of this power, for the protracted loss of it is often a factor in various physical and mental troubles. There are certain forms of insanity which begin with disturbances of sleep, and we know that an almost invariable symptom of neurasthenia and other functional disorders of the nervous system is insomnia. Since, then, sleeplessness is one of the great prevailing evils born of the rush and hurry of modern existence, it becomes a matter of the most urgent moment to inquire as to the causes lying behind it.

THE CAUSES OF INSOMNIA

These causes may be physical, mental, or moral, or a combination of all three. Let us take the physical causation first. Doubtless there are congenital differences in the capacity for sleep. Some, by reason of an inborn sensitiveness of the nervous system, must search for sleep as for hidden treasure, while others have but to lay the head upon the pillow and they are plunged in the tide of oblivion. Here, as elsewhere, original defects of nature can be remedied to some extent, and the nervous organism can be trained so that sleep may be more easily won.

Among the direct physical causes, acute and persistent pain holds the first place. In such cases a competent physician should at once be summoned and medical treatment for the alleviation of the pain

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administered. Or, again, the mischief may arise from auto-intoxications caused by certain organic diseases which have a pernicious effect upon the blood. This, also, is a matter for the medical practitioner. Perhaps the most widely prevailing cause of insomnia is some disturbance of the digestive process. A well-known medical writer has recently laid down the dictum—"If you are a bad sleeper, the chances are in favor of dyspepsia as the cause." Obviously, any form of indigestion accompanied by tension must send up to the higher brain centers impulses of a disagreeable and irritating character. But we have not the whole truth here, for as a matter of fact there are some forms of indigestion which, so far from causing insomnia, actually produce a kind of heavy and stuporous slumber. In many cases it will be found that the indigestion and the insomnia accompanying it do not stand in the relation of cause and effect, but are rather twin effects of some deeper cause.

But the most widespread form of insomnia at the present time is primarily psychical in character, and only in a secondary way physical. The psychic causes at work are manifold. Worry, excitement, overstrained grief, emotional shock, remorse, fixed ideas of one kind or another, morbid fears—these are a few of the demons that murder sleep.

THE WORRY HABIT

Perhaps the most frequent is worry. The reason why worry has this disastrous power is that it is a disagreeable emotion, which keeps the brain cells in a state of unrest. Unfortunately, worry tends to become a habit, a pernicious tendency of the mental mechanism, in which the sufferer ceases to be master of his thought and becomes its victim. To take one's worries to bed with one is, of course, to render sleep impossible. More than once a victim of the worry habit has said to me:

"I know right well that worry is slowly killing me; that it is all a miserable habit; but try as I may, I cannot conquer it. If only I could stop worrying, I would sleep. But how to stop! That is beyond me."

My answer is: "The forces that sustain the worrying habit are unhealthy self-analysis and brooding introspection. The mind is like a machine turned inward upon itself and tearing itself to pieces. If a nervous downfall is to be averted, the mind must be concentrated on some object or purpose that goes beyond the petty, self-centered ends of the sufferer. Nothing so dissipates the phantoms of an undisciplined imagination which cast their gigantic shadows upon life as a touch of reality, as contact with the world of fact and truth."

Moreover, it is to be noted that the worry habit is the sign, not only of the selfish, but also of the untrustful, temper. It springs out of a skeptical, unbelieving, pessimistic attitude toward things in general. The apprehensive, worried soul has no real faith in the good will of the universe. It matters not how orthodox may be the creed which he professes—one's real creeds are those which govern life. Hence the sovereign remedy for worry, and therefore for the insomnia which worry creates, is a faith grounded upon the conviction that the universe is on the side of order, peace, self-control, and is as much opposed to irritable weakness and morbid fancy as it is to vice and crime.

To the man, then, whose sleep is banished by worry, I would say, at all costs get some kind of a faith. Then enter upon a course of self-education by which gradually you compel yourself to act upon what you believe. Recognize that you are the victim of a bad habit just like the alcoholist or the morphinist, and resolve that you will cultivate a new habit—the habit, that is to say, of automatically rejecting the thought that worries, by substituting for it another and a better thought. Accustom yourself to view this better, and therefore truer, thought in every possible light, until it takes hold of the mind and sweeps it out of its narrow bounds into the broad, open-air world of healthy, normal action. The result will be the disappearance of the insomnia.

BADLY-PLANNED WORK—BAD SLEEP

Again, bad sleep may be traced to ill-regulated work. It is one of the commonest fallacies to ascribe nervous breakdown to overwork. But the fact is that it is almost impossible to set limits to the amount of effort which the nervous tissue is capable of enduring if only it be given time for adequate recuperation. Hence, the cause of insomnia is to be found, not in overwork, but in badly ordered work, in work done in the wrong spirit and with a

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sense of internal friction. I know of no sadder phenomenon of our modern city life to-day than the constantly reported nervous collapse in middle life of business and professional men. And the usual easy explanation is overwork, leading to insomnia. But if investigation is made, it will be found that in the great majority of cases these men break down not because they have worked too much, but because they have never known how to work.

A little while ago a distinguished lawyer called upon me, by advice of his physician, to ask why it was he could no longer enjoy adequate rest. He had no special cause for worry or anxiety. His professional work was in a prosperous state. His home was happy. The cause of his insomnia, however, soon came to light when he made it clear that he was always possessed with the feeling of being in arrears with his work. It was these arrears that kept him on tenterhooks and never allowed him to rest. By a reorganization of his work he was able to conquer his trouble.

HYSTERICAL INSOMNIA

Another cause of sleeplessness is emotional shock, giving rise to what is called "hysterical insomnia." I recall two striking cases. One was that of an old lady who feared intensely the act of going to bed; and when she forced herself to disregard this fear, after lying down she would sleep for a minute or two, only to wake up suddenly, in terror, feeling as if she were being strangulated. The cause was revealed in a tragic incident that had befallen her some months before my meeting with her. One night her apartment was broken into by a burglar, who woke her suddenly, gagged her, bound her to the bed, and then robbed her of whatever valuable property he could lay his hands upon. It was this adventure which the poor woman could not forget, and the memory of which regularly recurred at night to make sleep impossible.

Another case was still sadder. A young woman engaged to be married, living in Chelsea, near Boston, was suddenly awakened by the fire which destroyed a large part of that city about three years ago. Her wedding trousseau and presents were burned. She fled from her house to see her brother running in the distance, his clothes all afire. This brother was lost for several days—days of anguished suspense for the young woman. Meanwhile, through the shock and distress, her mother became temporarily insane. All these accumulated miseries resulted in a bad case of insomnia for the young woman. For a week she had no sleep except an occasional hour induced by a powerful narcotic. Then she found her way to Emmanuel Church. At her first visit she was enabled to have two hours' natural and refreshing sleep, and she is now enjoying the best of health.

MORAL WOUNDS

Allied to this type of insomnia is that which is the product of overstrained grief or remorse. Just as the body may suffer from wounds inflicted by some foreign substance, so the soul can be injured by moral wounds that keep open and that will not heal. Of such distracted spirits it may be said, "More need they the divine than the physician."

It will thus be seen that the causation of insomnia is not simple, but highly complicated. It is frequently the effect of morbid physical and mental states, and in turn it reacts on these states, deepening and intensifying them. Hence a truly philosophical treatment of this disorder will include physiological, psychological, moral, and religious remedies.

In order to pave the way for answering the question, "How is insomnia to be alleviated or removed?" let us recall the psychological mechanism of sleep. In the waking state we have an interest in external things, while in the sleeping state this interest no longer exists, and we shutter, as it were, the windows of the soul and retire into our inner world. To sleep is to be without an interest in things, and the depth of sleep is in exact proportion to the degree in which we can divest ourselves of such an interest. The idea that sleep is due to the development of disinterest we owe to Claparède, whose theory has been already described.

Hence sleep has been well called a kind of "psychological suicide." Physicians playfully advise their insomnia patients to go to church. Why? Because the monotonous delivery of a dull discourse tires out the interest and so induces slumber. Hence the secret of the art of falling asleep may be put

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in a sentence: Whatever induces a state of mental monotony by which the feeling of interest is exhausted predisposes to sleep. Wherever, then, functional insomnia has become a fact, the sovereign remedy is reeducation, with a view to the reëstablishment of the state of mental monotony.

The first step in the process of reëducation is negative—the renunciation, that is to say, of all narcotic drugs. It cannot be too frequently repeated that science knows no drug which can produce natural sleep. It is true that morphia, paraldehyde, sulphonal, trional, veronal, and the rest, produce an arrest of consciousness which resembles sleep; but it is not to be identified with sleep. The brain, and more especially the cortex, or layer of gray matter which covers the surface of the brain, with its microscopic order of cells and infinitely ramified connections, is the apex and crown of the whole evolutional process and has become capable of reflecting the world without and responding to the slightest flash of consciousness within. Such an infinitely complicated and delicate mechanism is easily injured by the narcotic stupefying effects of sleep-producing chemicals.

Moreover, those persons who accustom themselves to these drugs find that eventually they lose the power of normal sleep. To give up the use of paralyzing narcotics —and where their use has become habitual this ought to be done under skilled medical direction—is the first step toward freedom.

FATIGUE—A DANGER SIGNAL

In the positive formation of the sleep habit it is of fundamental importance to exclude stimuli coming from the excitation of the internal nerves of the body or of the nerve-endings on the surface of the body which convey sensorial impressions. Pain and inner wretchedness of a physical kind are matters for the physician. A little prudence and foresight will enable the sufferer to eliminate noise and light and too much heat and other external stimuli.

Here it may be remarked that while, according to the biological theory of sleep, fatigue is not the ultimate cause of sleep, it at least predisposes to it. This fatigue, of course, should never reach the point of exhaustion. One should feel tired, yet not overtired. The purpose of sleep being to prevent exhaustion, the sensations of fatigue are, as it were, signals of danger giving pre-intimation of the exhaustion to be avoided. These signals should be carefully watched and obeyed, if the habit of normal sleep is to be formed and maintained. He who would enjoy sleep must never resist the first onset of drowsiness.

WE MUST EARN OUR SLEEP

The second point to bear in mind is the relation which sleep holds to habit. We have seen that it is an instinct like hunger or thirst. If we eat and drink at odd hours, we need not be surprised to find the keen edge of our appetite worn off when we come to regular meal-times. Just as there must be regular hours for satisfying the instinct of hunger, so must there be regular periods for satisfying the instinct of sleep. About a year ago a poor woman who bitterly complained of worry and depression, arising out of inability to sleep, was sent to me by her physician for some psychological help. I discovered that she was not suffering from insomnia, since she was able to enjoy six or seven hours of sleep during the day, but simply from an abnormal habit of sleeping at the wrong time. She was annoyed and agitated because she was unable to sleep at night, forgetting that she had taken rest during the day. If sleep is to be enjoyed it must be earned through sufficient activity.

Along with this goes the mental condition of expecting sleep. It is a sound psychological principle that, other things being equal, whatever a man expects tends, normally, to take place. The physician makes use of this principle when he slyly substitutes some harmless substance for morphia, and gravely injects the substitute into the veins of the sleepless one, who falls gently asleep because his expectation has been aroused. Hence the suggestive treatment of insomnia is singularly successful.

Dr. Tuckey, for example, tells a story of an electrical engineer who had suffered a severe accident from a torpedo explosion, and for three years afterward had developed a morbid habit of waking precisely at three o'clock in the morning, and being unable to fall asleep again. After a few inductions of very slight hypnosis the patient recovered his power of normal sleep. In spite, however, of all that has been said in favor of hypnotic suggestion as a cure for insomnia

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—and undoubtedly in exceptional cases where there are obscure psychical factors at work recourse may be had to this therapeutic agency—I believe that the method which has the promise of the best and most permanent results is that of education. This, however, may well include what is generally called "waking suggestion" and "auto-suggestion."

Here I would emphasize the fundamental principle of the Emmanuel work. This principle, which is the fruitful dogma of modern physiological psychology, is that body and mind constitute a unity so profound that the slightest mental state or activity has an echo in the bodily realm; and, vice versa, the smallest nervous event leaves a trace on the mental organism. Now sleep is neither purely physical nor purely mental. It is both at once. Hence, sleeplessness should be attacked from both points of view. From the side of the body, we can seek to overcome it by a physiological régime — massage, hydrotherapy, mechano-therapy, electro-therapy, and other methods. From the side of the mind it can be influenced through the classic methods familiar to all students of abnormal psychology—suggestion, encouragement, psycho-analysis, re-formation of habit, new ideals of work, mental, moral, and religious reëducation.

SUGGESTION AND SLEEP

The invariable rule of the Emmanuel worker is, therefore, that no insomnia sufferer is accepted for treatment except on the recommendation of his physician, whose coöperation is essential. Should it happen that the sufferer has no physician, then he must secure one before his case can be taken in hand. It is obvious that only by strict adherence to this rule can work of this kind move on scientific lines and avoid the vagaries and dangers of those healing cults that have broken with reasoned and organized knowledge.

I recall the case of a much-worried business man who had not been able to sleep properly for many weeks, and was recommended to try what suggestion could do for him. He was anxious about his financial concerns and could not keep his anxiety at bay when he went to bed. The result was unrefreshing, inadequate sleep, and during the day sensations of depression and misery. After some reassuring talk, I pointed to a comfortable armchair in my study and said: "My dear sir, you have had a poor night. Well, for the time you are here forget your troubles. Recline in that chair, shut your eyes, and go to sleep."

He smiled a rather wintry smile at this suggestion, but did as he was requested; and in an hour I had to rouse him from his comfortable slumbers. Nevertheless, I did not deem suggestion enough, but followed it up by instruction in a truer and more trustful attitude toward life than the worthy man had hitherto learned.

PHYSICIAN AND CLERGYMAN IN ALLIANCE

Or take a more complicated and intractable case. A man in middle life, who had in his college days sustained great nervous strain, owing to poverty, developed a tendency to worry and extreme sensitiveness, which, in turn, produced the habit of insomnia. To add to his sufferings, nervous eczema (which, by the way, is not to be confounded with the ordinary forms of eczemic disorders) was wont to appear on any emotional excitement, such as might be caused by a blunder in his accounts, or by the receipt of bad news of any kind. All the rest he could obtain was about three or four hours of light, unrefreshing slumber. His daily work soon became an intolerable burden. But, under the combined treatment of physician and clergyman, he was able, after a few weeks, to obtain seven or eight hours of sleep nightly, and still continues to enjoy this blessed relief.

Here is a still more pathetic case. A young woman, sent to us by a distinguished physician, was the victim of an insomnia induced by mental agitation over a series of unhappy incidents culminating in an unfortunate love affair. It would be hard to describe her pitiable condition without seeming to exaggerate. Headaches and the depression born of sleepless nights conspired to make her life one tissue of wretchedness and inefficiency. She gradually lost all interest in friends, or work, or pleasure, and began to hate even the thought of eating and drinking. Her pale, anæmic face, her rigid, constricted figure, as if every nerve were strained to the breaking point, her despairing outlook upon life, suggested some helpless creature

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caught in a trap and with no way of escape. She stayed with us about six weeks, and when she left her normal sleep had been restored.

HOW EMMANUEL CHURCH WORKS ITS CURES

I will now briefly describe, as fairly typical, the means by which this unhappy woman was restored to her normal self. In the first place, she was encouraged to tell the story of her life, to unburden herself of her secret miseries, the perilous stuff that was weighing upon her heart. This frank and open speech worked such a mental change as to make relief possible. For the first time sympathy and a desire to help were brought close to her needs. How personality touches personality, how one mind can influence another to hope and peace, is an inscrutable mystery. Nevertheless, it is a fact to which everyday experience bears witness. The next step was to relax the nervous tension. This was done by kindly and reassuring verbal suggestion. The mind was soothed, and abstracted from its perpetual wearying round of monotonous brooding. In this abstracted state the taut nerves relaxed. Suggestions and simple arguments offered with conviction and gentle dogmatism found their way into the mind, and in some mysterious fashion constrained it to a measure of peace and quiet. She was assured again and again that she could sleep; that there was no obstacle of a physical kind; that it was only anxiety about the past that kept her awake, and that this anxiety would depart; that by turning the mind from the past, with its pain and humiliation, to the present, with its brightness and the possibilities of better things, she would sleep again, as soundly as when she was a little child. These suggestions were repeated in varying phrase from time to time.

On other occasions, the method of re-education was applied to her. She was taught how to prepare for sleep, how to avoid all causes of excitement, how to occupy her mind immediately before retiring—in a word, how to spend the day in mingled rest and activity so that when night came sleep would follow as a natural consequence.

Finally, her religious instincts were appealed to, and she was persuaded to let her mind dwell upon the great truths of the Christian religion, in which she was an ardent believer. Her faith in God, which had become numbed by the bitter sorrows of her life, was once more awakened; and religion, which she had accepted rather as a transcendental affair, related mainly to the other world, she now saw had power to cure the morbidities and sickness of the soul in this world, to comfort and uplift the victims of sadness and melancholy. In short, she was trained to look at her miseries from a new point of view. A spirit of resignation came into her life, bringing with it a sense of unity, of reconciliation with the world in which she lived. She owes her restoration to the combination of physical, mental, and moral methods of treatment given.

I now pass on to say a few words by way of showing how the sufferer from bad or broken sleep can help himself to recover his lost power.

TEACHING ONESELF TO SLEEP

It is obvious that self-suggestion plays a great rôle in the production of sleep. We do not normally go to sleep haphazard. It is rather the climax of a series of unconscious or semiconscious suggestions. We place ourselves in a comfortable position; we shut our eyes; we reduce our minds as far as possible to a blank, and in a few minutes we go to sleep. Unhappily, there are many persons who are the victims of a vicious auto-suggestion. They are obsessed with the fear of not sleeping. They have had experience of bad nights, and, anticipating that the coming night will be like the others, they spend their time thinking of the terrible consequences which will result from failure to sleep. This is, of course, all wrong. Let the sufferer dissipate this evil fancy by the reflection that a few nights' bad sleep is productive of no great injury; that if only nature be permitted a chance, the instinct of sleep will reassert itself. He will do well, then, to approach his time of rest with an air of indifference, of absolute trust in the processes of nature. Let him say to himself: "Whether I sleep or not to-night is a matter of no great moment. Why then worry?" And then let him constrain his muscles to quiet, and gently lead his mind the while to any pleasant and agreeable scene which he may have witnessed, or let him live over

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again the sensations of his happy childhood, and the chances are that the sleep of a child will be his.

A friend who is fond of lecturing tells me that when agitated and unable to sleep he can achieve his purpose by calling up in imagination a crowded assembly, with himself on the platform discoursing on some favorite theme. The sense of satisfaction which this gives him relieves the tension and brings the wished-for rest.

Nothing is so fatal to sleep as trying to sleep. Some time ago there was brought to my knowledge the case of a poor woman who had developed an obstinate insomnia by willing herself to sleep. "There are some things," said Cardinal Newman, "which can be got only by renouncing them." Sleep is one of these.

Some are afflicted with the fear, not of insomnia, but of sleep itself, because of the terrifying dreams or paralyzing nightmares which accompany it. It will be found that frequently there is some physical cause at work to account for these distressing experiences. Sometimes, however, a recurrent bad dream is owing to some painful emotional experience which has perhaps ceased to play much part in the ordinary conscious life, but has become a kind of subconscious force. In some such cases the sufferer has found relief by carefully thinking over in his waking hours the details of the dream and by writing them out in full. The dream has then, perhaps, recurred, but it has lost its power to alarm, and the sleep remains undisturbed.

The truth is that there are no two cases of insomnia just alike, because there are no two human souls just alike. For a mild or sporadic attack some soothing anodyne, such as a warm bath, or the application of cold water to the forehead, or some other physical expedient, may bring relief. But it must be confessed that there are types of insomnia too deeply rooted in moral causes for any physical process to alleviate. What formula, chemical or physiological, will avail to cure the sorrows of justifiable melancholy and remorse, the anguish of a troubled conscience, the sadness born of frustrated ambitions and ruined hopes, the despair which has lost all faith in life and all motive for living? For the sorrows of the heart and the conscience I am persuaded there is but one remedy—religion. Only the influx of some faith, some belief in an eternal order of goodness, in the universe as meaning well by us, or, if by the grace of Heaven we can attain to it, faith in Him whom the founder of the Christian religion proclaimed to be eternal Love and Goodness—can do this. If, to some minds, religion in the conventional sense is impossible, then, at least, a philosophy, an attitude toward life and destiny which is in essence religious, becomes all the more necessary.

PRAYER AS A HEALING POWER

And here I wish to lay emphasis on the power of prayer to produce sleep. The present remarkable revival of interest in religion has brought with it a revival of interest in the efficacy of prayer. Very notable are the words which a distinguished English expert in mental disorders addressed a few years ago to the British Association: "As an alienist, I would state that of all the hygienic measures to counteract disturbed sleep, depression of spirits, and all the miserable sequels of a distressed mind, I would undoubtedly give the first place to the habit of prayer."

This distinguished man did not ask why prayer has this power. A complete answer to this question is not possible. How can one make clear to himself the relations of the finite and the infinite? But from a psychological point of view we can see that in prayer there is a healing power, because it enables us to escape from our narrow, bounded, and despairing self, and lose ourselves in a larger, more confident, more joyous self, and because, like all confession, it acts as a moral cathartic and cleanses the heart from the perilous stuff that weighs upon it. From a philosophical point of view, we may go further and say that, as all experience testifies, prayer brings us into contact with those mighty healing forces with which the universe is charged. The man who can commit himself with confidence to the Infinite as he retires to rest will have little difficulty in winning the most blessed, if also the most mysterious, gift bestowed upon our humanity.

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THE · SETTLER'S · FIGHT FOR · THE · FUR · LANDS

BY · ROBERT · DUNN

AUTHOR OF "THE SHAMELESS DIARY OF AN EXPLORER," ETC.

LAST summer I traveled eighteen hundred miles upon the Arctic slope of North America. In the Grand Hotel at Athabasca Landing, a hundred miles north of the railroad, a half-breed girl waited on us in a princesse gown, while a woman who might have been her mother was boiling whitefish by a tepee outside—and in a Standard Oil can. Aboard the stern-wheeler that took us up Athabasca River toward Lesser Slave Lake, we read a notice: "Prospectors and others intending to proceed to the Mackenzie River district are warned against undertaking the journey unless provided with food and necessaries sufficient to last one year"; and we read it under electric lights. At the settlement of Grouard on the Lesser Slave, the white wife of a fur trader gave us a dance. We went in white shirts and drank a punch made of rum and strychnine.

On the drive across the old ninety-mile portage road to Peace River, we passed Frank Slavin, ex-heavyweight ring champion, digging telegraph-post holes. In the Oblate Fathers Mission near by, "Ann the Weegh-teko" (Cannibal Annie), a Cree woman once addicted to eating human flesh—a fancy not yet dead in the tribe—was mingling with her people. From Peace River Crossing, another steamer took us three hunded miles down that great stream. We saw not a white man on its shores, but we did shoot all the bears we wanted from our promenade deck—only to find at the Hudson's Bay Company post of Fort Vermilion, seven hundred miles beyond the nearest steel rails, fields of ripened wheat yielding thirty bushels to the acre, and a patent process flour-mill. And there in mid-August the heat drove us into the river for a swim; but a fortnight later, and three hundred miles south of Vermilion, my moccasins were frozen hard as iron on my feet.

Where is this land of paradox? What is this frontier, which bears these oddities of frontiers as they are to-day the world over—elements that make them appear grotesque, unromantic, perilous no more, with their union of ingenuity and the primitive, of the phonograph and the mud chimney; that seem to rob the wilds of their menace, yet really do not?

The "Peace River Country," Canadians call it; and the words hold for them just such a sense of mystery and remoteness, of opulence and rigor, as did the "Mississippi Valley" a hundred years ago for restless men east of the Alleghanies. It is the territory about the upper and western head waters of the Mackenzie River, which flows north into the Arctic Ocean, and is the second largest river on this continent; indeed, the Peace is geographically to the Mackenzie exactly what the Missouri is to the Mississippi. And this region is a "wheat country"—where wheat, rye, oats, potatoes, and all hardy vegetables may be grown—equal in area to three of our central states. Being such, it offers a deep significance to us, as Americans and Anglo-Saxons.

We are told that our West is no more; that pioneering is dead; that all the free land in America has been taken up. Conservation makes its prime appeal, which is to the imagination, by these statements. And no one denies the truth of them. Some mitigation of that truth is the best one dares hope for.

The seriousness of this is as much romantic and historical as it is economic. For the last century our branch of Anglo-Saxondom has carried on the race's traditions of land conquest through pioneering—the key to its supremacy since the sixteenth century. Now that the Homestead Law, by which we in the United States vitalized that tradition, has fulfilled itself into a dead letter through the dearth of free, cultivable soil, where are we

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to look for other land to maintain our supremacy?

What land still remains open to free and unopposed settlement by our race—land which in climate and by its products is the temperate "white man's country"? Picture the map of the world, and but one answer is inevitable: Canada, whose people and institutions are, in any larger sense, our own.

And in Canada there remains only the Peace River region, which is now open to us under the same laws as our West was. It is not the "Canadian Northwest" of popular speech. That offers little hope now of mitigating any lack of free white man's soil. The best of it is owned, and in five years the southern half of the provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan, which comprise it, will be economically one with Minnesota and the Dakotas. But to the north, beyond this area, does lie the country which in every racial and historic sense is to be the sole remaining free white man's empire for Anglo-Saxons, the actual Last Frontier. Travel across the rim of forests that in about latitude 54° 30′ (that of North Germany), contrary to all physiography to the south, stretch from Hudson's Bay to the Rocky Mountains, and you enter the woodland and the park-like prairies of the Peace River land. And when that virgin region has been peopled—the only one left where the Anglo-Saxon race may draw from the soil for the asking the vitality which has made it invincible for four hundred years—then all chance to maintain that strength out of new territory will close abruptly, finally, and forever.

This is no far-fetched cry of wolf. It should not be startling. Any thoughtful pioneer will confirm it. And because we Americans never grasped a vital meaning in the vanishing of our last frontier, we should especially respond to the brief comedy of its passing in this new country, which is ours no less to possess. And our disillusioned eyes should be moved the more because two factors unknown to our pioneering, but most typical of life to-day everywhere on earth, are shaping that passing in the North.

These factors are an Individual and a Corporation. The corporation is the Hudson's Bay Company—the "H. B. C."—the "Company."

Thirteen years ago, I first scoured the Peace River country, but with gold-seekers who had corroded hearts. In 1898, I got from a four months' journey by canoe and pack-train but a haunting sense of its fertility, and a hint of why it had so long remained virgin. Unprejudiced then as now, I came into contact with the "Company," that great and ancient fur monopoly, with its Bourbon traditions and customs—which, with the peculiar Canadian character and its lack of self-reliance in the shadow of our richer country to the south, revealed largely why a false repute of sterility has been fastened, like an incubus, upon northern Canada. In 1910 everything seemed to have changed up there, except the luxuriant, wooded prairies; there were river steamers, cart trails, the telegraph, the gray quilts of a few oat fields by the big, shallow lakes and the great rivers in their deep gorges. But little had really changed, because the heart of that land was the same, and that heart is the H. B. C., and the Company never changes. In the wagons that carried us across the imperceptible watershed between the Atlantic (Hudson's Bay) valley of the Saskatchewan River and the Arctic basin of the Peace, we still passed in spirit, in all that fixes a man's relation to his bread, his undershirt, and womankind, from the twentieth century to the seventeenth.

I have often wondered what sort of an image rises in most men's minds to-day at the words "Hudson's Bay Company." Likely it is of an Indian clad in beads and furs, setting traps by a lonely lake, or driving a team of wolf-dogs across a thousand miles of snow; or of a dour Scotchman inside the stockade of a log fort, holding a flintlock upright on the ground, as abject, feathered Dog-ribs trade for it by piling beaver skins up to its muzzle, that titled stockholders in London may be enriched. And such a sketch is true enough, except that since the French buccaneer Radisson (who has never got his due from history) flattered Charles II of England into giving Prince Rupert, his first cousin, the Company's charter in 1670, wool shirts have replaced rawhide, felt hats have rather shamed feather headgear, and the price of guns and ammunition has dropped; for the Company has always been master of the North's history.

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A long give-and-take with French and Indians of the same cupidity, treacheries, heroisms that darkened Quebec and New England before our Revolution, marked the H. B. C.'s early days. But the Company, backed by its capital and a semi-royal prestige, invariably triumphed over each of its rivals in the fur trade. In 1870 it ceded its absolute sovereignty over all Prince Rupert's Land—all Canada outside the settled portions of its provinces, and an area nearly equal to that of the United States—to the Dominion. Canada was to police it; trapping was to be free, and the Company was given outright one square mile and a half of land in every thirty-six. It was an easy bargain; the H. B. C. knew that competition was hopeless and policing superfluous; and the area south of the Saskatchewan, then alone held fit for settlement, was an unprofitable fur realm. And in that border country the Company survives as a string of very good "general" stores, one at every railway junction, with its advertising a power over the press, to the benefit of its still mediæval better half on the Arctic slope.

Still mediæval; and yet in many ways most modern. Commercially, for instance. The text and keystone of the Company's supremacy of centuries has been: "Hold the Indian in debt by advances of traps and of just the ration, at the proper price, to keep him always hungry, so that he must hunt for us." It suggests, somehow, the peons of Yucatan in Mexico, and the corporation stores in the Pennsylvania coal-fields. To free-traders in the past, to settlers to-day—neither of whom, of course, can afford to bring their supplies over hundreds of miles of bad trails and rivers—the Company says: "Buy food and clothing of us at our prices, or starve. Interfere with our fur-trade, and we will not sell you a pound of flour even."

Two years ago, two young Englishmen undertook a fur-trading venture into Hudson's Bay. They outfitted a ketch and crossed the Atlantic. Ice in Hudson's Straits stove in their bow and made them helpless. Along came the Company's steamer *Pelican*, carrying the year's supplies to the forts around the Bay. The ketch signaled for help. The *Pelican* refused it. The two men offered half their outfit to be towed into Fort Churchill. The Company would give them berths aboard the steamer, but no more. In desperation they had to accept, and abandon their vessel. The moment they were aboard the *Pelican*, she put out a line to the ketch and towed her into the fort as a derelict, where the Company took possession of both ship and outfit. The young men had not the least claim on her, for Hudson's Bay waters are territorial, not the high seas—and they had to work their own way south to Winnipeg.

And this is but one of many like stories that are dinned into your ears in the North. There was the priest near The Pass, for instance, who, in traveling the File River country on his duties, found placer gold, and was washing it, when an officer of the Company warned him to stop. He refused to do so, whereupon all the H. B. C. posts in the region refused to sell him any more provisions. Forced into trapping to trade skins for meat with the Indians, his snares began mysteriously to be destroyed—they were Company Indians; all are—and he was driven from the region. Along Peace River, only one free fur-trader in the past ever successfully bucked the H. B. C.

Twelve-foot Davis, he was called, and by succoring all others whom it had outlawed, he actually challenged the Company's supremacy there for many years. A great, raw-boned, cadaverous creature, who, with four hundred pounds on a hand-sled, could catch a Company's dog-train with a day's start, he brought the first steel traps, matches, and breech-loading guns into the land, in 1863. Factors say to-day that he "ruined the country." For the H. B. C. had to compete with his deadlier weapons by supplying them to its hunters, and beaver and marten, falling in price, were decimated. His grave on the hill back of Peace River Crossing is more than a symbol of their own struggles to the few white homesteaders now along the river.

And the key to the power of the Company is as much social as economic. In the early days it encouraged marriage between factors and natives. The North was no place for white women, and miscegenation insured a fealty on the trail. Factors' half-breed children, both boys and girls, were educated by the Company in Aberdeen or Montreal. Back in the North, the girls married the young clerks from Scotland. A feudal hierarchy was built up; at pres-

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ent, half-breeds outnumber both whites and Indians there. To-day, at any Hudson's Bay post, you feel its force, for most factors' wives are quarter- or eighth-breeds, descendants of factors, many of whom won names in science and exploration in the forties. Lady Strathcona, wife of the Company's present president, is one of these. At every post you feel a pride of clan, unyielding, aristocratic, of a stripe with the Company's arrogance in trade.

Toward the settler and the hunting "natives," the factor's house shows the condescension of the palace to the hovel. Last summer I asked a factor's wife if she could talk Cree. "Oh, not any more," she answered, wearily. "If I did, I'd have these natives hanging around here all the time." And she herself was a quarter-breed, with a family name once famous the North over. Her own brothers worked in the store, on the river, like any of the post's native retinue; she never had them in her house; there were no white women in the hierarchy for them to marry. A factor's son once lowered his voice while I was talking of "breeds," and said: "Don't call them that. Up here every one is either an Indian or one of us."

F. D. WILSON OF FORT VERMILION, PEACE RIVER. THE TYPE OF THE MODERN HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY FACTOR.

So it will be seen that this land to-day is not Canada, not even British territory, except in name, and by grace of a homestead office or two and the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. It is still Prince Rupert's Land, an Indian country—yet where pure Indian blood is in the minority—the fur preserve that it was two hundred and fifty years ago. It is still a land apart; the only white man's realm that is not white; a country as distinct as Iceland, say, or maybe—politically and socially—Brazil.

And now into it, because it has been proved fit for agriculture, comes the settler, the pioneer. The Company deals with him, a white man, exactly as it has always dealt with its mongrel hunters and with its rivals in trade. Ignorant of its history, of its traditions of having for generations ruled an abject people and controlled all routes of transportation, the settler must bear the brunt of its Bourbonism, whose inhumanity he cannot understand.

Agriculture and the fur-trade can no more mix than oil and water. Robbed of its realm to the south, its reason for existence menaced in the North, with the record of having downed every rival in its history—will the Company succeed in opposing settlement? Will it win against a last invasion of our race, moved by forces greater than either is conscious of? Will it surrender to the plow, and, ultimately, to the railway, with its free markets?

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THE WORDS "PEACE RIVER COUNTRY" HOLD JUST SUCH A SENSE OF MYSTERY AND REMOTENESS AS DID THE "MISSISSIPPI VALLEY" A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

And here enters the Individual that I spoke of as shaping the destiny of the Last Frontier. He is James K. Cornwall, member of the Provincial Parliament of Alberta for the new Peace River District. For Canada, in politically districting and sur-

THE BEAUTIFUL DRIVE ALONG PEACE RIVER AT FORT VERMILION, WHICH LIES SEVEN HUNDRED MILES BEYOND THE NEAREST STEEL RAILS.

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Photograph by Burke, Edmonton.

THE PEACE RIVER DISTRICT, A WHEAT COUNTRY EQUAL IN AREA TO THREE OR FOUR OF OUR CENTRAL STATES, IS THE LAST FRONTIER FREE TO THE ANGLO-SAXON.

veying the Company's land (but gingerly, not to offend Prince Rupert's rich heirs), has lately given the half-breeds of the Peace River country a vote on a par with white men. But this half-breed majority, now being slowly weaned from the Com-

FORT VERMILION, THE LARGEST AND STRONGEST HUDSON'S BAY POST ON THE FRONTIER, WHERE THE COMPANY AND THE SETTLER CLASH ACUTELY.

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pany and from trapping, and taking to the soil, soon to be overwhelmed, is but a pawn in the passing of the North. Cornwall, the H. B. C., and the Settler, form the "triangle" of the three-part comedy opening there.

One day last summer, as Cornwall and I trudged over the park-like prairies of the old road from the Lesser Slave to the Peace, we were discussing the settler's chances of ultimate triumph over the Company. The scene was typical of the land. Wild-hay meadows edged by plumy willows lay around us, giving down to a reddish, slow-moving stream; beyond stretched wide opens, mingling the purple of larkspur, the carmine of fireweed, the pale rose of Indian pinks upon that rich, black soil. Ever distantly, slim, tall spruces, chattering aspens, gave you that sense of a bosky land well-groomed and settled—yet vacant, virgin—that is ever so bewildering in the North. And yet, by running a straight line in any direction, five miles, fifty, five hundred, you would have come upon no trail, no sign of man, except perhaps the bare poles of a tepee marking where in winters past some family had starved.

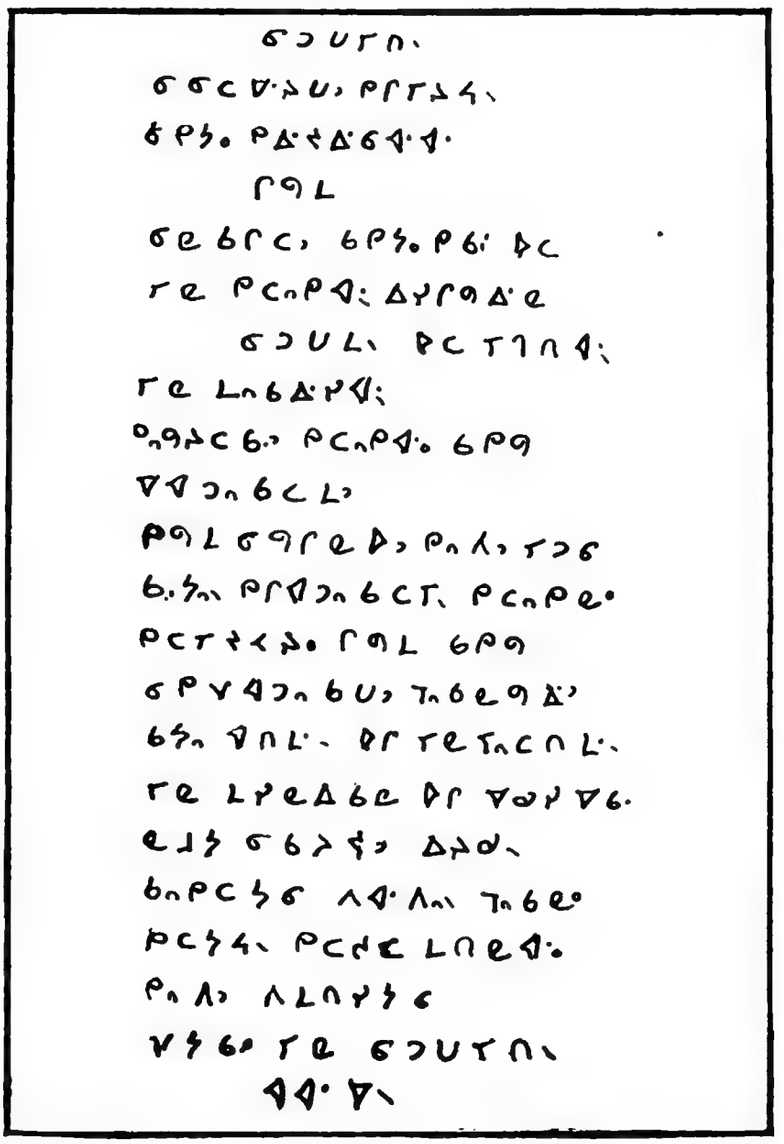
"No. This time the Company will lose. It knows it," said Cornwall. "Privately it acknowledges that it will lose."

"You mean that the Company is for the first time up against a new condition, new forces of life beyond its experience to deal with?" I asked. "Agriculture, the tie of the soil, the most deep-rooted of human instincts? An irresistible wave, against which its old weapons of power and bravado are vain?"

"Yes, yes," he answered quickly. "The gold-seeker and the trapper are incidents. The farmer is permanent."

"There's a sort of soft persistence about him, isn't there?" I said. "A soft insinuation in his dogged, docile self-insistence. Here, after twelve years, that's the one thing really new I notice in the country. It's in the very atmosphere now."

"Yes," said Cornwall, thoughtfully.



CAMPAIGN POSTER FOR JAMES K. CORNWALL, WHEN RUNNING FOR PROVINCIAL REPRESENTATIVE OF THE PEACE RIVER DISTRICT. IT IS PRINTED IN THE CREE LANGUAGE.

At Fort Vermilion on the Peace, the strongest H. B. C. post in the region of the Last Frontier, the Company and the pioneer clash acutely. There, on the one side, is the one perfect, longest-lived example of "business" absolutism over men's lives; on the other, a band of a dozen settlers bearing the burden of generations of future white men, and in latitude 58° 30′. So far they have been always worsted, and their feelings run high.

Sheridan Lawrence, white, Canadian born, typical pioneer, with his loose-hung six-foot-three frame, his broad brows and seven children, leads them. He had 170

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head of cattle, 80 hogs, and 3,000 bushels of wheat of his own growing when I was there, and is a justice of the peace. The Company will sell him nothing—not even the necessaries of life that he cannot raise. Why? "Because," the Company says, "he traded in furs with our Indians."

"Granted, but also because," says Lawrence, "I brought in a harvester and a grist-mill and cut out the Company's mill business with the rest of us settlers."

A black, intense little Frenchman named Eauclair, who had been fifteen years in the country and was no "squaw-man," took me to his shack beside a lusty wheatfield. The climax of his woe that day concerned a ploughshare—cost in Edmonton, seven hundred miles south on the railway, four dollars—whence he had ordered it to be brought in by the Company, who had held him up, on delivery, twenty-five dollars.

"They say it costs them seven cents a pound to bring in stuff," he said. "A plough weighs about forty pounds. Teenk her out your'sel'. . . . Oh, yes, they say they'll bring in anything for that price. You may order anything, but you won't get her."

"Aren't they common carriers on their river-steamers?" I asked.

"Perhaps," he said. "But how about the portages? A dog-team ain't no common carrier."

Eauclair, the year before, had appealed to the Reverend Mr. White of the English Church Mission, for whom the Company freighted supplies at the cost rate. That year their consignments came in together. F. D. Wilson, the H. B. C. factor at Vermilion, sat down and wrote a letter to Mr. White's bishop, asking him to tell his clergy to mind their own business, which was the saving of souls, and no more, in that country.

The rub, of course, is in the settler's poverty. His one market, both to buy and to sell, is the Company store. And the Company pays a minimum for his wheat and pork, charges a maximum for his sugar and tea. Here is a scale of some of their prices:

Coal-oil,	$2.00 a gallon.
Sugar,	20c. a lb.
Suit of underwear,	$4.50.
Shaving soap,	75c.
Binder twine,	25c. a lb.

And the cost in Edmonton:

Coal-oil,	20c. a gallon.
Sugar,	6c. a lb.
Suit of underwear,	$1.50.
Shaving soap,	25c.
Binder twine,	9c. a lb.

At seven cents a pound for freight—"teenk her out you'sel'." And salute the H. B. C., before any of our old trust friends at home.

But these are cash prices. And the pay-

Photograph by Burke, Edmonton.

JAMES K. CORNWALL, THE MAN WHO IS LEADING THE SETTLERS IN THEIR FIGHT AGAINST THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY—AND HIS OLD FRIEND BENJAMIN.

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INTERIOR OF AN INDIAN CABIN IN THE HUDSON BAY COUNTRY.

ment is never made in cash. In exchange for the settler's wheat, he must take out his pay in "trade," at which the Company's prices are higher by twenty per cent. and more.

"I had $300 credit for work with them,"

SETTLERS IN THE LAST FRONTIER, PASSING THROUGH GROUARD, LESSER SLAVE LAKE, WITH HOUSEHOLD GOODS AND HORSES.

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INDIAN BOATMEN ON THE PLACE RIVER, IN THE REGION WHERE THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY IS FIGHTING FOR ITS ANCIENT SUPREMACY.

said the little Frenchman, "and I asked them for three dollars. 'What for?' said Wilson. 'I want to buy some butter from Fred Lawrence,' I said. 'We have butter here,' said Wilson, refusing me the money. Yes, butter at twice the price Fred had it. And once when I came with cash to buy a blanket, he wouldn't sell me, because he said he needed all his blankets for the Indians. He'd rather get his hams in Chicago at double the price than buy from us. He drove Fred Lawrence from the country, by buying nothing from him except wheat for his mill—wheat, wheat—until Fred's land was all worked out. And then he blows half of it out with the chaff, and only pays on what is left. He juggles prices, so what you want at one time of year is always highest then. He gets you in debt, and then calls you from the fields to chop wood for him; and if you don't come, he stops your credit. Oh, he has us by the throat in each of a t'ousand ways."

This and much more from the hut. What from the jig-sawed, electric-lighted factor's mansion, the pride of Vermilion?

"Eauclair's an erratic sort of cuss," said Wilson. "You never saw a Frenchman that wasn't. Why, I lent him the cash to bring in a thoroughbred Ayrshire bull, and he's still in debt to me. Fred Lawrence was too lazy to make a living anywhere. We have to charge them what we do.

THE OBLATE FATHERS' MISSION, AT FORT VERMILION, DEVOTED TO WORK AMONG THE CREE INDIANS.

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Think of the risk we run in bringing stuff into a country like this—kerosene evaporates, sugar gets wet. If it wasn't for the credit the Company gives these fellows, they'd never have got a start at all. And I have to make the post pay. It costs $5,000 a year to run it, and last year it was ordered closed, and I shouldn't have been here now if the price of muskrats hadn't risen."

He evaded little, except the question whether the Company was not a common carrier, which he denied; that, and the fact, too patent to discuss, that the "rival" Revillon fur company was in cahoots with him, as to profits in both furs and grub, toward settlers and Indians alike.

Blame the man? Lord, no! You left him with that kindly, convinced feeling one has after talking with any corporation director. Outside, I leaned against the flag-post, by the gray, coiling tide of the great river, its long islands dense with yellowing cottonwoods. It seemed as if, out across the vacant wilderness, one might have seen a cavalier in a velvet doublet traveling from his 1670 castle to an office in plate glass and mahogany on lower Broadway in 1910, there to take up the reins of business, and rule as men rule today, ready-armed in that subtle wisdom, like the soldiers of the dragon's teeth.

And last year the Company paid $2,000,000 in dividends. It could not have all come from the southern grocery business, although the Company does not publish its reports. The grocery business is unprofitable, as an expert sent out from Harrod's Stores, London, to reorganize it last year, attests. But J. P. Morgan has just been elected a director in the Company.

Of course the Company is just. And yet—

At that instant, a white man appeared up the shore, "tracking" a canoe. He had a harness around his neck, and was bent forward, tugging hard. The cords on his chest showed through his open shirt. . . . And right here was the race's final realm, whence it may draw its victorious vitality!

James K. Cornwall, in whose hands lies the issue of the Last Frontier, was born in

Photograph by Burke, Edmonton.

A SCENE TYPICAL OF THE PEACE RIVER LAND—A BOSKY LAND WELL GROOMED AND SETTLED—YET VACANT, VIRGIN.

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Brantford, Ontario, of Scotch-Irish blood, in 1869. Before his 'teens, he drifted to the States and sold newspapers on the streets of Buffalo. He entered ward politics, and became one of "Fingy" Conners's lieutenants along the docks. He shipped on the Lakes and won a first mate's papers; he crossed the Atlantic three times as a stowaway. In 1893 he was a hand on one of Mark Hanna's river-boats on the Ohio, and threw up his job to join Coxey's Army, and be chased off the White House lawn. "I went for curiosity," he told me. "I wanted to get at that crowd's ideas."

He came north in the winter of 1897. "Because," he said, "I asked a man that year, a Jew he was, where I could go and keep out of debt and where there was no competition. I looked around, and came here."

The next spring he was piloting boats through the Grand Rapids on Athabasca River at twenty-five dollars each. Then he fell into the ordained life of the North —packing and freighting for the Company and the Police; and, as was inevitable to one of his spirit, he dabbled in the fur-trade. "And yet I never earned the Company's enmity," he told me. "I played fair, and kept even their respect."

With two free-traders, Bredin and Roberts, he successfully organized all competitors of the Company west of the Athabasca. In 1905, when the Athabasca and Peace River Districts were included in the Province of Alberta, and, though forming two-thirds of it, were given but two representatives in the one-house legislature, against thirty-seven for its southern third, he sold out to run and be elected for Peace River.

"I saw the country's future, and knew I could do more for it down at the capital than on the trail," he said. Revillon Frères bought his fur posts. It was strangely compelling to hear him describe how he had dickered with them in Paris, at the Café d'Armenonville in the Bois—he who for seven years had not slept in a bed nor changed his moccasins for boots—in that same Paris where the crafty Radisson had first gained the Stuart ear.

"Every man wants to leave something of himself behind him in this world," he explained once, during the month that we hit the trail together. "I want to leave a name connected with opening up this country."

He is a big man, clean-shaven, raw-boned, hollow-cheeked, with the Celtic twinkle in his eyes; age is just beginning to take the edge from a physique that amazed a land where the muscled superman is commonplace. Indeed, he is chiefly known in the North for the walking records that he has broken, for beating out dog-teams and tracking brigades on long hikes alone. And yet he is not quickly impressive nor domineering. He is shy; he has the reticence that hates to put into words what a man holds most sacred in his life and aims. Travel two thousand miles with him, as I did, in that naked life of the woods which is supposed to wear smooth the bark of personality, and your faith in him will come out larger than your knowledge of him.

It was drawing teeth to make him tell of his adventures; of how he had saved the life of a partner who had capsized from a canoe into treacherous Slave Lake, by diving under it and unstepping the mast in the icy water; how he subdued a mutinous party of half-breed trackers by licking their leader with his fists. But of the times he has faced starvation alone you can learn nothing, because he has told nothing, except the bare fact. He is, above all, *simple*. "This is my country, where I like to live," he told me. "And people like me here, because I'm fair, and I'm determined." In a land of boom and boost, that sounded like—a prayer.

We were walking over the great prairie north of the Peace, below Dunvegan, and I asked Cornwall to tell me the best thing he had ever done in the country. "I won the confidence of the Hudson's Bay Company," he said.

"Every autumn I had to go out to Edmonton," he went on, "to get the fur-lists—the prices paid at the Company's auction in London in the spring. I was bucking them as a fair rival, but of course they would not see that. Each year I went hat in hand to their inspector in town, and asked him if I could take any H. B. C. mail back to the head post at Lesser Slave. And every year I was coldly told, 'No.' I knew they had important letters, and that there was no other way to get them in. But they wouldn't trust me. 'The Company carries its own letters, thank you,' they said. It made me angry. I resolved to show them that I was fighting

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fair, and that they were unreasonable. Year after year I went to them with the same offer, until finally I broke them, and they gave me their sack. Yes, that's the greatest fight I ever won. Of course, our ways and our ends aren't alike up here," he ended, grimly, "but most of my friends in the country to-day are H. B. C. men."

"Rather as if Standard Oil should hand over its books to an 'independent,' wasn't it?" I said.

"Yes," he laughed. "You know the story of the two orphan kids in the Catholic Mission at a post to the eastward? It rather hits off their jealousy, their unforgivingness, and how it has soaked into the hearts of these natives. Well, one Sunday a sister had been telling them about Adam and Eve. And the next Sunday, when she asked them why Adam and Eve had been turned out of the Garden of Eden, right off one of them spoke up: 'Because they'd left the Company's service.'"

A man of so resolute and reserved an idealism, in his vital relation to this Last Frontier, instantly suggests the English builder of empire in Africa. In all the pioneering that won our half the continent, personal, physical heroism, for the independent livelihood of oneself and one's descendants, or to gain wealth and develop resources, has stood out in marked contrast to that larger, unselfish, impersonal self-sacrifice that seeks to win a new realm without thought of personal gain, but only for the task's sake, and to link one's name with it. We were too young a people then to think as a nation, to discount the future as a race. But in the wisdom of bitter lessons and the larger purview of to-day, in a most modern cause needing leadership, is it impossible for a man of the Cecil Rhodes stamp to arise here in the North?

And Jim Cornwall has imagination. It is a balanced imagination, too. He neither speaks nor thinks in hyperbole, as do most builders on the frontier, overdazzled by its resources into misjudging the patience of capital. He sees every side of a dilemma. He has the Irish power of holding men to him, and a quick repartee—in a Bowery-like accent from his Buffalo days. He is sensitive to Indian character, and its subtle pride, its theatric reserve. He is human. I heard him at Slave Lake with some of his old trading-days cronies, whose license the coming of law to the land had curtailed—I heard him, its symbol, exclaim in sympathy, "Law! There's too much law here now!" And again, though an apostle of "developing" the country, he blurted out, in inveighing against the government's deafness to its needs, "As things are now, it's a crime to ask settlers to come in!"

But as yet he has never known overt opposition, even from the Company. "We don't care what he does," said the son of a factor, "so long as he doesn't interfere with us." He has kept politics clean, where the half-breed vote might be prostituted with one's left hand. What is his program for the land, in case the Company, or greater powers yet undefined in the North, beset him as they have beset an Eauclair or a Sheridan Lawrence?

"Suppose the Company opposes a railroad?" I asked. "Or a railroad or worse interests try to run things? Whom could you appeal to?—the Minister of Agriculture?"

"I told you the Company would yield," he answered, categorically. "And at this stage, we'd do anything just to get a railroad. As for the Minister of Agriculture, he wouldn't even let an expert on soil fertility come into the country with me this year, to report on it."

He has no program. He does not see—practically—beyond the present.

He has only his character. What is to be the outcome? Settlers are moving in. Every day we met their horses, their ox-carts, with white women and children upon the piled household goods. The government telegraph reached Grouard the day we got there.

Wide as its stage is, it may seem a small, out-of-the-way comedy, this passing of the Last Frontier. It cannot be spectacular. The world is too modern for that; the instruments, the courage, the idealism of this age's pioneers are too tame. The big contests to-day are fought without bloodshed. But Prince Rupert, Jim Cornwall, the gold-digging priest of the Pass, the boycotted Lawrence, shall never again be matched in history. An act of Parliament, the stroke of a pen—and all their pride, their dreams, their struggles for a home, will begin to be shaped quietly, unalterably, by the civilization that they have never yet really known. And when the curtain falls, it can never rise again upon our race with its soul so bare.

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LITTLE STORIES OF REAL LIFE

AN AWAKENINC

BY GRACE SARTWELL MASON

JOHN WARREN, editor of the *Falcon*, covered a final sheet of copy paper with his heavy-handed scrawl and pushed it from him. To-morrow it would become print and be read by half the county. Those who were of the *Falcon's* political faith would chuckle; Warren's enemies could be counted on to wince and perhaps swear; certain old citizens who remembered his boyhood would read the editorial with the dubious half-pride they had taken for twenty years in his bitter wit and, ten to one, would remark: "Gad! The old dog gets worse, but he ain't afraid of none of 'em, high er low!"

Fear and respect of persons had indeed been left out of Warren's composition. He had a huge frame topped by coarse iron-gray hair, a lock of which generally fell over one eye and was constantly being tossed out of the way with the gesture of an angry lion. His eyes were steel gray beneath his ragged brows; his grizzled mustache had been gnawed at when he was writing until one corner was a fierce, outstanding brush and the other drooped in an untidy line. The mouth changed with the changing temper of the man. When he wrote an editorial calling the town council to account for the last penny spent on a new river bridge, it was a thin line of defiance; when he looked over his reporter's proof of a meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society, it twisted in cynical amusement; when he wrote the account of a wedding, it sneered; but it was when he took up his pen to pour vitriol and slime into a column attack on the personal character of an esteemed contemporary that his mouth showed forth most clearly the sick and bitter soul within him.

Forty years before, John Warren had walked into the village, a penniless, ragged, silent boy. He had managed, Heaven only knew by what unboyish effort, to get a living and a scant education. From some source he had inherited an unusual mind, which gleaned from every printed word that came his way. At eighteen he was a stable-boy, reading Herbert Spencer by the light of a smoky lantern, and cherishing his audacious secret ambition —to own a newspaper. At thirty he had scraped together the money to buy a little single-sheet journal which was being hastened to an early grave by lack of support and the persecutions of a local rival.

He had been the editor, proprietor, and soul of the *Falcon* for twenty years; but it was never in the successful present that he took pleasure. In his rare moments of reverie, the mind of John Warren harked back always to that night when he had counted out the purchase money and shut the door upon the *Falcon's* broken-spirited owner. There had been, he remembered, only a noisome kerosene lamp in the office. In the close, rank darkness of the composing room, the miserable equipment of the paper took on shapes potent with meaning for him. He locked the door, and stealthily, like a shamefaced lover, crept

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about the room, caressingly running his hand over the dusty forms. Then he sat down at the pine table which was the editorial desk and wrote his first leader.

To-night the memory of twenty years before stirred within him so strongly that the hours slipped by unheeded, and across the silent town the schoolhouse clock struck one. As he roused himself at last to go home, the door of the composing room was opened and a woman groped her way across the darkness toward the lighted office. Warren stood up when he heard her step.

"I'm coming home now, Ellen," he said. "I'm turning out the lights."

"John," the woman called, "don't turn out the lights!" She stood in the doorway, and at the sound of her voice Warren turned toward his wife. In her thin face there was such a look of strain and fright that he said sharply: "What is it, Ellen?"

She was breathless as if she had been running, and the sharp night wind had blown her thin hair from under her shawl. Her eyes searched the room despairingly. "Have you seen Robbie?" she whispered.

When Warren shook his head irritably, she sank upon a chair as if hope and strength had left her.

"Oh, John," she cried, "I don't know what Robbie has done—but I'm afraid——"

"Afraid of what?" Warren asked. His voice was harsh, but a look of dread crept into his eyes. "Is it so unusual to have him spend the night the Lord only knows where?"

"No, but—well, when he didn't come in, I went out to see if I could find him. I thought I saw some boys in the alley back of Jamison's store and I stood in the shadow watching them. All of a sudden they started and ran past me. They had their arms full of things—I saw a boy put a gold chain in his pocket—and Robbie was with them!"

"They had broken into Jamison's store?" Warren asked, his eyes flaming.

His wife buried her face in the old shawl with a gesture of assent. Warren gnawed at his mustache while his face set in lines of bitterness.

"Well," he said at last, "there's no use of your crying; after all, this latest deviltry isn't so unexpected, is it? Were you able to see what part of the booty our son and heir made off with?"

The woman winced at his tone, but like a flash the question brought before her eyes the picture of the boy as she had just seen him running through the darkness, and she remembered what he had been carrying. Deep in her soul flared a fierce anger, such as she had never known in all her pallid life. The tears dried in her burning eyes.

"Yes, I saw what he took," she said; "he stole a pair of shoes. And do you know why? Because his feet were on the ground! I offered him what money I had to get more, but he wouldn't take it—he's always been good to me; when he had work in the factory last summer he gave me money for a new dress; when I was sick he sold his rabbits to get me a bottle of wine! He's got a good heart, and he'd be a good boy to-day if it wasn't for you! Have you ever taken any notice of him except to swear at him when he ran away from his work? Did you pay him when he set type here in the office all Christmas vacation? He was trying to be a good boy then—I knew it—but what help did you give him? Did you ever sit down of an evening and help him with his lessons, or pay any attention to his schooling except to sneer when he didn't pass? You know how he loves horses and dogs—if you had let him have a pet of some kind instead of punishing him

"IT WASN'T EASY FOR A BOY TO GET HIS LIVING."

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when he hung around the livery-stable, he'd be a better boy to-day."

A sob caught at the last word, and the woman pressed a shaking hand over her lips. The restraint of years had broken down; something fierce and primitive which the Creator has put in the heart of every mother had conquered the spiritless and commonplace wife. Stinging truths which all her married life she had only dully realized rushed into words, shaking her with their new intensity. She lost her dread of the man before her—if he sneered she could not see him; her eyes swam in a hot mist of tears.

"You've buried yourself in the paper," she cried. "You've spent your money on it; you'd eat and sleep here if you could; you care more for one of those machines there than for us! Why did you marry me and bring children into the world if your heart's got only room for the paper? You're a selfish and a hard man, John Warren, and your son's a thief because of you! I—I—oh, Robbie, my Robbie—!" She groped her way toward the door, and it closed upon her before the man stirred.

The town awoke next morning to a new topic of conversation. The robbery of Jamison's store was followed almost immediately by the finding of the stolen articles and the inevitable arrest of the boyish thieves. Most of them were hoodlums and their connection with the affair caused little surprise, but when Robert Warren's name came out the town was shaken by a shocked but triumphant conviction that this new deviltry was exactly what they had predicted of him.

"Now," they said, "we'll see what John Warren has to say about *this!*"

What John Warren in the heart of him really felt they never knew. In a quarter of a column he gave, exactly as he had always given events of local interest, an account of the robbery and the names of every boy connected with it. He refused to go bail for his son, and when his wife asked if he did not intend to plead the boy's youth before the justice, he said grimly: "He's old enough to have disgraced me—let him learn the consequences."

A few nights later he sat in his office, writing. When he had finished he pushed the paper away from him and for an hour sat gnawing his mustache and staring into the shadows of the dingy room. The article he had just written lay under the lamp. It was a biting, cruelly witty half-column of advice to fathers. Perhaps not a person who read it would feel its undercurrent of misery, but it was there, running through every line, a bitter tide of self-accusation. The writing of it had been like salt in a wound.

He drew the copy sheets toward him and took up his pencil, but in a moment cast it aside and fell to staring into the dark corners again. He was haunted and hindered in his work by a dim sense of melancholy, the cause of which eluded him. He had no fear of the opinion of any man, and yet this last escapade of his son's had stirred undreamed-of depths of unhappiness. Certain of his wife's words, mingling with obscure fragments of thoughts and memories, possessed his brain. The fire of his defiance died; something stirred within him which was like the blind groping of feelings and instincts long repressed. His thoughts slipped back to the day when his son was born—to the pride he had felt—and then forgotten in the stress of his fight for place. Many other things he had likewise sacrificed, and to-night, when life was two thirds gone, he was just beginning to count the cost of what he had thrown away.

He had sunk so deep in his unaccustomed thoughts that he did not hear the outer door open and he started when his wife spoke to him from the doorway. Behind her was a boy, shrinking into the darkness of the composing room.

"John," his wife said, "here is Robbie. I—I've fixed it up with Jamison, and they let him go. He's going to try to be a better boy. Won't you—won't you talk to him, John?" Just for an instant she touched the boy's hand, then she slipped out and closed the door behind her. The boy's eyes followed her wistfully—but they hardened with defiance as he faced his father. He put his shoulders against the door and stood in silence.

A sense of impotence fell upon John Warren's heart. In one of those moments of clear vision that come once or twice in a lifetime, he realized that his own son looked at him with alien eyes. Whose was the fault? The truth plucked at his heart and he knew the answer. The seconds rushed into hour-long minutes while he searched for the word he knew he must speak then or lose forever what had become suddenly precious above everything. He looked at the boy's face—there was no help in it; it was sullen and

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"I STOLE SOMETHING MYSELF ONCE."

slowly hardening. His eyes dropped to the circle of light which the lamp threw at the lad's feet. They were clad in ragged shoes, muddy and wet with the night dew.

As the man looked at them, a recollection, swift and cutting like a knife, awoke within him. He had seen his own feet clad like that once—on a spring night—and they were wet with the dew and muddy with the soil of a plowed field. . . .

A painful, crimson flood rushed over his face, but with that memory the way had cleared before him. He leaned toward the boy, holding out his hand, and called him by the name his mother had given him: "Robbie!"

The boy's eyes darted toward his father's face with a terrible look of fear and doubt. Nothing in John Warren's life had hurt like that glance, but he did not draw back his hand. "Robbie," he said again, "will you come over here? I want to tell you something."

The boy stumbled silently into the chair opposite his father, and John Warren began to speak, simply, as if thinking aloud, but with his eyes fixed on the boy's face.

"I'm going to tell you something, Robbie," he said, "that I've never told any one else before, so that you'll know I understand about the shoes you—you took. I stole something myself once, and I want to tell you about it."

The boy's eyes grew large with wonder and perplexity, but the sullen look died out of his face as he listened.

"I was born on a farm, Rob, a miserable hilly farm, all stones and stumps. Before I was ten I had begun to hate the farm, and the work, and the lonesome life. I had to work harder than you have ever done, though I was younger than you are now, and we were so poor that I had to stay out of school a good deal because I hadn't clothes to wear. But all that came to an end when I was fourteen. My father had been to town one day, and after supper he counted out his money upon the oilcloth cover of the table. I stood watching him for a long time, and finally I said: 'Father, how much of that are you going to give me?' I can see now how my father stared at me, and can hear just how he said: 'How much do you pay me for your keep?'

"A shivering and a trembling fell upon me; I couldn't stand any more. You see, I had never had any wages, and I had worked almost as hard as a man. I forgot everything in my sense of wrong. Without a word I sprang upon the money; I snatched some of it and ran like a deer down the road.

"I never saw my father again. That night I walked six miles to the railway, and the next day I got a ride on a freight train to this place. It was only a little village then, and it wasn't easy for a boy to get his living. Old Doc Stebbins was the first to help me; he let me sleep on the hay in his barn and gave me my breakfast for hitching up his horse. I earned my supper by sweeping out a restaurant at night. In winter I shoveled snow and in summer I mowed lawns; I was a bootblack, a stable-boy; I broke stones on the road and I ran a pop corn stand. I was ragged most of the time, and I don't think I had any too much to eat, but I never took another cent that didn't belong to me, Rob, and I sent back to my father the money I stole that night."

A swift flush swept over the face of the boy. He had listened like one fascinated against his will as his father talked, but the last sentence threw him back upon himself again, and a sullen look of shame took the

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place of the interest he had shown. John Warren saw the expression. With a pang of regret he realized that he must go on.

"I was almost thirty before I could save the money to buy this paper," he continued. "And when I had got it, I had to fight so hard to keep it that there was no time for anything else. When you came, I suppose I was glad. I was proud to have a son, but there wasn't time to think even about you. Plenty of men hated me and plenty more would have been glad to see the paper go to the wall. Sometimes I used to think that if I could hold on till you got old enough, I should have some one to help me, to fight with me. But, some way, I—I—well, perhaps I'm not an easy man to work for. Your mother"—Warren had never in his life found any words so hard to say as these; it was only the sight of the boy's face that made it possible—"your mother says I am selfish and wrapped up in the paper. I know she is right. I haven't had much time to help either her or you; money is always scarce, it seems, and perhaps in the fight for it I've forgotten what made me run away from home when I was a boy like you. But now—Rob, Payton leaves to-morrow. I'll give you what I gave him, if you'll stick to the place and do his work. I hope you will, Rob; I need you now, and when you're a little older you and I together will show the county a paper that no one can beat."

The boy looked at the man with trembling lips. He felt confused and ashamed—overwhelmed with a sense of his own wickedness. But in his heart there sprang a new adoration; he could have gone down on his knees. But instead, being a boy, he brushed away his tears while pretending to look for his cap, and said gruffly: "I did Payton's work two days once when he was away. I—I like it and I guess I can do it even better now—I am older, you know."

They turned out the lights in the dusty office and left the composing room to its odors of ink and oil. Outside in the garden, where a few patches of snow still lingered, they saw a figure hastening away from them with a fugitive air.

"Mother," the boy called, "we're coming."

The woman turned and waited for them. Even in the darkness they could see her face light with a smile. The boy's eyes sought hers joyfully, and she returned the look with perfect understanding. A chill spring breeze caught at the thin shawl she wore, and the man touched it with an awkward hand.

"You're not dressed warm enough for such a night," he said, with a new note in his voice. "Robbie, you'll have to look after your mother better than I do!"

THAT RED ROCKER

BY KENNETH GROESBECK

MRS. TIMOTHY DOOLIN bent her red, good-natured face over the gas-stove, and thought. Her mouth was tight with resolution, and she shut the oven door on the baked potatoes with more than her usual determination.

The whole thing had begun with an elegant mahogany rocking-chair, upholstered in red plush, which stood in state in the window of Mike Flannerty's saloon. The admiring public was advised that it would be awarded to the most popular man in the district, and that votes were procurable (at ten cents each) from the aforesaid Flannerty. The matter was not without interest to Mrs. Doolin.

She was still deep in her plans when the door clicked, and her husband entered the little kitchen.

"Man, but ye do be on time fer your dinner," she said, with a twinkle in her eye.

"That's it," he growled, with a friendly pat on the shoulder as he passed her. "Be abusin' me, after a hard day's work, fer comin' home t' eat."

"D'ye mind the new sinsation in th' neighborhood?" asked Mrs. Doolin, as she put the dishes on the table.

"Bein' a woman, ye must mean th' chair," he answered, sitting down with a huge sigh of utter content. "Yis; the boys could talk o' nothin' else at th' fire-house this mornin'. Belike the most popular man in the district would be Ben Jordan."

"Ben Jordan, nothin'!" flashed his wife. "Ye'll git it yourself, Tim. What sinse have you, anyway? You bein' the lootinint o' the engine-house, an' havin' made more riscues than anny other man in the

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district, an' spicially comminded by th' chief, an' all that! After twinty-six years of hard service! Ben Jordan, indade!"

"It's an old fool ye are, Bid," he told her, with his lined and clean-shaven face alight with affection, and his keen eyes twinkling. "Fer Prisident—Tim Doolin, nominated by his lovin' auld wife." And with that he was up and off into the next room to smoke his pipe, leaving her, for once in her busy life, sitting with her hands in her lap.

The eventful night of the contest finally arrived. The shining palace of the enterprising Flannerty was alive with the pride of the district. Mike himself sat at a table before the bar, entering votes on a blackboard as supporters presented their opinions, backed by a dime apiece. Up to nine o'clock the contest had been close between Ben Jordan and Timothy Doolin. Others straggled along in the rear, but the leaders advanced by bounds, as adherents planked down bills, with a determined "Tin votes fer Tim!" or "There's twinty fer Ben Jordan!" But at nine the prospects began to look dark for the lieutenant of Engine Company Fifteen.

Mrs. Doolin, in state in her parlor, received the returns by way of a small boy of the neighborhood, a devoted admirer of the lieutenant. He arrived, panting, shortly before ten, with the news that Jordan was two hundred and seven votes ahead. The contest was to close at ten.

Without comment Mrs. Doolin got up—and, going into her bedroom, returned with a roll of bills in her hands.

"D'ye go back to Flannerty's, Willie," she said, determinedly. "Here's fifty dollars, an' for the love o' the holy saints, child, don't lose it. Don't tell a soul who give ye the money, but keep my Timmie ahead o' that Ben Jordan. My man gets that rocker, or I know why not!" And she pushed the money into the boy's pocket, and started him off on his mission.

His entrance into the contest produced a sensation. It was five minutes to ten, and Doolin had pushed to within a hundred and fifty votes of his rival. Willie sauntered up to the blackboard with the supercilious mien of the small boy on state business, pulled out a yellow-backed twenty from his pocket, and threw it carelessly at Mike, with a calm—"Two hunnerd votes fer Mister Doolin, th' best man in th' wurld!"

Promptly a sallow-faced man, with a grin, threw twenty-five dollars before Flannerty, bringing Jordan two hundred votes ahead. Willie waited for the excitement to subside, and then, with elaborate carelessness, counted out twenty-five dollars before the eyes of the astonished district.

It was ten o'clock, and Flannerty got up laboriously and rapped on his table for silence.

"Gintlemen," he began. "Are there anny more votes to be presinted for the chair yonder?"

Jordan's friend arose in the back of the smoke-filled room. There was deep silence, and Willie eyed him anxiously. He had only five dollars left, and if Jordan won——

"Wan hunnerd fer Mr. Jordan," said the sallow-faced one, and sat down.

"Wan hunnerd," said Mr. Flannerty, obediently. "This brings Mr. Jordan a bit over fifty ahead." He waited a moment, and then went on: "The contist, thin——"

Here Willie's shrill voice interrupted him.

"Where's de cash?" cried the boy, rising and looking back for his rival. "Come and cover up dat hunnerd wid somethin', youse!"

Jordan's friend rose again and bowed politely to Flannerty. "Mr. Flannerty knows me," he said, smoothly. "I ain't got just the amount wid me at prisint, but me word's good fer it."

At this there was an instant howl of indignant protest from the crowd, with cries of "Timmie wins!" "Close the deal!" and "Chuck him out!"

Mr. Flannerty knew his crowd.

"The kid's right," he said loftily. "You has to cover yer votes. If dere is no more comin', I declare the contist closed." He added up the figures on the score-board, and then, turning to the crowd, declared that "Mr. Timmie Doolin, lootinint of Company Fifteen, is the most popular gent in this district, and the winner of the magnificent mahogany cheer yonder."

A roar of applause drowned his words. But Willie was off like a shot to carry the good news to Mrs. Doolin.

He found Tim back from special duty at the engine-house, sitting contentedly beside his wife and smoking his pet black briar.

"Ye've won, Mr. Doolin," the boy cried as he burst in. "Ye beat Ben Jordan by fifty votes. The rocker, it's a-comin' right up."

There was a gleam of pleasure in Tim's eyes as he removed the pipe from his mouth

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and nodded his head kindly to the enthusiastic boy. Mrs. Doolin broke in:

"Well, Willie, you're a good news-bringer. Sit ye down, lad, while I get ye a bit o' cake." This with a warning glance not lost on the boy, as she left the room.

"I bet you're glad, Mr. Doolin," said Willie, his eyes shining.

"Well, Willie," said Tim, "I am. I'm plumb tickled to death, you might say. I've had me eye on that there rocker fer weeks, because, d'ye see"—he leaned over confidentially and gestured with his pipe—"the old lady, she's mighty fond o' rockin'!" Then he subsided, smoking contentedly, while the kindly Mrs. Doolin hovered over Willie with a plate of her homemade cake.

The boy was leaving, a half hour or so later, when a noise was heard on the narrow stairs. Mrs. Doolin's eyes sparkled. "'Tis the chair they're bringing," she said, beaming with satisfaction. But it was not only the chair. It was also a committee of their neighbors, which filled the little flat to suffocation with big, burly forms.

"Well, byes," cried the hospitable woman, "it's glad we are to see ye! We have no cheers fer an army, but ye can sit on the floor and hang yer feet over."

When they had at last settled themselves, one of their number, a member of Tim's own fire-company, arose as an embarrassed spokesman.

"Mr. and Mrs. Doolin, an' you, Willie, and gents," he began. "We're glad to bring the chair with us to show as how Mr. Lootinint Doolin is the best man in the district. But we bring somethin' ilse." ("Bully boy, Patrick!" some one interrupted.) "When that son-of-a-gun of a Mike Flannerty"—bowing to Mrs. Doolin, who nodded energetically—"wuz fer lettin' Jordan's frind vote without the cash, we gets on t' him. Me an' me frinds here—" with a wave to the committee—"we gets after that smooth guy on the street, and gets ready to knock his block off. Thin he admits 'tis a put-up job between him and Flannerty. He wuz t' back annyone who looked like a good second, so's t' push up the contist and make Flannerty git a hunnerd or so fer th' chair. So he backs Jordan, and Flannerty gives him th' money t' do't with, knowin' it comes right back t' him!"

A growl of assent arose from the committee, which seemed to feel it had left something undone in its interview with the sallow-faced gentleman. The spokesman continued, flushed with the unwonted exertion:

"So thin we goes back t' th' saloon, and fixes Flannerty. He knows us, and he knows wot his joint 'ud look like if it got out as how he'd put up a job on the lootinint here. So he coughs up all the cash he got, but what the cheer cost him, and now we're lookin' fer the chap that backed you, Willie, with the forty-five ye put in!"

The boy was taken entirely by surprise at the sudden turn in the conversation. "Why," he stammered, "it wuz th' missus here!"

There was a roar of laughter from the men as Mrs. Doolin arose in her wrath and made for Willie. But when she reached him, Willie was no longer there. Then the committee plumped the roll of bills into her lap, placed the wonderful chair beside her, and, after solemnly shaking hands with her and Tim—who sat like one stunned, filed heavily out of the flat.

After the door had closed upon them, Tim stood before her. "Ye little divvle!" he said. He hadn't called her that since courtship days, long years before, and her heart swelled. "Ye little divvle, spending that lump t' make yer old man think as how he was the graandest thing in the wirrld! Whut difference d'ye think 'twould make t' me what th' crowd thinks, whin I know me girl loves me?" Her heart swelled again, and her eyes filled.

"Ye're an auld fool, Timmie darlin'," she said, her voice trembling.

"Now, more," he went on. "Where'd ye get th' cash? I know 'tis yer own, but fer wot wuz ye savin' it?"

"None o' yer business, Tim," she answered back. "You run your engine-house, an' I'll run th' flat, so go on wid yez!"

"You answer me question," he said sternly.

She eyed him a moment, and then yielded, as she usually did. "Fer me clothes, Timmie; and by th' saints I don't need none!"

"No," he retorted, his kind eyes twinkling, "an' Easter comin'! To-morrow you 'n' me wurks out wot 'twill cost to fit ye up better'n anny lady in th' district, an' I puts a bit with th' bit ye have in yer lap there. An' Sunday we goes to Kennedy's fer a grand time like we used t' have in th' old days. An' now, ye scamp, sit in th' rocker, and let yer old man look at ye!"

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A ROW OF BOOKS

By J. B. KERFOOT

PROFESSOR IRVING BABBITT, of Harvard University, has published, under the title of "The New Laocoön" (Houghton, Mifflin), a deeply analyzed and strongly supported attack upon modern confusion among the arts—the confusion resulting in that mad game of Pussy-wants-a-corner in which we see musicians composing philosophical treatises for the orchestra, painters doing symphonies in pure color, poets painting pictures in words, and neurotic critics lauding the thousand and one vagaries of æsthetic perverts. The volume is perhaps the most important of recent English contributions to the literature of synthetic art criticism and is here commended to the attention of serious students of the subjects with which it deals.

For the space of a single paragraph, however, I venture to fly directly in the face of Professor Babbitt by speaking of one of the typical developments of American fiction in terms of the most typical development of American architecture. Stewart Edward White's latest novel, "The Rules of the Game" (Doubleday, Page), offers us, in acceptable and assimilable shape, a more intelligent and intelligible summing up of the National Forest Conservation movement than has yet been placed before the public. This summing up not only represents the object, but it actually forms the structural core, of the book as written. The facing of fiction with which it is enclosed serves no other purpose than that of making the structure habitable by the imagination. In short, the book is neither more nor less than a steel-construction novel. Let us see how far this identification is tantamount to condemnation.

We are all familiar with the history of steel construction. We remember the amazed interest with which we viewed its early employment. We still shudder at the orgy of architectural horrors and decorative makeshifts that marked the adolescence of the skyscraper. And we are rapidly coming to appreciate the essential fitness of the evolving type of high building, with its adequate base, its utilitarian pillar of window-pierced wall, and its completing capital of more ornate construction. We have only to look back in order to recognize a like development in the steel-constructed novel. We recall the interest aroused by the early fictional presentations of special industries and localized conditions. We still wince over the abominable medley of melodramatic plots and sensational incidents with which the writers of these treatises early sought to disguise their nature. And we can not but see that Mr. White, in "The Rules of the Game," has approximated to the same satisfactory solution evolved by his architectural fellow-workers. He provides an adequate fictional base for his structure in the experiences of young Orde in the lumber camps of Michigan and in the circumstances of his removal to California. He then builds story by story his utilitarian pillar of forest-service methods, ideals, misconceptions, and difficulties. And when this is complete, he balances his fictional base by a fictional cornice of sudden crisis and complete dénouement. The book makes it look as though a floundering type had found its formula.

When thieves fall out, honest men come into their own—as the jackal remarked between mouthfuls while the lions fought over their kill. Half a dozen lions of the psychological jungle—

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Hugo Münsterberg, Theodore Ribot, Joseph Jastrow, Pierre Janet, Morton Prince, and Bernard Hart—have contributed to a symposium (which, being interpreted, means a simultaneous expression of opinion under Marquis of Queensberry rules) upon "Subconscious Phenomena" (Badger), and such lay jackals as happen round can, if they are very deft about it, pick up some nourishing tidbits in the line of independent conclusions. They will do well, however, before venturing into the arena, to put a little figurative cotton in their ears; for the roaring of the lions is rather terrifying, and the language that some of them use, while it literally passeth all understanding, does not in any other respect resemble the peace of God. Here, roughly stated, are the facts:

The various explanatory assumptions and assertions about the "subliminal" and the "subconscious" have roused more popular interest and attention than any other hypotheses of modern psychology. They have also bred more misunderstandings and disagreements among psychologists. There are an astonishing number of laymen who keep in partial touch with the investigations and theories of the new science; but, for the most part, they have an exaggerated respect for "authorities," their minds are more retentive of alleged facts than critical of allegedly logical arguments, and they are occasional, rather than systematic, followers-up of the subject. They tend, therefore, to become hopelessly bewildered by encountering mutually contradictory pronouncements at intervals so great that the arguments that support them have been forgotten. This little book is addressed to experts, not to laymen. But it brings the various theories, and an outline of their claims to validity, into immediate juxtaposition; so that any one who will take the trouble to study it can get a bird's-eye view of the situation. Moreover, no amateur student of either science or philosophy can fail to benefit by reading Bernard Hart's lucid orientation of the conception of the "subconscious" and of scientific and philosophical conceptions in general.

I forget at the moment what poet-philosopher it was who said, "A little fooling now and then don't hurt the seriousest of men"; but it is sound advice, provided always that the man we pick out to do the fooling for us isn't a fool. This point is very important, especially in fiction. The more completely creative a story is, the less conscious are we of the man behind the pen. The flimsier the fabric of a tale, the more revealingly does it drape itself about the intellectual personality of the writer. Much light fiction is flat because, in this sense as well as in the more obvious one, there is "nothing in it." There is, if one happens to be in a carpingly serious frame of mind, "nothing in" Eugene Manlove Rhodes's "Good Men and True" (Holt). But if one is lucky enough to pick up the little book when our poet-philosopher's advice appeals to one, there are two things in it: a flimsy but lively and unhackneyed tale; and a perfectly spontaneous and engaging personality, molding it from within. It is the story of a Texas cowboy who strikes up a friendship with a tenderfoot lawyer's-clerk in El Paso, swaps lessons in typewriting and the English classics for local wisdom, and puts his new-found knowledge to ingenious use when he gets mixed up in the machinations of a gang of political criminals and kidnappers. The plot is neatly constructed, but with a view to holding the attention rather than to holding water. The characters (there is never a girl among them) are spiritedly sketched. But, above all, the young writer who does this clever bit of fooling for us wears a mind of his own beneath his motley.

Samuel Butler, in "The Way of All Flesh," says of certain characters whom he is describing that "they would have been equally horrified to have heard the Christian religion doubted, or to have seen it practiced." Mr. Charles Marriott's novel "Now" (Lane) concerns itself with the affairs of an English bourgeois family who maintain toward the social dreams and individualistic ideals of the day an attitude similarly conditioned. The story is told by a man who is himself something of an idealist by temperament and of an individualist by habit, but who is bitten by the proselytizing-bug of neither cult; a man who runs across the Kenwyn-Browns at an English watering-place, falls into an amused intimacy with them, and, by innocently bringing them (and especially their daughter Julia) into contact with some of his more Utopian companions, upsets the unstable equilibrium of the family traditions. It is a loitering and roundabout narrative, reflecting with rather patience-trying faithfulness the happy-go-lucky habits of the supposed narrator; but it more than compensates for these shortcomings by the two-edged humor, born of a double understanding, with which it plays off the ill-balanced wisdom of the simply-minded against the self-satisfied shallowness of the worldly-wise.

Just as a matter of curiosity, I wonder how many people will be inclined to shrug their shoulders and shy off if I mention a book about Africa? Also how far this tendency to restiveness will be allayed by a solemn assurance that there is not a word in the volume about Mombasa, or Nairobi, or hartebeests, or askaris, or tsetse flies, or safari-ing, or killing things? The

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book is "The Land of the White Helmet" (Revell), by Edgar Allen Forbes; and its subject matter is as far removed, territorially, from Rooseveltian Africa as it is differentiated, chemically, from that of the ordinary travel tale of commerce. One sometimes feels that if a duly qualified chemist should analyze some samples of travel books purchased in the open market, his report would read something like this:

Determination to write a book	23%
Paraphrased diary, including irrelevant details	38%
Extract of historical reference books	19%
Sunsets, scenery, and other vegetable matter	9%
Second-hand anecdotes	6%
First-hand impressions of native women	4%
Other original observations	½%
Personality	A trace

"The Land of the White Helmet" deals with the northwest quarter of the Dark Continent — that all-but-lost-sight-of region of the Algerian and Moroccan Hinterland and of the decaying colonies on the West Coast where France and Spain and Germany and England are at present playing squat-tag for spheres of influence. It tells us what an intelligently observant and interested American saw and surmised during a year's purposive and unheralded wanderings in these territories. And instead of being verbally arrayed in the pompous frock coat and silk hat of pseudo-literature, it comes to us garbed in the vernacular and looks us in the eye while it addresses us.

There turned up the other day among the new books an illustrated edition of Edward Sandford Martin's delectable thinkings-aloud, "The Luxury of Children" (Harper's), and, being in a self-indulgent mood, I treated myself to the (to me) somewhat rare luxury of re-reading an old favorite. Now this is not always a safe proceeding, even for the casual reader, since he runs the risk of being despoiled of a pleasant memory by trying to recapture its reality; but for the professional pronouncer of catch-as-catch-can opinions upon current literature it is doubly dangerous, in that he may find himself disconcertedly facing the *corpus delicti* of an outlived judgment. But this little volume has the qualifications, and deserves the recognition, of an American classic. It touches upon basic and inalienable privileges and problems of our common life with that divine naïveté that is the perquisite of none but little children and of those wise men who resemble them, and with that exquisite simplicity which is the rarest attainment of English prose. It is only a generation or so ago that the last Ladies and Gentlemen of the Old School were still maintaining the Anglo-Saxon tradition that children were born saddled with an uncancelable debt of gratitude and duty that left them no rights which parents were bound to respect. We seem to be living in the heyday of a reaction that puts the case in the same terms, but the other way about. Mr. Martin, with a serenity unshaken by these changing standards, voices the eternally valid norm of those reciprocal instincts that lie at the heart of human happiness.

OTHER BOOKS

"The Rhinegold and the Valkyrie," by Richard Wagner, translated by Margaret Armour, with illustrations by Arthur Rackham (Doubleday, Page). One of the most attractive gift books of the season; interesting for its rendering of the text and directions of the operas, and (especially in the case of the "Rhinegold") fascinatingly interpreted by the weird color drawings of Mr. Rackham.

"Mr. Pickwick," illustrated in color by Frank Reynolds, R. I. (Hodder and Stoughton). A handsome quarto volume containing nineteen selected passages from "The Pickwick Papers" which, taken together, introduce all the leading characters and most of the more celebrated incidents of the original and form the setting for the twenty-four full-page reproductions of realistic portrait and other studies that give the book its distinctive value.

"Three Modern Seers" (Kennerley). Essays by Mrs. Havelock Ellis upon James Hinton, Nietzsche, and Edward Carpenter. Interesting as a broad-minded woman's opinion of the sex-philosophy of these three writers.

"Tales of Men and Ghosts" (Scribner). By Edith Wharton. A collection of short stories in which a sedulously polished and refined technique has been devoted to the elaborate presentation of situations of vanishing import and incidents of intangible interest. It has been said of Mrs. Wharton that she is given to "pirouetting on a needle point." In some of these stories she carries this subtle process so far that she approximates to an intelligence operating *in vacuo*.

"A Man's Man" (Houghton, Mifflin). A tale of Cambridge undergraduate life and of subsequent adventure on the high seas, by Ian Hay, the author of a recent popular and amusing Scotch-English story called "The Right Stuff." The new book is neither very original nor very consecutive, but as a yarn that the author evidently takes pleasure in spinning it makes an entertaining fill-gap.

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UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

"THOMAS, what is the matter with your brother Johnny?" asked their mother.

"He's crying," replied Thomas, "because I'm eating my cake and won't give him any."

"Is his own cake finished?"

"Yes'm; and he cried while I was eating that, too."

Two hunters, returning from the Catskills, decided to try some New York City humor upon the agent of a little railroad station in the foothills.

"When does the 3:49 train get in?" asked one.

The old man regarded him seriously and at length. "Wall," said he, "she generally gets in just a leetle behind the engine."

Later they approached him respectfully. "About time that train is due, isn't it, Uncle?"

"Yes," said the agent, "she's about due. There comes the conductor's dog."

Owing to fog, a steamer stopped in the mouth of a river. An old lady inquired of the captain the cause of the delay.

"Can't see up the river," replied the officer.

"But, captain, I can see the stars overhead," she argued.

"Yes," said the captain gruffly, "but until the boilers bust we ain't a-goin' that way."

A merchant in a small western town was about to become bankrupt for the seventh time. He called in the accountants to go over his books. When they had finished they told him he would be able to pay three cents on the dollar. A troubled look came over the merchant's face. "Heretofore," he said, "I have always paid ten cents on the dollar—and I'll do it now," he affirmed, as a benevolent smile overspread his face. "I'll pay the rest out of my own pocket."

"Uncle Mose," said a drummer, addressing an old colored man seated on a drygoods box in front of the village store, "they tell me that you remember seeing George Washington—am I mistaken?"

"No, sah," said Uncle Mose. "I useter 'member seein' him, but I done fo'got sence I jined de chu'ch."

The president of an eastern university had just announced in chapel that the freshman class was the largest enrolled in the history of the institution. Immediately he followed the announcement by reading the text for the morning: "Lord, how are they increased that trouble me!"

One night at a theatre some scenery took fire, and a very perceptible odor of burning alarmed the spectators. A panic seemed to be imminent, when an actor appeared on the stage.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "compose yourselves. There is no danger."

The audience did not seem reassured.

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"Ladies and gentlemen," continued the comedian, rising to the necessity of the occasion, "confound it all—do you think if there was any danger I'd be here?"

The panic collapsed.

Just by way of changing the program, two sailors, recently returned from a voyage, decided to have dinner together in a fashionable café. They scanned the menu carefully.

"Le's stow some o' this consommy," said the leader of the adventure to the waiter.

"What is consommy?" asked the other sailor.

"It's a Dago word for soup," his experienced shipmate assured him. A few minutes later the consommé arrived.

"Huh," sneered the ignorant one, "we been sailin' on soup all our lives an' didn't know it."

The department store clerk was gallant and obliging. The lady shopper was petulant and not to be pleased. For twenty minutes he unshelved roll after roll of blankets without arousing her purchasing interest. At length she said: "I don't intend buying anything—I am only looking for a friend."

"Wait a moment, madam," said the clerk, in his most Hymettan tones, "there is one more roll left on the shelf. Perhaps your friend is in that."

"Can any of you tell me," the Sunday-school teacher asked, "why Daniel, when he was cast into the den with the lions, was unharmed?"

"I can, please," piped the juvenile lead who always figures in this brand of anecdote.

"Well?"

"'Cause, teacher, he b'longed to the show."

Old Captain Wilkinson Jones, of Arkansas, paid his first visit in forty years to New York last fall. On his first morning he started for a stroll down Broadway. At Canal Street, one of the main cross-town arteries, he was halted by the streams of traffic which rolled by in four weaving streams. He contemplated the endless processions of loaded trucks, vans, drays, carts, and wagons for some minutes. Then he approached Traffic Policeman Kelly, on duty at that corner.

"Suh," inquired Captain Jones with a courteous bow, "air you connected with the city government here, suh?"

"Well," said Kelly, "I'm a police officer, if that's what you mean."

"Yes, suh," said the Captain, "so I judged from yoah costume and depotement. And I would just like to say to you, suh, that you gentlemen have a fine city here, suh, a truly magnificent city. But tell me, suh—ain't you got powahfully behind with yoah haulin'?"

Just after the recent election, a large crowd had gathered at a courthouse in North Carolina to see the official vote counted. To facilitate the work, an adding machine was used.

Among the attendants, there were large numbers of people from the rural districts who had never seen one of these complicated machines. They viewed it with open distrust. And when the votes were finally counted, one of the defeated candidates remarked to a friend as he turned away:

"I know I was elected to that office, but that blame separator cheated me out of it."

A young man, a great lover of nature, went to the seashore for a holiday and, approaching a typical fisherman, said:

"Ah, my friend, how well you must know the face of Nature, and know it in all its moods. Have you ever seen the sun sinking in such a glare of glory that it swallows up the horizon with fire? Have you not seen the mist gliding down the hilltop like a spectre? Have you never," he went on, impassionedly, "seen the moon struggling to shake off the grip of the ragged, rugged storm-cloud?"

"Nope," responded the fisherman. "I'm on the wagon now."

One night a couple of traveling salesmen arrived in a small Kansas town and found *the* hotel crowded. Not a room was to be had.

"I hate to disaccommodate you, gents," said the hotel proprietor, "but even the pool table's occupied. But, say, see that old church across the street? I bought it to build a new hotel on the site. If you don't mind, you can go over there and sleep in the pews. They're upholstered, and they ain't bad sleepin' in at all."

The tired pair decided to try it.

About one o'clock in the morning the hotel proprietor was awakened by the loud clanging of the church bell. He got up, roused the porter, and told him to hurry over to find out the trouble. In a few moments the porter came back. "Well?" asked the owner, excitedly. "Party in Pew 26 wants a gin-rickey," was the answer.

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Everybody's Magazine

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ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, *President* JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE, *Editor* WM. L. JENNINGS, *Sec'y and Treas.*

RAY BROWN, *Art Director* ROBERT FROTHINGHAM, *Adv. Mgr.*

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WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS

MONEY is the arch trouble-maker. It makes trouble for those who haven't it and it makes more trouble for those who have it.

But those who have money are relatively so few, and from the outside their lives appear to be so easy and luxurious, that quite naturally some on the outside envy them and strive for riches.

Up to a certain point money certainly does help to a larger, happier life. Ninety families in every hundred could safely have more of it than they have now or are ever likely to have.

It is not the money, so much as the attitude toward it, that harms. When money becomes the master and man the slave, the trouble begins.

Some very poor men are very great slaves to money. They covet it. They struggle for it. They deliberately sacrifice everything else and then don't get what they think they want.

Some very rich men are not slaves to money. They know it for what it is. They order it about and show it its place. They make it fetch and carry for humanity.

Great hosts of people have a very sane attitude toward the money they get their hands on. They put some away for a rainy day, as witness the deposits in the savings banks and in life insurance. They put some of it into further developing the businesses in which they are engaged. But the most of it goes for better and larger living.

Some very rich people permit their money to make not slaves but incompetents of them. They have no need to work and not enough initiative to find something worth while to do. So the talents they were born with atrophy from disuse, and die.

They are to be pitied, not envied—the idle rich.

Frederick Townsend Martin, a man born to great riches and the highest social position, after years spent in the society of the rich has some observations to make which you will find interesting and illuminating.

It is the first story in this number.

This is the first time, we believe, that a rich society man has told rich society and all the rest of the world what he thinks of rich folks who have no definite work in the world.

We are glad to publish the story because, while it severely criticises some rich folks, it clearly indicates that many rich folks are not happy in their circumstances and are setting about to change them.

RICH PEOPLE ONLY HUMAN

There is an immense misunderstanding abroad about rich people because an occasional freak has been taken to typify the whole class.

Rich people are just human beings like all the rest of us. Some good, some bad, some energetic, some lazy, some selfish, some helpful; but all acquainted with pain and sorrow, all traveling toward the last home.

They have no fairy existence. Their food tastes no whit better than his who has earned it by the sweat of his brow. Their love has no sweeter flavor and their home beyond no more imposing threshold.

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There is also an immense misunderstanding abroad about the effect of redistributing the wealth of the country. Many people who have not investigated have the notion that if all the wealth, say, in the United States were equally distributed, each family could have a beautiful home with servants and automobiles and abundant leisure.

If John D. Rockefeller is worth the full billion popularly accredited to him, and if he should decide to divide it equally among his fellow-countrymen, how much do you think would be your share, reader?

Ten dollars.

That wouldn't make a sensation in your home, would it?

If all the wealth in the United States were divided equally among all the families in the United States, do you know how much each family would be worth?

YOUR SLICE OF WEALTH

The last census report on wealth is 1904 (we shall not have the report of the 1910 census for some time), and the estimated true value of all wealth then in the United States was something over one hundred and seven billion dollars.

It is greater than that now, but so is the population.

Now what would your share of that be?

One thousand three hundred dollars.

Does that make you feel rich?

Probably no reader of EVERYBODY'S has so little.

Included in the one hundred and seven billions are homes, furniture, clothing, jewelry, everything.

Perhaps you would be interested in seeing how the wealth was estimated in 1904:

Real property and improvements,	$62,341,492,134
Live stock	4,073,791,736
Farm implements and machinery,	844,989,863
Gold and silver coin and bullion	1,998,603,303
Railroads and their equipment	11,244,752,000
Manufacturing machinery, tools and implements	3,297,754,180
Street railways, shipping, waterworks, etc.	4,840,546,909
All other	18,462,281,792
Total	$107,104,211,917

The items extended under "railroads and their equipment" are exclusive of those railroads, street railways, telegraph and telephone systems, privately owned waterworks, and privately owned central electric light and power stations which, in certain states, are classed as real property. In the item of "street railways, shipping, waterworks, etc.," are included telegraph and telephone systems, privately owned electric light and power stations, Pullman and private cars, and canals. Among the property included under "all other" are products of agriculture, manufactures, and mining; imported merchandise; clothing and personal adornments; and furniture, carriages, and kindred property.

And your share is only thirteen hundred dollars.

And if there are five in your family, you would be entitled to have sixty-five hundred dollars to cover everything you possess.

Not many automobiles in that—what?

And when Mary and John get married, they would of course take their share to the new homes, and you and mother could get along on your $1,300 per each.

You see, there is no connection between the redistribution of wealth and the millennium.

Our industrial millennium means an end to inside advantage. We can work persistently toward the elimination of artificial obstacles, toward the cutting out of the unfair, unjust, criminal exploitation of one man or one set of men.

And if opportunities, to this extent, are equal, and no one gets an inside advantage, who has a right to complain—who wants to complain—when special effort and special skill and special talent find a special reward?

When a man has performed a special service for his country, he is loaded with honors as were Washington and Lincoln and Grant.

Likewise, when a man performs a special service for society, he may expect society to reward him abundantly.

But the man who performs no service should not by stealth or guile appropriate what is another's.

And the man who has inherited from worthy ancestors ought to prove by distinct services to society his title to such inheritance.

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